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MODERN SPIES TELL THEIR STORIES

BOOKS BY MR. ROWAN

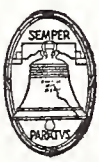
SPIES AND THE NEXT WAR

SPY AND COUNTER-SPY

MODERN SPIES
TELL THEIR STORIES

PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF MANY
EXPLOITS IN SECRET SERVICE

EDITED AND COMPILED BY
RICHARD W. ROWAN



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BY RICHARD W. ROWAN
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FOREWORD

THERE is little about the work of the spy that seems at all heroic; yet the outstanding agent of espionage or Intelligence will be found to possess most if not all of those qualities we associate with the heroes and heroines of history or romance. Contrary, perhaps, to general belief, a successful secret agent must be a person of character and integrity, loyal, unselfish, temperate and truthful, courageous, intelligent and shrewdly alert. Most of the qualifications in life that commonly establish civilian or military eminence are prerequisite to a career in secret service. And in addition, the agent or spy must be able to endure great loneliness of spirit and personal isolation. In the crises of his battles he will seldom fight shoulder to shoulder with even one comrade, and never with a company or regiment to sustain him.

The eye of man was called by the late Owen Wister "the prince of deadly weapons." The spy in time of war is the eye of an army or general staff, and the spy in war is a very deadly weapon indeed. On that account, to discourage espionage, the spy if caught is liable to be executed. Espionage and military secret service remain the unchanging manifestations of the alarms, intrigues and tensions which afflict the nations of the earth. There are many more spies active today than ever before,

it is true; but gathered in this volume are a number of extraordinary and yet typical exploits or experiences of certain daring and resourceful operatives of secret service in the World War, as told by themselves.

All of these agents risked their lives in the thick of armed hostilities, some of them taking fatal chances scores of times. Mrs. Marthe McKenna was condemned to death, but reprieved because of her fine record as a war nurse attached to a German military hospital. Colonel Max Wild actually stood against a wall, facing the squad of Russian riflemen detailed to execute him. Snowden, Crozier, Bauermeister, von der Goltz in one way or another were likewise condemned; each managed to survive. All these spies and officers of Intelligence who tell their stories were alive after nearly a decade of wars and revolutions in Europe. That alone should commend them to the reader as distinguished company.

All save one or two seem to have been animated by the most ardent form of patriotism. In line of duty they often had to commit themselves to actions which they would not even have considered in their personal affairs for the sake of private gain. Some few of them were great amateurs, displaying an instinctive shrewdness and ability through the months and years of perilous, deceptive combat. Mrs. McKenna, Sir Paul Dukes, Joseph Crozier can hardly be said to have begun their dangerous work as trained professionals. Yet how well the accomplishments of each compare with those of the true professionals—Lucieto, Wild, Bauermeister, or the young Czech, Snowden, who had graduated from a German spy school and proved himself a master operative before his nineteenth birthday.

Following a design to include no secret service episode not described by a principal participant in the first person, it has been impossible to offer stories concerning such celebrated heroines or sirens of the World War as Edith Cavell, "Alice Dubois," or Mata Hari, Gabrielle Petit, Maria Sorrel, Elsbeth

Schragmueller, or Marthe Richer. But the great French counter-spy, Lucieto, has much to tell of his encounters and contests with the reckless, dazzling Fräulein Irma Staub. And women in secret service are more than represented, too, by the unforgettable narratives of Marthe Cnockaert McKenna.

That war nurse's story of the virtual massacre of German troops she was enabled to instigate through the bombing of a divisional church parade will, perhaps, never be excelled as an episode of peril, of horror, of cool devotion to mingling loyalties and duties, and as a downright espionage bull's-eye. Snowden, likewise, gives two thrilling accounts of the rescue or escape of women agents in the widespread "underground" war.

In conclusion, it must be pointed out that most of the spies who tell of their exploits deserve to be classified as "aces" of the Intelligence game. Their successes, their cleverness and their survival give rather a distorted impression of the average struggle between spy and counter-spy. There were hundreds of dreary, incompetent or treacherous people involved in that struggle throughout the World War. Scores sold out to the opposite side. Many undertook the difficult, wire-walking trick of serving two masters, or betraying both sides. They were called double-spies, and justly suspected by every one. And hundreds of secret combatants—including a great number of skillful and fervidly patriotic agents, professional or amateur —were detected, condemned and ignominiously executed.

In a compelling chapter Richard Boleslavski and Helen Woodward reveal the fate of two peasants who had been haplessly recruited for espionage. There were, inevitably, many more such tragedies than triumphs, many more failures than bold and breathless adventures and escapes. Secret service in time of war rarely concedes its votaries a happy ending.

Richard Wilmer Rowan.

1934.

CHARLES LUCIETO

CHARLES LUCIETO was an acknowledged "ace" of the military secret service of France during the World War. He served with remarkable vigor, subtlety and daring under such masters of espionage and counter-espionage as Colonels Wallner, Dupont, Zopf and Courtois. He ran as great risks as any uniformed soldier at the Front, yet he was clever and capable enough to live to tell the tale.

In the spring of 1915 Lucieto accepted a dangerous assignment to visit Germany. As a spy, persuasively disguised, he managed to visit Essen—which was peculiarly hazardous ground for any French espion—and he came away, after a few days' visit, with fragments of the new German gas shells which were just then being tested as the latest Krupp "marvel" that must inevitably win the war.

This brilliant secret agent is even more gratefully remembered for his exploits in counter-espionage. Some of the most menacing schemes of the widespread German Secret Service were exposed and nullified through his shrewdly alert interferences. Lucieto was particularly active and successful in Switzerland, where he worked in conjunction with the crack operatives of Great Britain and Italy. The stirring adventures related by him which are to follow give a dramatic picture of that intensive underground combat which the opposing secret services fought very largely upon neutral ground.

IN A GERMAN DEN AT BERNE*

By Charles Lucieto

ON THE theory that, when you want to know exactly what is happening somewhere, there is no better way than to go there and find out, I left, one fine morning, for Berne, which, as the reader already knows, was one of the most active of the German espionage centers.

The nominal director of this center was Major von B——, a nephew of a famous German statesman, a superficial and untalented old soldier. The actual head of the office, however, was S. E. von R——, the German Minister to the Swiss Republic.

If Major von B—— didn't amount to much, von R——, on the other hand, was supposed to be extremely formidable. From his office in the German legation were sent out the orders and questionnaires to the German agents in France, and it was in this same office that so many of those dastardly attacks on us were concocted.

According to Ludendorff, the services of the German Secret Service office at Berne were of doubtful value. If this office did not accomplish all that the chief Quartermaster General expected of it, it was because we took care to keep it in a state of constant disorder. Nevertheless, as I shall show you, the net-

* From "On Special Missions," by Charles Lucieto. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1927.

work of spies that von R—— strung out through France approached perfection.

Later on we will analyze the baneful influence upon the Central Powers of this strange diplomatic service that was directed more from the Thiergarten than from the Wilhelmstrasse. But for the time being we must be satisfied merely to study this strange place where spies and traitors abounded.

Unlike the other German embassies and legations, the legation at Berne was not near the center of town. On the contrary, it was out in a suburban district, not far from a small forest. To get there one had to take a street-car to Kirchenfeld. Even then it was a good fifteen minutes' walk to get to the end of Willading Road. From there one followed a long, straight, deserted avenue to the legation.

The building itself was a huge and peaceful-looking villa that had been modeled after an English country-house. On entering the court, the first thing to strike the eye was the main building with its triangular pediment. The principal door was framed by a porch supported by three columns in the purest Munich style. From the main building two low, squat wings shot off; they were faced with brownish tiles. The windows were usually covered by green shutters.

The offices of the Chancellery were in another building to the right of this; it was in the very center of the estate. Across the river Aar rose the solid mass of Gurten.

As you will see presently, such details are of some importance; as are also these:

The office of M. von R—— was not in the Chancellery, but in the main building.

It opened on a waiting-room that was always patrolled by guards distinctly military in bearing.

This study was large and well ventilated. It seemed more like the office of a cabinet minister than that of a diplomat.

It was very much cluttered up with files, indices, and maps.

Everywhere, on M. von R——'s desk, on chairs, on stools, on tables, were numerous documents.

In the center of the room, facing M. von R——, a monumental bust of the Kaiser looked down as if, somehow, it were presiding over the devious schemes that were here being hatched.

This study, into which it was my fate to enter many times (always in the absence of its owner—usually at night), was arranged like a setting for a play.

Under certain boards in the floor were hidden bells. If one stepped on one of them it would start a number of bells ringing violently so that whoever was interested might know that there was an intruder in the study.

It was important not to sit down in certain of the armchairs in the room. They were veritable bear-traps.

Above all it was dangerous to step on the rosette in the middle of the rug . . . without being careful first to shut the trap door which was underneath.

And if you valued your life it was imperative not to touch even slightly any of the keys that had been . . . forgotten . . . in various key-holes. Because he forgot this slight detail, M. H——, one of M. von R——'s personal secretaries, was electrocuted.

If M. von R—— is cross at me for having let the public know these details about his "home," he must still admit that it would have been difficult for me to do otherwise, when I knew such details as these that I am about to relate. I guarantee their authenticity.

In a book recently published in Germany, the German boast that they knew absolutely all of the details of the extensive and very clever work accomplished by the French Secret Service.

To hear them talk you would think that they went where they wanted to—when they wanted to—in the Main Office of the Counter-Espionage Service.

I would request any of my readers who have run across that book to believe nothing in it. At no time did the Germans know the names of our directors; at no time during the war did they know where these men lived. As for their commendable work, if the Germans ever knew about it, it was when it was too late for them to do anything about it—it was after the accomplishment of the fact.

It was for that reason, may it please M. von R—— and his bosses, that I thought it advisable to make the preceding revelations. There is also another reason.

A writer in a German newspaper has taken me to task, saying,

Definite proof that the author of *On Special Missions* is ignorant of most of our secrets may be found in the fact that he describes as being in the Wilhelmstrasse certain offices that are really somewhere else.

As these gentlemen seem to want more definite details, here they are.

According to this newspaper, we in France don't yet know where the "Nachrichten Bureau" is. That, of course, is the name the Germans have given to their Secret Service.

Still better, this same paper charges that we don't even know where are the headquarters of "Abtheilung," the anti-French espionage service! There is a rash statement for you! If the reader will bear with me for a few minutes, I will do my best to take him through the headquarters of the German Military Secret Service. At the end of the famous "Unter den Linden" avenue and just across from the Imperial palace is the Place de Paris upon which are the Brandenburg gate and the French embassy. Going through the Brandenburg gate, one finds oneself in the Thiergarten, one of the prettiest promenades in the world. Passing by the column of Victory, one soon comes to an

immense palace whose heavy architecture is a little out of keeping with the atmosphere of this aristocratic section, with its many magnificent villas, its gardens, and its parks.

This palace is the headquarters of the German General Staff.

You would never guess it, if you did not know. There is nothing unusual about the building. In front of it there is no sentinel; inside, no corporal's guard.

At times an immense, heavily-braided porter walks back and forth in front of the door. But there are countless "porters" of that kind all over Berlin.

As was said before, only important officials are allowed to use this door.

The small fry use the other door, which faces the Herwarthstrasse—to give all details. There one sees commissioned officers and subalterns who are employed in some one of the thousand offices that are controlled by the General Staff, military and civil secretaries, stenographers and scrubwomen. Ordinary spies and sectional directors in the Secret Service also enter this immense building through this door. On the second floor of this building are the offices of the German Secret Service.

If these details don't convince my colleagues on the other side of the Rhine, I can easily add to them.

For instance, in the anti-French section, there are five officers —a director and four assistants. And I could give their names —they are on the calling cards pinned to the door.

Let us walk into this room. It is a large room, furnished with a desk, two tables, and a few chairs.

Oh! I almost forgot the most important thing—a huge steel cabinet takes up one whole side of the wall. In it are kept all documents—collections of papers, maps, photographs, etc.—that have to do with the French army and navy. Pasted on that cabinet is the sign, "In case of fire save this first!" Of course, if the documents in this cabinet were to be destroyed it would be a real catastrophe. . . .

But let us go on with our tour of inspection. There is a door in the wall opposite the steel cabinet. It opens into the office of the head of the section.

Let us open that also. This room is more comfortably furnished. The desk and chairs are of oak. There is an iron safe in a corner and over the mantelpiece is an Empire clock. Above the clock is Edouard Detaille's painting, "Le Rêve!"

I have no doubt that such revelations will irritate several people in Berlin. And yet, I must admit, they are far from complete. There are things that I am not allowed to tell!

One interesting question concerning which I must be reticent is, "How do the Germans organize their map-making service?"

If I tell my German colleagues—for I am positive they do not know it—that the headquarters of this branch of the service is in the room directly above the one that I have just described, perhaps they will recognize that, once again, we are, to say the least, quite as well informed about such matters as they.

Do they want still another proof?

A few pages back I remarked that the palace of the German General Staff faced the Thiergarten, and that the most imposing entrance to the building was on that side. I did not, however, mention the fact that side by side with this door is another, very small, discreet, and unimposing. . . . At the present time there is just one man in all Germany who has the right to use that door—and that man is General von Seeckt, commander-in-chief of the German army.

Formerly, that is, before the armistice, the Emperor himself was the only German who might use it. Unknown to anyone, he would use that door when he went to the offices of the German General Staff to give his orders. It was after having left the building through this door that, one fine morning in August, 1914, he declared war on France.

Who can say that it is in the interest of peace that von Seeckt follows in his steps? However that may be, I hope that

these details have been explicit enough to satisfy my German colleagues.

Perhaps they will even show M. von R——, to whom we shall pay another visit, that if his little doings were not unknown to the directors of our service, neither were those more important activities of his bosses—the officials at the Thiergarten!

THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF MODERN TIMES: IRMA STAUB*

By Charles Lucieto

MR. VON R——, as I think I have already told you, was a . . . diplomat, as clever as he was unscrupulous. I need give but one proof of that statement. Never, despite his numerous violations of international law, were the Swiss police able to establish his guilt definitely enough to justify his deportation. And when one knows all that that man had the audacity to attempt, such an idea seems really fantastic.

Although for several months I was so constantly with him that I might have been mistaken for his shadow, and consequently know him better than most people, I still cannot understand how such a wretched and despicable creature as von R—— was able alone to do the overwhelming amount of work that he managed to accomplish in a day. He had secretaries, of course! Quite a number of them. But whatever his faith in them, never under any conditions would he trust them with anything of a confidential nature. He alone knew the secret code. For fear of some indiscretion on the part of his aides, he was forced to decipher and to classify all dispatches himself.

Hence, it was practically impossible to catch him. If he was outwitted by the Allied Secret Service agents, most of the time

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it was because the men to whom he entrusted various missions were not competent to carry them out. Except for Irma Staub, the most dangerous spy of modern times, all, or practically all, of them eventually fell into our hands. Even at that, with Irma Staub to help him, he ought to have been able to pull through. It is true that, although she was the perfect assistant for work outside the office, she was of no use at all for desk work inside the Chancellery. But on special missions she proved to be so dangerous that we had to put our very best men on her case alone.

She played some criminal tricks on the English, and they nicknamed her "The Demon." We modestly called her "The Dark Shadow."

The Dark Shadow! She was the very devil!

I have received within a single hour five reports from different agents, each one claiming to have seen her at a different place, and each of these places being far from the others. As I write this, I am looking over my diary for 1917. Under the date of June 17 I see the following items:

Report from X-23—Irma Staub was seen at Nancy in company with Captain G——, the aviator.

Report from S-12—Irma Staub has been seen motoring from Spain. The license on her Mercedes automobile is F. 12,680-2

Report from J-3—For what it is worth, I hereby report that M. André H——, conductor on the lines of the *Compagnie des Wagons-Lits,* claims that among the passengers on the Calais-Nice Express he recognized Irma Staub. He has arranged with detectives at the station at Avignon to have her arrested as she leaves the train.

Report from L-5—Yesterday at about five o'clock I saw Irma Staub in the square in front of the Théâtre Français. I

was caught in a traffic jam and was unable to catch her. When I had got free, she was nowhere to be seen.

Report from N-345—Unless I am mistaken, I think I recognized Irma Staub in the station at Menton-Garavan. I was at the time on board a train. I reported her presence to the Italian special police at Vintimille.

Not one of these five reports was accurate. But our agents knew how dangerous she was, and their one ambition was to capture her! As a result, they saw her everywhere at once.

It is certain that she went on missions into France during the war; but as far as I know, she did it only twice. And she did so under conditions that made it impossible for us to arrest her, for each time, both coming and going, she crossed the border in an aeroplane.

Moreover, she had an infernal amount of cheek. May I give you an example of it? Berne, of course, is a small city of scarcely 90,000 inhabitants. Naturally after having lived there for a month, if you know everyone there, everyone knows you. Although in time of peace it is one of the quietest towns in the world, in time of war it was quite different. It was a convenient place from which to start out for the belligerent countries, and from the beginning of the war it was flooded with German spies who used it as a jumping-off place for France. As a result, we had no choice but to go to these spies and begin the battle with them on their home grounds. That was our reason for being in Switzerland.

One day while I was having lunch with one of my friends at the "Bellevue," Irma Staub entered the room where we were, accompanied by one of the "stars" of the German Secret Service, Captain von R——. The latter, be it understood, looked the part of a gentleman.

As usual, Irma Staub was dressed very simply in beige serge. She glanced around the room, and when she saw that the only

vacant seats were those at our table, she came toward us without the slightest embarrassment, and with a disarming smile asked,

"As there are two vacant chairs at their table, will the French Secret Service agents allow us to use them?"

I was already standing up.

"What," I countered, "would one not do to please Miss Irma Staub?"

Under her rouge, I saw her turn pale. My point had gone home.

"What," she answered, "you recognize me, you know who I am?"

"How could it be otherwise? Are you not both the prettiest woman in Berne and the inspiration of M. von R——, who sees only through your beautiful eyes?"

She gave way to a laugh and then said with a smirk,

"I see that the French are always gallant, and that race hatred burns out when it comes against . . . the power of woman."

"Don't be too sure!" I laughingly answered. "There are times when I am really ferocious."

She looked straight at me for some moments and smiled again. Then tossing her head as though unconvinced, she said,

"We'll find out, all right!"

After that we bowed once more and continued our meal without paying any attention to one another—outwardly, at least. But while Irma Staub and her friend spoke only French, my companion and I used German.

On neutral ground—but only there—one could remain civil.

That is but one of a thousand examples of the audaciousness with which this extraordinary woman would throw herself into the struggle. In addition, she was extremely intelligent, well educated, she spoke eight languages, and knew her trade from the bottom up. She could undertake any mission at all, and was likely to carry it to a successful conclusion. Moreover

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—and this is extremely rare—she acted from patriotism and not from self-interest. That, necessarily, made her much more to be feared. At times an agent who acts from self-interest may be "bought"; a conscience can never be bought.

In addition, Irma Staub had been well trained. At the Thiergarten she had made her start under the famous Richard Cuers, who for many years directed the espionage headquarters at Brussels; at the Zeughaus in Berlin she had had as professors, Thiesen, Major von Wenker—he was a real "ace"—and Brose, one of our most inveterate adversaries.

Many times have I had Irma Staub as my antagonist. And if most of the time I was able to counteract her deeds—which made her furious—I must admit without false pride that it was largely a matter of chance that I was able to do so. Once I almost succeeded in "pinching" her, and if she slipped out of the net, it was not really my fault that she did so. At any rate, it is a story worth telling.

THE MAGNIFICENT STRATEGY OF IRMA STAUB

Two of my colleagues were working in conjunction with some Italian agents in the rectangle formed by the towns of Domodossola, Pallanza, Bellagio, and Bellinzona. In the district was a band of men trying to smuggle some specially prepared explosives into Italy, with the intention of blowing up some of the factories of the powerful Ilva Society and the immense factory of Sanpier d'Arena, near Genoa. One morning I was informed that Irma Staub's automobile—a beautiful Mercedes—had been sighted at Tesserete, heading for Lugano.

I had found out from some German agents who had fallen into our hands that the famous spy had just been told by von R—— to get some information about our air force, at the time worrying the enemy considerably.

Moreover, from other sources I had discovered that a num-

ber of paroled French officers who had got into a very bad condition in the German jails had just been sent to Lugano to recuperate. Among these officers were several well-known aviators, including the famous Lieutenant G—— whose escape several days later attracted so much attention.

Consequently, I asked myself whether this trip of Irma Staub to Lugano—I had meanwhile learned that under the name of Baroness d'Aspremont she had reserved an apartment at the Helvetia-Palace Hotel—had any connection with the presence of these officers at Lugano.

I got permission from my chief and left that evening. The next day I, too, was registered at the Helvetia. I was disguised as a retired major, as gouty as one could wish. I went at once to my room and washed up a bit. Then I went down to the hotel bar, where a large and pleasant crowd had already assembled.

It was the cocktail hour. Officers from all branches of the service were seated around the tables sipping many-colored drinks. As I entered the bar, leaning on my cane and dragging one foot along behind me, the officers in the room took me for one of them and arose to salute me. I returned their salute and introduced myself,

"Commandant Luneau, of the Staff of the N—— army."

A young captain came up to me and, one after another, he introduced me to the officers present. Then, smiling pleasantly, he said,

"We are charmed, commandant, to have you with us. As you are the ranking officer present, allow me to ask you to preside at our table."

"And to be our military leader," added a young major in the colonial infantry who had just come in.

This caused a general burst of laughter. These mad youngsters thought they had a fine chance to "kid along" the old wreck that they took me to be. Purposely exaggerating my

clumsy air and pretending to be completely bewildered, I gasped,

"To preside at the table! To be your military leader! What is the meaning of such flattering but meaningless phrases at such a time as this! Let the first go, but there is, I trust, no need for the second . . . in our present position!"

"My dear comrade," replied the young colonial major, "I am afraid you don't understand. The ranking officer is held responsible by the Swiss authorities for the maintenance of order and discipline among us!"

With another smile, he added,

"You have, my dear sir, but to signify your willingness . . ."

"And to christen my assumption of office fittingly," I finished laughingly.

I called the waiter.

"Bring drinks for everyone," I told him.

Comfortably seated in a large chair near a window overlooking the lake, Irma Staub was smilingly watching what happened.

"She has nerve!" I thought. "Let's hope that I have as much."

"Let it not be said, Madame," I said to her, "that French officers have raised their glasses in your presence without first paying beauty the homage it deserves."

Holding my glass out toward her, I said, "I drink to your health, Madame!"

She dropped her eyes blushingly and answered:

"I accept your homage the more willingly because, as I have not yet met these gentlemen, I have not had the chance, which is now offered me, to tell them how greatly I love and admire France."

Raising her glass, she added,

"Gentlemen, I drink to the brave French army! I drink to its past and its future success! I drink to France!"

Knowing her as I did, I could not but admire her cheek. It was beautiful "work." She then advanced toward me and said,

"At your age, commandant, you might be my father. Therefore allow the Baroness d'Aspremont, whose husband has fallen on the Belgian front, to kiss you. In your person, I kiss the entire French army."

My comrades were touched to the point of tears by this act and they applauded vigorously.

"Madame, it is not fitting," I answered. "By all the rules of logic, your kiss should go to the youngest and bravest of us, and he is Lieutenant G——, whom I now present to you."

Smilingly she replied, "Very well, then."

With charming grace she took G——'s head in her hands and kissed him on the forehead. The applause became still more vigorous.

As you see, she had tamed them with consummate genius. Not only had she, in an instant, attached all these young men to her, but also, by reference to her false but respectable title and name, she had drawn a line which none of them would overstep. I need not remark that she played her part with superlative skill.

Whatever was up, I had noted two things.

1. I was sure that, thanks to my disguise, the famous spy had not recognized me.

2. By thus putting her at once in close touch with the French officers at Lugano, I could quickly discover what she was going to attempt because I knew the person upon whom she had put her spell.

All in all, things hadn't started out so badly.

IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS DISAPPEAR

Irma Staub must be playing for something important, for she was doing things with a finesse and an adroitness of which

I did not believe her capable. She kept up her pose of being a war widow, and it was with real dignity that she received the homage of all of the young officers who fluttered around her. She always remained a little distant. Among those who paid her the most constant attention was Lieutenant G——, who was head over heels in love with her. He was as constantly with her as her shadow, but, at first, she seemed to pay little attention to him.

That is where things stood when, one fine day, a gentleman whom she introduced as her brother-in-law arrived at Lugano. He was, it appeared, a Belgian diplomat attached to the staff of the Belgian legation at the Vatican.

An aristocrat to the tips of his fingers and of fine appearance, Count Tirlemont seemed to be well over fifty although he was still vigorous. While in deep mourning—"in mourning for my country," he confided to me one day—he was not above the various distractions with which our youngsters whiled away their time. Much to their discomfiture he would beat them consistently both at tennis and at golf.

As I had no illusions about what sort of person this Count Tirlemont was, I had, as soon as he arrived, telegraphed my colleagues in Havre and Rome to find out about him.

In Rome they claimed not to know him—a statement that I was inclined to doubt. Not so at Havre.

They answered that he was named von Richber and was a former officer in the aviation corps who for some unknown reason had been removed from that branch of the service and sent on espionage missions. He was attached to the Staff of General von Bissing.

And their note continued:

Von Richber is the more dangerous because he speaks several languages, including French, perfectly. Thus frequently, variously disguised, he has been able to worm his way into

different belligerent countries. He has been decorated with the ribbon of the order of the Red Eagle for his accomplishments. He is closely related to the Wittelsbachs, the reigning family in Bavaria.

He has "worked" under the following names: Count Tirlemont, Baron Kerbeck, Marquis Verrières, Lord Greenock, Jean de Gimet, Durand des Cognets, etc. . . .

Under these various names he has done us incalculable harm. Among other things, the arrest of Prince de Croy and Miss Cavell is attributed to him.

Use any means that may be necessary to frustrate his activities. Enclosed is his description and a photograph of him.

There could be no mistake. The photograph and the description tallied exactly with this pseudo-Count Tirlemont.

As I was getting nowhere, I told my chief what had happened and asked for orders.

From Paris came the reply, "You have permission to do whatever you wish, but be careful. We know all about this man. He is extremely dangerous. Don't forget that you are in a neutral country."

The words "extremely dangerous" were underlined, which was our conventional way of saying, "This man will not stop at anything, even at murder, to get what he wants."

That was a personal matter between the two of us! It would soon be settled!

But another question had to be settled, one involving a matter of conscience. Now that I knew the record of "Count" Tirlemont, wasn't it my duty to warn these officers at Lugano that he was a spy? They might unwittingly commit some indiscretion that would have frightful consequences.

If I warned them, what would their attitude to him be? Would they be able to restrain their wrath and continue to shake hands with this villain as they had done before? If not,

I risked being "scorched" and messing up the whole business. After thinking it over carefully I decided to say nothing.

That was how things were when, one day, I was informed that two of the interned officers, G—— and M——, wanted to speak to me. When I saw their tortured faces and their nervousness, I knew at once that something important had happened. Walking toward them with outstretched hands, I asked,

"What, gentlemen, has upset you this way?"

Lieutenant M—— answered. His friend seemed to be too wrought-up to speak. "Last night, commandant, while we were at the Club someone broke into our room, and stole several documents which are of vital importance for the safety of France."

"The devil! That is annoying! But are you sure that you are not exaggerating the importance of these documents?"

"You can judge for yourself, commandant," he answered.

Then, first one speaking and then the other, they told me that they had wanted to "do their bit" even though they were prisoners on parole, so they had made and perfected a new invention, the possession of which would give the mastery of the air to the nation which first made use of it. . . .

"Good! Now let's not go too fast! In what shape were these documents?"

"There were six diagrams in blue print, with instructions for the construction of our invention."

"You have no duplicate of it?"

"Alas! We haven't."

"Good! Now tell me who were in your party at the Club last night—without omitting any of them. First of all, were Madame d'Aspremont and her brother-in-law there?"

"What! Do you suspect her?"

"Not in the least. But one must distrust everything and everybody at such a time!"

"Well, the Baroness was at the Club until midnight. She was playing bridge with us. Her brother-in-law was only there for a moment. He gave us the latest report from the front and inquired whether the game was going to last a long time. Then he went out, complaining of a frightful headache."

"Fine! When he asked whether the game would last long, what did you tell him?"

"We didn't say anything, but his sister-in-law answered that she wasn't at all sleepy and that she wanted to win back what she had lost."

"Had she lost much?"

"A dozen *louis!*"

"Good! When did she leave?"

"Exactly at one. We remember it clearly because we walked home with her."

"Good! When did you discover that your documents were missing?"

"At about one o'clock!"

"If you don't mind, let's go back to your room so that I can see exactly where you hid them. But—I can't yet tell you why—will you go back there alone, and let me join you in a few minutes?"

"Certainly, commandant!"

The two officers went off together.

Within five minutes I had joined them.

"Now where were the documents?" I asked.

"We put them behind this picture here. To be more exact, they were between the picture itself and the piece of cardboard which holds it in the frame."

"Good! Now will you give me the picture?"

Lieutenant M—— stood on a chair and took down the picture. He turned around and cried out in astonishment.

"*Sapristi!* Am I blind! The documents are here. They haven't moved!"

G—— jumped toward him, grasped the picture, and turned it over.

"They're really there! But a few minutes ago they weren't!"

"Are you absolutely sure?"

"I swear it on my word of honor, commandant!"

"Then someone must have put them back while you were seeing me. May I see the picture?"

Putting it down flat on a table in front of the window, I took out my magnifying glass and examined it closely.

In a moment I had found definite proof that von Richber had been tampering with it.

HOW I PROVED "COUNT TIRLEMONT'S" GUILT*

By Charles Lucieto

WHEN they gave me "Count Tirlemont's" description and photograph, the officials of the Belgian Secret Service had taken the precaution of also sending me his finger-prints. I had studied these finger-prints carefully. A glance was enough to convince me that they were exactly the same as those that I now saw on the frame of the picture. After swearing the officers to secrecy, I showed them the similarity between the two finger-prints.

"Remember that to everyone except you I am still Commandant Luneau," I warned them.

That they might have no doubts, I told them about the job that I had under way, and let them know that I was a member of the Counter-Espionage Service.

"The devil," exclaimed Lieutenant M——, "then we are safe!"

"Don't be too sure! First of all, we must be sure not to make any slips."

Then I took out of my pocket the document that had been sent on from Havre and made a minute examination of von Richber's finger-prints. They checked up absolutely perfectly!

* From "On Special Missions," by Charles Lucieto. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1927.

There could be no doubt in the world that they were of the same man!

He had stolen the papers, photographed them, and then replaced them. It was up to me to steal them back before he could cross the border.

I realized that I could never find two better assistants than these chaps who had been the victims of such a disgusting theft, so I told them who the Baroness d'Aspremont and Count Tirlemont really were. G—— was furious!

"Name of a she-goat!" he exclaimed. "I will kill the low-down slut with my own hands!"

He was already starting out of the room, and I had some difficulty restraining him. M——, more thoughtful, asked me,

"What's your plan of campaign? How can we retrieve our documents? You know that if any dirty work is necessary, you can count on us!"

"I know! That's why I'm going to ask you to act as though you had never heard anything about the affair!"

They protested vigorously, and I finally burst out,

"Damn it all! Are you going to let me run this as I want to, or not?"

"Yes, but you are asking us to do the impossible," said G——. "I know myself. The first thing I will do when I see von Richber will be to slap his face! That would be something he can't steal!"

"And then?"

"And then . . . Well, then we would see what happened!"

"There you are! If he skips off with your documents, would you then be any better off? Rely on me, do as I say, and everything will come out all right."

They were finally convinced and decided to follow my instructions. Ten minutes later I went down to the bar, where I was pleased to see them sitting at a table with Madame d'Aspre-

mont and her "brother-in-law." They did, it is true, keep at a respectful distance from them. . . .

I presented my respects to the "Baroness" as if nothing had happened, and shook hands most cordially with the "Count." Then I had breakfast, after which I went out as usual for a walk around town.

When I returned, I bumped squarely into the chauffeur of the Baroness (he was not a Boche) who was dashing down the main staircase so fast that he almost knocked me over.

"Well! I hope there isn't a fire up there," I said laughingly.

"Oh, no, commandant! It is merely that my mistress just called me to say that we shall have tea today at Como. So, you see, I have just time to get ready to start."

"At Como!" I exclaimed. "Well, that is nice! G——, M——, and I had just decided to go there, too. We shall have the pleasure of seeing the Baroness there. But don't tell her about it. Then we will surprise her when we arrive. When do you leave?"

"At two o'clock, commandant!"

"Good! We shall probably start somewhat later. Good-bye, my good fellow."

"Good-bye, Commandant."

And he went on in high spirits.

I turned around and went to the grocery on the corner where I had occasionally stopped to chat with the proprietor. I bought a half-pound of powdered sugar.

"To sweeten my strawberries," I confided to him. "I love strawberries in wine!"

As I returned to the hotel I passed Adolphe, the Baroness's chauffeur, who was getting gasoline.

I called to him,

"Listen, Adolphe, a glass of white wine never did you any harm?"

"Certainly not, commandant," he answered, laughing.

"Good! Well, here's a *louis*. Run down to 'Martha and

Mary's,' the florists on the docks. Ask them to give you a bunch of white lilacs for me. I intend to brighten up the inside of Madame d'Aspremont's auto. Then buy yourself a drink before you return."

"Very good, commandant. But what about my car?"

"Don't worry about your car. I'll wait here and smoke a cigar."

"Oh! That's fine!"

And he started off in a hurry.

When he was out of sight, I glanced around and saw that there was no one else in the garage. Then I dumped the half-pound of sugar into the gasoline tank. I had, of course, purchased it with this in mind.

"I'll be darned," I said to myself, "if she doesn't get stuck on the road somewhere with this mixture!"

Then, satisfied with this little trick that I had played on the Baroness, I went back to my usual place in the dining-room.

Nothing worth telling about happened during the meal, which was very gay. A young lieutenant in the Zouaves was telling about his experiences with the commandant of the fortress in which he was imprisoned in Germany.

The youngster's story was most amusing, and Irma Staub enjoyed it heartily. Von Richber's laughter, however, was palpably forced, and he got more and more gloomy.

Finally he left the table, remarking to his "sister-in-law,"

"You know, my dear, that we have quite a few miles to go in the next few hours. If you are ready, I think we might leave at once."

She nodded her agreement, and we soon watched them through the window as they got into the Mercedes.

I beckoned Lieutenants G—— and M——.

"Here's what's going to happen," I told them. "Irma Staub and von Richber have just left for Como. They won't get there, or if they do, it will be in our company. I can't go into the

whole story now. Get into your civilian clothes at once and meet me in ten minutes at the Café Glacier. Above all, don't bring any weapons!"

Ten minutes later as we were getting into an auto driven by a member of the Secret Service, we saw Irma Staub's Mercedes go by. It was evidently not running smoothly. We followed after them.

Although it was not a German car, ours was as good as theirs, and whatever happened, we were sure of meeting them when they least expected us.

A TRAGIC ARREST

We let Irma Staub's Mercedes get enough of a start so that they would not realize that they were being followed.

I utilized this time to give my companions a sketch of the plan that I had worked out, by means of which I hoped to get possession of the precious documents.

Nothing could have been simpler than this plan. We were, as will be seen, faced by a dilemma. Either Irma Staub and her companion would consent to ride on with us to Como, in which case I could have them arrested at the frontier by the Italian police, or they would refuse to accompany us and would try to turn back.

In that case, as our wile had been unsuccessful, it would be up to us to get the photographs of the documents by main force.

"And if von Richber is armed . . . ?" asked Lieutenant G——.

"If he is armed there will be a fight!"

"I hope to Heaven he is," was the answer. "You can't have any conception of how I hate and loathe that fellow."

"I quite share your feelings; but we must not allow them to cause us to lose sight of the end we have in view. And so I am going to ask you to let me have a free hand in running this

business. Nothing could be sillier than for us to risk being wiped out when there is some other way out of it."

Again I insisted,

"Promise me that you will remain calm. Otherwise I shall be forced to go through with it alone."

When they had promised, I gave them some final advice and we speeded up.

Nevertheless, I felt no reassurance as to the eventual outcome of the adventure on which we were starting. G—— was continually doing things that showed he was tremendously nervous.

Until we got to Chiasso we saw nothing of the Mercedes. About half a mile out of that town we at last caught sight of it parked on one side of the road. Irma Staub was railing at poor Adolphe, who was quite up in the air and had no idea what was the matter with the car. We pretended not to recognize them and passed by at full speed on the road to Como. We nearly ran over von Richber, who had taken his companion's veil to wave to us with. He was standing in the middle of the road.

"What a shame we missed him," cried G——. "It would have saved us trouble later."

"Stop fooling!" I answered. "We don't even know which of them has the documents. Moreover we want them alive, because I've several other matters to talk over with them."

We turned the car around and came back slowly to the Mercedes.

"Well, well! What has happened, Baroness?" I asked. "Are you stuck?"

"Don't speak to me! I'm furious! We've had some silly accident! Just our luck! Think of it, we have an appointment for tea with some people at Como, and, thanks to this clumsy Adolphe, we can't possibly get there on time!"

"Not at all! We are on our way to Como. Won't you come along with us? If we squeeze in a bit, there will be plenty of

room for all of us. And anyway, it isn't very far from here."

Irma Staub and von Richber exchanged glances, and the latter gave a forlorn look at the Mercedes, after which he said,

"Well, well! We accept your offer most willingly—especially as there doesn't seem to be anything else for us to do. But I'm afraid we are going to be terribly in your way!"

"Not at all!"

Turning to G——, I remarked,

"I wonder whether you would be good enough to sit next the chauffeur? Madame d'Aspremont and Count Tirlemont can then sit in the back and Lieutenant M—— and I will pull out these little seats."

With G—— next the chauffeur and away from the two spies, I breathed a little more easily. There he could not give way to any sudden impulse.

We all got in and started off at once. Our permits were viséed at the Italian frontier, and then we headed for Como, where we arrived a few minutes later. We were in Italy, in an Allied country.

"Where may I drop you, Madame?" I asked.

"At the Rialto, on the Via Roma."

"The Rialto? Isn't that the confectioner's where they make such delicious ice-cream?"

"That's the place!"

"Oh, I know just where that is."

I gave the necessary instructions to the chauffeur and then turned again to Irma Staub and asked,

"Are you going to be here long? May we not wait and bring you back to Lugano, or have you other plans for returning?"

"It is awfully nice of you to make such an offer, commandant. I shan't be here more than an hour: If that clumsy Adolphe is still having trouble and hasn't met us, I shall ask you to take me back to Lugano."

"Will M. de Tirlemont come too?"

"I have an idea that he expects to see some lady here, for he doesn't intend to return to Lugano for two or three days!"

"Very well! We shall do our errands and will be back here for you in an hour."

They went into the Rialto.

This was one of the places, not uncommon in Italy, which was a confectionery store and a place where you could meet friends, combined. There were two entrances to it: one on the Via Roma, the other on the Corso Rissorgimento.

As soon as we had turned the corner we stopped, and at once I placed my two companions as sentries, one near each door.

"If either of the spies leaves the building," I ordered, "follow him, keeping out of sight, until you are sure where he is going. It's only a matter of ten minutes. It would be such a shame if they were to get away from us now."

Having fixed things up for the time being, I dashed to the office of the Commissioner of Police, M. Sarba. I had known him for a long time and he recognized me at once. In a few words I told him the story. He called his secretary and four detectives and we all went at once to the Rialto. He posted his men at the doors, and made sure that there was no other possible means of escape. My two companions joined me on the corner where I was watching what went on without seeming to pay any attention to it.

"Nothing happened?" I asked them.

"Nothing. They are still there."

Meanwhile M. Sarda and his secretary had gone inside. They had been there scarcely five minutes when we heard some noise followed by two shots. Fearing that M. Sarda had come to grips with von Richber, we dashed in. The four detectives forgot their orders to watch the doors, and they too went in.

A tragic spectacle met our eyes.

THE DEATH OF VON RICHBER AND WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARD

We entered the dining-room which was pleasantly furnished in Louis XV style and saw von Richber lying covered with blood on the floor.

M. Sarda, pistol in hand, was covering an oldish-looking man whose glasses, untrimmed beard, and long hair gave him the appearance of one of those scientists who used to come from Germany in the days before the war. His features were distinctly Teutonic.

I hastened up to M. Sarda, and, pointing to the corpse on the floor, asked,

"What has happened?"

"Nothing unusual," he answered. "As I was about to arrest Irma Staub, this chap threw a cup of tea in my face. I was momentarily blinded and had to wipe the hot liquid off with my handkerchief. While I was doing this, she disappeared. Meanwhile my secretary threw himself on von Richber, who had drawn a revolver and had succeeded in firing a shot, which went wild. As you can see, my secretary was not even scratched!"

"And Irma Staub . . . ?"

"She dashed out the door at the end of the room there. It opens on a stairway going upstairs. My detectives are now looking for her."

"Fine! And who is this fellow?" I asked, pointing to the bearded man who was being guarded by a policeman who had just come in.

"I don't know who he is, but we'll soon find out. He was with Irma Staub and von Richber, so at any rate he must be a good haul."

"Of course! But have you searched him?"

"Not yet. First we were going to question him."

Turning to the man, M. Sarda asked in Italian,

"Have you any identification papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you show them to me?"

"With pleasure."

He took out a pocket-book bulging with papers and produced a passport made out in the name of Hans Widenau, 72 years old, professor of foreign languages, born in Zurich, Switzerland, of German parents.

"These are in perfect order," remarked M. Sarda. "It is a pity that you were in the company of two such very suspicious persons. How did you get to know them?"

"Oh, I have run across them at watering-places. They are the sort of friends that one is likely to pick up when one travels."

While the man was making these explanations, the Commissioner had picked up the pocket-book and was examining its contents.

The secretary was sitting at a nearby table, writing down questions and answers.

"It seems that you do a lot of traveling! You cross borders with remarkable ease! By the visés on your passport I see that within the last year you have been in France three times, in Germany twice, and in Italy five times. What reason have you to do so much traveling?"

"Oh, I love to travel!"

"Evidently! Each to his own taste. But your love for traveling does not quite explain why you have such a document as this in your possession."

M. Sarda then held out an Italian Staff map of the Gothard region. I was trying desperately to remember where I had seen the fellow.

The man was taken aback for a moment, then he pulled himself together and answered,

"Oh, that's a map I used in mountain climbing! I love to climb mountains."

"And was it on such trips that you outlined in red our fortifications and the roads that lead to them?"

"I don't understand."

"You will later."

Going on with his examination of the pocket-book, the Commissioner came upon a photograph which he showed me.

"Now," he remarked, "there is no doubt at all about it."

"Right you are!" I answered. "Especially as that is an important document for a spy."

The photograph showed one of the forts recently built on the Italian border. What made it really important was that the way the forts were built might be easily worked out by anyone who knew anything about the latest methods of building such things.

Going on with his questioning, M. Sarda remarked,

"You must admit that it is foolish to keep such documents on your person when you are traveling."

He took out another photograph, and handed it to me.

"Will you tell me who the man in this photograph is? He is next to Miss Irma Staub. Of course, it is she, isn't it?"

Lieutenants G—— and M——, who had been eagerly listening to the questioning, shouted together,

"Oh, yes! It is certainly she!"

For a second time the man hesitated a moment, then he said,

"I don't know whether her name is Irma Staub or not. I have always heard her called the Countess de Louvain."

That name called to my mind another recent affair, and at once I saw light!

"So," I shouted, "if Irma Staub is the Countess de Louvain, then you are Major von Trauth, the brilliant member of the staff of the army of Crown Prince Rupert of Bavaria."

The man broke down. A few minutes later he "put his cards on the table," and confessed who he was.

M. Sarda turned von Trauth over to a detective and a policeman and had him taken to jail.

While his secretary was placing in a sealed envelope the papers which were found in the pocket-book, M. Sarda and I proceeded to examine the papers which we found on the body of von Richber. Among them were the photographs of the documents that had been stolen from my young friends.

It may easily be imagined how happy they were to get them back.

"Now," I said, smiling, "if your detectives have found Irma Staub, we can't exactly complain of having wasted our day."

Just then one of M. Sarda's inspectors came in looking very excited.

"Irma Staub has disappeared!" he said. "We have hunted everywhere in vain. The hag has slipped through our fingers!"

Never in my life have I heard such an eloquent stream of profanity as that poured forth by M. Sarda. When he became calmer, he asked the detective,

"At least do you know how she got away?"

"Yes! We know that. In a storeroom on the third floor there is a door that we thought at first opened into a closet. With some difficulty we opened it and discovered that it led into the house next door. She escaped through there."

"Oh, well," I said, "that's not too bad. At least we got two of them. And we'll catch the beautiful Irma some day."

I put my arm through M. Sarda's as we walked out.

"Don't take it too hard, my friend! Remember that the police all over the world think that Irma Staub will never be arrested until she wants to be. She didn't want to be to-day, that's all! But I'm not through with this business yet. Some day she will fall into my hands, and you can bet your boots that I won't slip up then!"

I said good-bye to this friendly Italian official and we started back for Lugano, taking things easy on the way. Of course. the Baroness d'Aspremont had disappeared when we got there. It is true, it wasn't long before I heard of her again.

THE PLAN OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF TO INVADE SWITZERLAND*

By Charles Lucieto

SEVERAL days after I got back to Berne, I was sent on a new mission. This time I was supposed to find a German spy named Kohr, at Geneva, or somewhere near there. According to an anonymous warning sent the Swiss police, he had made several trips into France for M. von R——.

On my arrival in Geneva I got in touch with the proper officials. They gave me certain details—important details—that the letter had contained, but they claimed to know nothing at all about Kohr or his past record. They didn't know where he lived, or even what he looked like.

As there are as many Kohrs in Germany as Smiths or Joneses in America, that wasn't very much to go on. It was the proverbial attempt to find a needle in a hay-stack. But as I am not one to be easily discouraged by difficulties, I got to work at once.

At the office which registered people living in furnished rooms, I didn't find—and I hadn't expected to—any clue that could even remotely point to the identity of Kohr. Neither was he listed among the tax-payers in the district.

Therefore, as he neither owned a house nor rented a furnished room, it was evident that he had either rented an unfurnished apartment, or else he was living under a false name

* From "On Special Missions," by Charles Lucieto. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1927.

at the home of one of the numerous German Secret Service agents in town.

You can see the investigation gave every evidence of being very arduous. I decided, nevertheless, to go on with it, and two days later after much bustling about I had the names of all the Kohrs in Geneva.

There were thirty-four of them! A mere handful! At least, I knew the addresses of all of them and with luck and hard work I had high hopes of finishing my job.

For a month I went on weeding them out, going over their records, noting everything that seemed to me at all suspicious; sifting all evidence cautiously. I had soon disposed of thirty of them; although most of these were of German birth, they minded their own business and not ours.

However, with four of them, the lives they were leading, the kind of talk they were said to indulge in, the money they spent (which was out of all proportion to their incomes), made them seem extremely suspicious. One of them was especially so. He was a chemist by profession, but had no regular job. He was always traveling, as was proved by his passport, which was covered with visés. (I was able to glance at it when he presented it to the Italian consul in order to obtain permission to go to Turin.)

In time of war it is a good rule to distrust globe-trotters! I decided that for the time being I would let the other three men of this name go and devote myself exclusively to this fourth chap.

He claimed to have been born at Zurich, Switzerland, on January 4, 1884, of German parents who had applied for Swiss citizenship. Although he should have fulfilled the compulsory military service which is required by law in the Swiss Confederation, he claimed to have been exempted because of chronic bronchitis. Everything about him was certainly suspicious enough!

I got in touch with our agents in Zurich and found that there was no record of his birth in the official registers there, and, carrying my investigation even further, I discovered that no one by the name of Kohr was mentioned in the records of the office that took care of cases of exemption from military service because of physical incapacity. The whole business was irregular.

All the evidence pointed to the fact that all of his identification papers had been forged. Therefore, he must have some reason for wanting to conceal his real identity.

Before going any further, it was up to me to unmask him and to discover who he really was. That is what I did, and here is how I went about it.

I knew positively that at the headquarters of the German Secret Service at Berne there was a separate envelope for each agent they employed. In these envelopes were the *curiculum vitæ* of the agents and their photographs. Thus, if Kohr was employed by the Berne branch as the anonymous communication claimed, I could easily prove it by looking up his envelope.

Obviously this was no easy task to accomplish. The envelopes and all other things of that sort were kept in the private office of His Excellency, von R——, who took the greatest care of them. He shut them up in a strong-box and allowed no one else to have a key to it.

But, as you know from what I said before, the private office of His Excellency held few secrets for me. I even had my "private entrances" to it, and by complying with "the necessary requirements" I could be pretty sure of getting what I wanted.

My readers must excuse me, but I am not allowed to give the details of just how I did it; at any rate, that was the method I used to get the information that allowed me to establish the real identity of Kohr.

He, as I had supposed, was really a German and, naturally, he had performed his compulsory military service in his native

country, as was proved by a photograph that I found in his envelope.

Kohr was the son of German emigrants who had moved to a town near Metz; he had gone to school at Nancy. He was a distinguished chemist and before the war had "worked" in foreign countries for the famous German I. G. Company. (Interessen Gemeinschaft). That firm is a trust composed of the following branch companies:

1. The Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik;
2. The Bayer;
3. The Aktien Gesellschaft für Anilin Fabrikation;
4. The Hoechts;
5. The Cassella, at Frankfort-am-Main;
6. The Kalle Aktien Gesellschaft, at Biebrich; in other words, it contains all the important German chemical manufacturers.

Thus Kohr had served an apprenticeship for his military espionage in commercial espionage. During my inquiry I found that he had had a job in a dye factory at Tremblay, near Creil, in France. Working as a chemist, he had stolen their trade secrets and had turned them over to the I. G.

In his envelope I also found information of quite a different character. Kohr did not merely indulge in these little "excursions" into France; he was also working out routes and plans of campaign for the use of the German army in case it decided to invade Switzerland and so attack the French and Italian armies from the rear.

I was stunned!

How could it be that we had not yet discovered the identity of such a troublesome spy? The rascal had indeed proved to be dangerous.

And how did it happen that the Swiss police, suspicious as they usually were, let him move about as he did without ever thwarting him?

As, for the moment, I was unable to answer either of these questions, I left them to be decided later and went on with my study of the documents in his envelope.

Before continuing with the story and reporting what else I found in Kohr's envelope, I must apologize to the Swiss authorities for several indiscreet remarks that I must make if I am to give you any adequate idea of how abominable were the machinations of this master spy.

I hasten to add that nothing that follows could possibly do the Swiss national defense organization any harm. I have carefully avoided all details of a technical nature.

With that out of the way, I shall prove that at one time the German General Staff contemplated using once again, in Switzerland, the plan, the loathsome plan, that had worked so successfully in Belgium. My proof rests upon a fact which in itself is sufficient to establish the authenticity of what is to follow.

First of all we must ask, "Was it to Germany's interest to invade Switzerland?" That question is answered by the fact that I shall now give you.

In 1916 the General Staffs of the Central Powers attempted to make the Italians retreat from their lines along the Carso, by working to the rear of this line of defense across the Trentino and the plain of the seven communes. This is an indisputable fact that has been indelibly written on the pages of history.

Among the papers under Kohr's name I found a plan for a simultaneous attack upon France and Italy. It will be readily understood that I cannot reveal the tactics and strategy of this proposed plan. At any rate, here is the gist of it:

The scheme was to invade Switzerland by way of Bâle-Rorschach along the line of the Rhine. After occupying that plain, the force was to divide, one branch going into France across the Rhone and the Jura, the other into Italy across the

various accessible passes—the valley of the Reuss and the valley of the Aar for Milan, and the Gothard pass.

This maneuver was to be supplemented by two other crushing offenses, one against France by way of Bâle and Porrentruy, the other against Italy, by way of the Saint Gothard, the Rhine valley, Valtelina and Inn.

As you see, it was quite unimportant!

This maneuver would have entailed serious risks. (The valiant Swiss army is not one to fail to live up to its reputation!) There was also a report bearing the signature of Lieutenant-Colonel Otto Ulrich, of the German army, but it was written in Kohr's handwriting.

The accompanying report gave details as to permanent fortifications, and was full of descriptions of the two main systems of defense of the Swiss Republic.

1. *The Saint-Maurice System:* These defenses are along the bank of the Rhone near Morcles. There are two fortresses, at Dailly and at Savatan.

The report stated that on the plain at Dailly they had heavy artillery mounted on railroad carriages, as well as howitzers protected by dugouts.

2. *The Saint-Gothard System:* Dangerous defenses, consisting of an extensive entrenched camp that commands all of the valleys that run out from the mountain.

The report enumerated the various fortifications in the valley of the Reuss, and noted the positions of Bühl and Batzberg on each side of the bridge fortified by its rasant batteries. This passage ended with a detailed description of the Blockhaus de Bruckenwaldboden.

It went on to say that in the west the heavily armed battery at Galenhütte, and the fortification at Furka obstructed the strategic entrance to Urserenthal.

In the east, it noted the fortifications at Oberalp, Taschmutt,

Calmot, Grossboden, and the camp at Loch which defended the valley of the Rhine and the Oberalp.

Finally, going on to the valley of the Tessin, it gave complete details of the fortifications on the Italian side of Gothard, especially of those at Airolo, Fondo, Motto-Bartola, Stucci, Bianchi, Cavanna, and Pusmeda. It ended with a very detailed description of the work done at the Hospice du Gothard.

This report had been annotated by Irma Staub herself. It complemented a second report by a man named Wahlaender, which was also in Kohr's handwriting. They were documents of the highest importance.

The number and the caliber of the guns defending each place, and the stock of ammunition on hand, were noted; the figures included both the amount on hand and the amount that might be procured.

This document was the work of a master. I would have trembled for Switzerland had it not been for my unbounded confidence in the solidarity and patriotism of the Swiss army.

When I had finished my little investigation I put the envelope back in its place and left immediately for Geneva. All that remained for me to do was to find Kohr and his two accomplices, Lieutenant-Colonel Ulrich and Wahlaender.

Of course, I could make no direct use of the documents concerning these three spies that His Highness von R—— had, unwittingly, furnished me. Even if the Swiss Counter-Espionage Service had been informed of my discovery, it would have been impossible for them to break into von R——'s headquarters and seize the documents, because von R—— enjoyed diplomatic immunity.

My only remaining resource was to catch the spies in the act of violating the law.

Luckily, as the three men lived in Geneva and I knew who one of them was, it was easy enough to discover the other two by their connection with him. Therefore, I started to "shadow"

Kohr and tried never to let him get out of my sight. I hasten to add that this was no mean task. He was very cautious; he showed himself as little as possible and never called on anyone.

I was beginning to despair of ever catching him when, one fine day, I had the luck to hear that Kohr was that evening to see "Germania," an emissary of von R——'s, to whom he was to give an important document. They were to meet at a little German café in Geneva. I got this information at first hand and decided to make full use of it.

That evening I went to the appointed café, properly disguised. No sooner had I entered the room than I saw . . . Irma Staub in heated conversation with several men, among whom I recognized Kohr. They did not recognize me and I sat down at a table near theirs and, to all appearances, at once became absorbed in reading the *Berliner Tageblatt*. As a matter of fact, although I was too far away to overhear their conversation, none of their gestures escaped me.

Irma Staub was taking notes in a little book. One after another she questioned the men around her. When she was through with one of them, she would dismiss him with a quick wave of the hand.

After a time there remained at the table only Kohr and two other men, neither of whom I had ever seen before, and about whom, consequently, I knew nothing. I realized that the time for serious discussion had arrived, so I redoubled my attention. It was well that I did, as you will see.

IN WHICH IRMA STAUB FINDS SOMEONE TO TALK TO

The three men were leaning over the table listening to a rather long talk which Irma Staub was giving in a low voice.

I had noticed, without thinking it significant, that Kohr had kept on his hat, his overcoat, and still had his umbrella, which was lying on top of the table. Suddenly Irma Staub pushed her

hand into the umbrella. She took out of it an envelope which had been hidden there and slipped it up her sleeve. It had all been done so quickly that I was sure that I was the only one in the room to see it.

What, then, was my amazement to hear a man at a table next to mine ask me,

"Well, what do you think of that, my dear colleague? The girl's not bad!"

I turned squarely toward my questioner.

"Sir," I said, "I have not the honor of your acquaintance! And I don't understand just what you are alluding to!"

He smiled, and then, under the table, he handed me a card. Under a line which read, "Intelligence Service of the British Army," I read the name of the "ace of aces" of the Allied Secret Service, James Nobody.

How in the devil had this man, generally recognized to be the foremost detective in the whole world, how had he been able to recognize me despite my disguise, and especially under such conditions?

I asked him how he had done it, without, however, losing sight of the little movements of Irma Staub and her companions. James Nobody then told me that his chief, Colonel C. C——, had got wind of the projected invasion of Switzerland by the German army, and he had been sent on to throw some light on the matter.

He added,

"When I got here my men told me that you yourself were on the job." (The different branches of the Allied Secret Service did make a habit of giving each other all information that they discovered, so that they would present a united front against the German agents.) "That being so, I set out to find you. I followed you in here."

"I compliment you! It was well done. I had no idea that I was being followed! What do you think of this business?"

"I haven't yet any very definite ideas. As a matter of fact I'm inclined to think it is a false alarm."

"What if I could prove to you that it is on the verge of being accomplished?"

James Nobody never lost his stolidness, but he seemed greatly perturbed by my question. For a moment he thought, then he asked,

"You have definite proof of it?"

"*Parbleu!* And this is how I got it."

Then I related to him how and under what conditions I had inspected the reports drawn up by Kohr and amended by Otto Ulrich and Wahlaender. I went at length into all of the technical details of the project. I ended my talk with the statement that I was sure that Irma Staub, who only took part in things of genuine importance, had come to Geneva for no other purpose than to put the finishing touches on the remaining details of the scheme for invading Switzerland.

James Nobody had listened to me with the greatest attention. He now returned the compliment that I had just given him.

"That, too, is fine work. I compliment you thoroughly on it. Tell me, do you think that two of us would be too many in this business? First of all, what do you think of the letter that Irma Staub (she is pretty, the slut!) has just taken out of Kohr's umbrella?"

"I think it might be very interesting to know what it says!"

"So do I! What shall we do about it?"

"Let's work together!"

"All right!"

Just at this moment Irma Staub, who had doubtless finished her business with Kohr, got up from the table, shook hands with him, and left.

As I turned back to ask James Nobody how we should divide the work, I saw, to my astonishment, that he had disappeared.

I looked toward the door and there he was, standing aside to let Irma Staub go out first. Reassured, I glanced toward Kohr. He hadn't moved.

Dejectedly I went back to my perusal of the *Berliner Tageblatt* and waited patiently to see what would happen next. I hadn't long to wait.

The door suddenly opened with a bang, and there stood Irma Staub. But she was not the pretty creature she had been a moment before! She was torn and disheveled and as pale as death. She seemed to be tongue-tied. Her sleeve had been ripped off her dress.

Everyone rushed toward her—Kohr reached her first—to find out what had happened. Suddenly she slipped into a chair, hysterical.

Kohr, beside himself with fright, yelled,

"Is there a doctor present? The poor girl needs help! Can't you see, she's dying!"

I, too, came over and, brusquely pushing away the people who surrounded her, I bent over the spy.

"Now let's see," I began.

I got no further. Irma Staub came to. Although her eyes were dilated, her breathing became regular and her blood flowed once more.

She glanced around with the look of a hunted beast, of a wild animal caught in a trap, then suddenly she cried out,

"Oh, the thieves! I have been robbed! They took everything!"

"What's all this?" asked a man who had just come in, accompanied by two policemen.

He came up to the spy, to whom he bowed courteously, and repeated his question, adding,

"You can tell me without fear; I am the police commissioner in this district."

You may be sure that Irma Staub did not want the police

mixed up in this business. She had too much to lose by it. As she had, however, to give some reason for the emotion she had given way to, she pulled herself together and told the commissioner that when she stopped on the curb looking for an automobile, two thugs had held her up, and in the mix-up they had torn from her her fur, her sleeve, and her reticule. It had all happened so quickly that she had been thrown to the ground and her hat had been knocked into the middle of the street.

"Just plain robbery," said the commissioner. "Can you give me a description of the men?"

"I can't. I scarcely saw them, and I would be afraid of getting mixed up!"

"That's too bad," said the commissioner. "Nevertheless, we shall do everything possible to apprehend the two bandits."

He made a list of the things that had been stolen from the spy, and asked her to identify herself and give her address. Needless to say, what she told him was absolutely untrue. He bowed to Irma Staub a last time when his offers to accompany her home had been refused, and went out.

That is what Kohr was waiting for. When the crowd had dispersed somewhat, he went up to her, and, after a hurried conversation, he told the doorman to call a taxi.

I was getting ready to follow them when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned quickly around and found James Nobody there, a pleased expression on his face. He beckoned me to follow him.

When we were outside, I asked,

"Well . . . ?"

"Well, I have the letter! My men turned the trick! Shall we go to your house to look it over?"

"Surely! I'll go first; follow a little way behind me. Although we haven't much to fear from the Swiss police, it is better if, for the moment at least, they know nothing of this affair."

"Well, I agree with you! Let's go!"

One behind the other, we disappeared into the night.

When we got to the hotel where I was staying (it was run by Frenchmen who were ardent patriots), James Nobody, making sure that no slip-up was possible, and that we could "work" without fear of interruption, took out the envelope that his men had snatched from Irma Staub.

It contained documents concerning the Swiss army (I may not divulge them here), and several reports from spies working behind the French lines. These latter I found extremely interesting. Practically all of them were to go to the Secret Service headquarters at Berne. They were so important that I decided to leave for Paris as soon as the Kohr-Ulrich-Wahlaender trio had been taken care of. As luck would have it, among these documents was one signed by Kohr acknowledging the receipt of some reports from Ulrich and Wahlaender. It would be of the greatest interest to the Swiss committee for national defense.

In other words, we had positive proof of the crookedness of this sinister trio.

Thus we should be able to turn them over to the Swiss police, who alone had the power to arrest them, without any mention of the discoveries I had made in von R——'s office in Berne.

In short, we had killed two birds with one stone. Not only had we, at least temporarily, got rid of spies whose activities had become dangerous, but we had also disorganized the information bureau at Berne.

James Nobody confided to me that he was extremely glad to have turned this trick. I learned later that Irma Staub had "put it over" on him several times.

We then went over various aspects of the question, and it was agreed that I should leave for Paris as soon as possible, as

some of the information in the envelope was of such a nature as to demand immediate investigation. Later on we shall see what results I obtained. . . .

However, we had to get going in a hurry. Although Irma Staub probably did not know what was in the envelope that had been taken from her, she would lose no time warning her men to get under cover. After having agreed what was to be done, Nobody and I decided that, despite the lateness of the hour, we ought at once to get in touch with the head of the Swiss military police, and impart our discovery to him.

He received us immediately. I introduced my colleague, whom he knew by reputation. Without wasting words, I told him of the plot which the German had hatched against Switzerland, backing up my accusations with the documents. This high official was so astounded that he could not believe his eyes and his ears.

At once he telephoned to General W——, then in command of the Swiss army, and at the General's request we went at once to his headquarters.

Everything there was in disorder. We had to push through a double line of officers of all branches of the service before we reached General W——'s office. He met us at the door. In a few words we told him how things stood. Despite the fact that he was notoriously pro-German, he at once understood the importance of the situation.

Before we left, the Chief of Police had the necessary warrants for arrest, and, still more interesting, we had been assured that from Lake Constance to the end of the canton of Tessin, the Swiss troops would be mobilized, upon the pretext that they were in training.

Already messengers were leaving for all parts of the country to carry the orders to the battalion chiefs. The situation was so serious that the General could not risk sending the orders by

telegraph or telephone, for fear the Germans might intercept them.

As we went, we were joined by several squads of Swiss policemen from the headquarters division. They were specialists in counter-espionage. They soon understood what was happening, and we divided up the work, separating into three parties.

The Chief of Police took on Otto Ulrich; James Nobody gave his attention to Wahlaender; while I took charge of the arrest of Kohr. Of course, Nobody and I had no official position. Our most important duty was to identify the criminals, as we were the only ones who knew them by sight.

Unluckily, Irma Staub had got to Colonel Otto Ulrich's before us, and he had fled. The discomfort of the Chief of Police was painful to see. Nobody and I had better luck and we "pinched" Kohr and Wahlaender as they were packing their suitcases. They offered no resistance when arrested. Like the cowards they were, they informed on a dozen of their accomplices, who were arrested that same night.

The jury was easy on Kohr, and he was condemned to forty-five days in prison and a 500-franc fine. Wahlaender got three months in prison and a 1,000-franc fine. Colonel Ulrich was condemned in absence to two years in prison and a fine of 5,000 francs.

In steel files in the latter's office we found duplicates of all the letters and telegrams in code that I had seen at Berne. We also learned that each of these spies got paid 7,000 marks a month.

With this part of the band taken care of, I still had to uncover their accomplices in Paris and at the front. That very night I said good-bye to James Nobody, who had helped me so much, and left for S—— where the headquarters of our Counter-Espionage Service were then located. I reported to my chief what had happened at Geneva, and he gave me a free hand in finishing off the business.

AN INTRICATE AFFAIR*

By Charles Lucieto

THE real head of the German Secret Service at Geneva, whose principal duty was to recruit spies and traitors and to send them into France, was a fellow named Koeniger, who lived on the Rue Prévost-Martin.

He was not only in touch with Irma Staub, but also with the famous Miss Doktor, who directed (and how well she did it!) the espionage headquarters that the Boches had set up at Antwerp.

However, if Koeniger was in charge of things at Geneva, it was only in appearance. He got his orders from the Main Information Bureau of the German army, located at Freiburg in Brisgau. Their representative at Geneva was a woman whose name we could never discover, whom we nicknamed "La Rouquine."

No one will ever know what great damage she did to France and to the Allies. Even Irma Staub was a gentle angel compared to La Rouquine. She stopped at nothing—not even murder—to accomplish what she had set her mind on. If I may use a slang phrase which describes her methods of procedure very exactly, she treated 'em rough. She didn't bother with

* From "On Special Missions," by Charles Lucieto. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1927.

skill and trickery, she relied entirely upon brute force. Her gang did not do things by halves. A man who was pointed out to them as a suspicious character was as good as dead!

La Roquine had two assistants, Koeniger, just mentioned, and Lisenmenger. Her gang, her men, as she called them, were all French deserters. Among the most important of them were: Michel Cayer, Barrio, Murat, Perrin, Vignon—his assistant in crime was an Austrian anarchist named Weill—Forestier, Franciscoud, Forest, Mourier, alias Campion and Chapeyron, and, finally, Guaspare, one of the most dangerous bandits that I have ever had occasion to see.

Two French women completed the gang—Anne Garnier and Yvonne Schadeck.

Perhaps some day I will tell the story of how and where these bandits fell into our hands. . . .*

For the moment suffice it to say that none of their schemes to harm their native land escaped our knowledge. One of our agents—he was certainly a hero—succeeded in living among these spies and traitors. They met at the Café Amodru, which was run by a man named Chavanne with the assistance of two brothers from Marseilles, Jean and Marius Ripert, better known by the name of Loupart.

But to continue, when I examined the documents that Kohr gave Irma Staub, I not only found out new things about the band that I have just described, but also about another one connected with it and just being organized. Its director, who had already been appointed, was none other than Julius, alias

* The list of names given above, which is far from complete, will perhaps convince the German papers that defied me to give the names of the directors of their Secret Service in Switzerland that they were not wise to do so. If I have omitted some of them, they may be assured that I did so willingly. As to Irma Staub, for instance, I know perfectly well that that is merely one of the famous spy's pseudonyms. Shall I be more precise, and mention the fact that she is titled, that her name begins with an H and ends with an R?

James, Meyer, sixty years old and born at Frankfort-am-Main, a member of the famous Lourrach band.

This fellow Julius claimed to be a naturalized American, and had often been pointed out to us. He traveled about France a great deal, going especially to Langres, Vesoul, Lyon, Dijon, Nantes, Saint-Nazaire, Lorient, and Brest.

The document in question stated that James Meyer, who already had his orders, would a few days later meet two French deserters near Saint-Julien-en-Genevois. These men would try to cross the border between there and Bellegarde. Meyer would swear them into the service and would then give them the details of a commission which they were to perform near Lyon.

Pinned to the document were photographs of the two deserters. Strangely enough, these photographs came from the office in Berlin where they keep the Bertillon measurements of people of various sorts, as was proved by a slip that accompanied them.

Immediately we were faced by the question: "As these two deserters are Frenchmen, how does it happen that the German information bureau has their photographs?"

The answer, you must admit, was not obvious. Especially as in such matters conjecture is of no value; one must have definite proof. You can't imprison men merely because you suspect they are guilty. You have to establish their guilt beyond question.

In this case, if the presumption of their guilt were disregarded, we would have absolutely nothing against them. Of course, the mere fact that these two Frenchmen were deserters made them objects of suspicion; but there is a distinction between being a deserter and a traitor.

I decided to clear the thing up and left at once for Paris to look up the records of the two deserters. From the outset I had a feeling that the information on the slip that had been sent on from Berlin was inaccurate.

Not only could I find no trace of the desertion of men by the names of Vernier and Gastrat, the names given on the slip, but the regiments to which they were supposed to have belonged had never reported their disappearance. Who could these two men be?

I could not solve the problem as long as the information from which I was working was inaccurate, so I decided to watch the border at the point where they were going to try to get across into Switzerland.

I warned the different branches of the service which had charge of keeping suspicious people from entering our country, and then I left for Bellegarde, from which point I "sent out feelers" in all directions. Four days later some French customs men, who were making their rounds along the border at night, arrested Vernier and Gastrat as they were about to cross into Switzerland.

They were brought to me under heavy escort. In vain did I attempt to question them.

My questions were met by the most complete silence. There was nothing I could do but have them put in prison. It was done at once. But I could not let it go at that, so I took what steps were necessary.

A DANGEROUS ATTEMPT, BUT A NECESSARY ONE

As the continued silence of the two deserters could not be convincingly explained, it occurred to me that Vernier and Gastrat, granted that those were their names, might easily be German agents who were trying to get across the border after a mission in France.

If they had really been Frenchmen, even French deserters, it is inconceivable that they should not have attempted to justify themselves in some way. They would probably have attempted to arouse our pity by expressing their regret at having been led

to commit such a crime. But nothing of the sort had happened.

I talked the matter over with my colleagues at Bellegarde and decided to send the two men back to Paris where, if worse came to worst, some way would certainly be found to make them talk. That evening they left for Paris, heavily escorted, and I later heard that they really were German agents. Their true names were Holzmann (Vernier) and Junker (Gastrat).

The court-martial made short work of them. . . .

With them out of the way, I now had to turn my attention to James Meyer, who, you remember, had arranged to meet the two spies. When they did not arrive, he might get suspicious and disappear.

But that was not necessarily true! It seemed even less likely when a further examination of the documents found on Irma Staub seemed to point to the fact that James Meyer was to have commissioned Vernier and Gastrat to blow up a factory at Lyon.

I decided to go to the place where James Meyer had agreed to meet the two spies, and I wanted one of my colleagues to go with me. The man I had in mind seemed to have been made to order for such business, and I had the utmost confidence in him. He spoke German perfectly, had an extraordinary amount of intelligence, and was an expert in hand-to-hand fighting. When I told him how things stood he accepted my proposition enthusiastically.

As it had been necessary to give Meyer photographs of the pseudo-deserters, we inferred that he did not know them by sight. Thus, as we were of about the same build as Vernier and Gastrat, and as the meeting was to be at night, it was likely that Meyer would not recognize the substitution and would fall into our trap.

My colleague and I spent the day studying the photographs, and that evening we disguised ourselves so well that it would

have been impossible for a man not previously warned to detect the substitution.

The meeting was to take place at a blind tiger, well-known along the border, where the smugglers in that district congregated. This joint had the great advantage of having two doors. One of them in France, and the other in Switzerland. The border, or, rather, the imaginary line that represented it, ran through the middle of the room inside.

Perhaps that feature did not seem attractive to the smugglers!

Moreover, the café was run by a fellow named Borgone, a ferocious and bloodthirsty brute whose fights with the customs officials were famous.

Borgone had the reputation of being very pro-German. Moreover, he was supposed to be in the pay of La Rouquine, whose agents constantly frequented his place. It was consequently quite risky to go into his saloon, as there was always a chance that one might be recognized. For that reason we were armed to the teeth when we started out.

Just to get ourselves established as the people we were supposed to be, we organized a little byplay that we thought ought to gain us the immediate sympathy of the customers in the café Borgone. Chased by policemen and customs officials and, to all appearances, panic-stricken, we rushed into Borgone's, having first broken-in the door a little. That last action, as you can imagine, made him furious.

As soon as he saw that we were standing safely at the bar, which was in Switzerland, although the tables and benches in front of it were in France, Borgone walked up to our pursuers and asked them in a rough tone of voice what they wanted. They explained to him that we were deserters, and perhaps German spies. Then one of the policemen, a sergeant, asked him to put us out so that they could arrest us.

Borgone burst out into mocking laughter, and answered,

"Why, they aren't in France any more! They're in Switzerland! And besides that, it's not up to me to help you! If you're going to wait until I put them out, you have a long wait coming!"

Then he turned to us,

"Well, boys! Do you want to go back to France?"

"Not on your life!" we cried together.

He became more derisive than ever.

"There, you see! They seem to have taken a liking to this country of liberty, justice, and law! At any rate, if they don't want to go back, I'm not the one to force them to! To the contrary!"

The policemen and customs officials went out, saying that they would make their report.

"That's right!" he called to them. "And above all don't forget to send me a copy of it. I'll frame it!"

When that was over Borgone walked up to us and, after looking us over, he asked,

"What did those policemen want?"

"Hell," I answered, "we're deserters, and, you know . . ."

"Where have you come from?"

"From the trenches in the Vosges!"

"What regiment?"

"The colonial artillery!"

"What section?"

"243."

He took a dirty note-book out of the pocket of his blue apron and looked at it. Then he said,

"That checks! What can I do for you?"

I looked slyly around the room; then I remarked,

"There are too many people around to tell you here. Haven't you some room where we can talk without being overheard?"

He gave me a long look, then he said,

"Well, I guess it's all right. Aren't you supposed to meet somebody at my place?"

"Yes."

"What are the initials of the person you expect to meet?"

"J. M."

"That's right!"

Then he stuck out his hand, saying,

"I see that you belong to the brotherhood! The person you are waiting for isn't here yet, but he won't be long. Go into this room. As soon as he comes, I'll tell you."

As he opened the door, he added,

"Order what you want, and make yourselves at home. No one will bother you here!"

Then as we settled down he went out.

We were in a den of the German spies. It was now up to us to get out. And to get out with what we had come for. . . .

I AM OFFERED A STRANGE MISSION AND ACCEPT IT*

By Charles Lucieto

A FEW moments later Borgone sent a man to tell us that the person we were waiting for had arrived. He asked us to meet him outside, as there were some suspicious-looking people in the room and he didn't want them to see him.

We went out at once, and in the court outside we found James Meyer, whom I had known for a long time, talking intently to Borgone.

When he saw us, Meyer came toward us, taking out of his pocket a set of Bertillon measurements such as we had stolen from Irma Staub. He checked them over, and then compared us with the photographs he had. Then, turning toward Borgone, he said,

"They are the ones, all right!"

He shook hands with him, saying,

"Thanks! Once again you have done us a great service, my dear Borgone."

Without meaning to, James Meyer had just confirmed our suspicion that Borgone was on the German payroll, and that what had just happened was not a mere matter of chance. That information was of importance.

* From "On Special Missions," by Charles Lucieto. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1927.

Then James Meyer turned to us and in German ordered us to follow him without saying anything. We walked on over impossible roads until we finally got to what looked like an abandoned house.

James Meyer took an electric torch out of his pocket, and made certain signals with it, from time to time whistling in a strange way.

The door opened quietly and a voice from within said,

"Kommen sie!" (Come in!")

We did not know the ground and had to grope our way through the dark. This seemed to annoy the man who was waiting for us, for he said, in a domineering tone,

"Schnell!" ("Hurry up!")

We were in a large court in front of the house which seemed to be cluttered up with packing boxes, casks, and bales of goods. Our guide shut the door carefully, then he turned around and said,

"Here we are at home! Follow me; but be sure you walk right behind me without going an inch to either side, because we have pitfalls all around."

We followed him silently, admiring as we went the elaborate defenses with which this mysterious man had surrounded himself.

Soon we were at the door to the house, where we were met by a bulldog growling menacingly.

"Be quiet, Merkur," commanded his master, "you know perfectly well that these are friends!"

The dog shut up at once. It must have been well trained, for it went straight back to its house.

When we entered the house, the first things to strike our eyes were our own photographs on two large enevelopes on which our names were printed in gothic capital letters. These were lying on the table.

The man waved us to our chairs, and sat down at the table.

He examined "our" envelopes for some time, then he said to James Meyer,

"Have you told them about it?"

"No, lieutenant-colonel, we were told to let you take charge of the whole thing."

"Good!"

The officer seemed to be completely at his ease. He leaned toward us and said,

"Although you have never worked under me in this division, you probably know that the things we do here are of far greater importance than the kind of things you have been doing under Miss Doktor."

We nodded, without saying anything.

"This," he continued, "is real war. It is a fight to the bitter end! I say that to let you know that the job that I am going to entrust to you has got to be accomplished, whatever the cost! You must stop at nothing. This is a question of life and death for Germany!"

He looked us in the eyes, then asked,

"Are you going on with it?"

In keeping with the parts we were playing, I answered without a moment's hesitation,

"I'll do it as long as there's breath left in my body, and the same with my friend!"

"Fine!"

For a moment he thought, then he continued,

"I understand that as a result of what you have already accomplished, Miss Doktor thinks highly of you." (Then, it seemed, we were "stars"!) "She tells me that I can count on you absolutely. That encourages me to ask you to exert yourselves to the fullest. If these operations have the results upon which I am counting, you will have done a great service for your country."

As he said this, the officer had been taking a large map out of a pile of papers in front of him.

"Come over here!" he ordered.

When we had obeyed, he continued,

"You see this map? It shows the hydro-electric system that the French have built in the Alps and in Southeastern France. You will notice that under certain names there are, in parentheses, the letters: (D), (G), (E.ch.), and (E.m.). Their meanings are as follows:

"D.—Distributing center.

"G.—Generating plant.

"E.ch.—Electro-chemical plant.

"E.m.—Electro-metallurgic plant.

"In short, what you have before your eyes is a map of all the factories in France that are producing materials for carrying on the war. They are so far from the front, and have, up to the present time, been so carefully guarded, that they have been impregnable. This group of factories constitutes the only arsenal in France. From it are sent out in ever-increasing numbers the guns and munitions that, on the front, consistently halt even our most carefully prepared offensives.

"That must stop! Just as we have destroyed the industrial centers in the north and the east of France, so we must also destroy them in the Alps and the southeast of France! Such, gentlemen, is the mission that I am going to entrust to you."

Looking us straight in the eye, he asked,

"Do you accept it?"

I pretended to think for a moment, and seemed to have a short consultation with my comrade, then I answered,

"Why not? Granted that all the technical details are arranged, only one thing more remains to be settled."

"What?"

"Why, the most important one, as far as we are concerned!

The question of money! How much will you give us if we are successful?"

The lieutenant-colonel smiled.

"If it is only a matter of money that is bothering you, I can assure you that there will be no trouble about that."

"But still . . ."

"Listen to me," he said in a peremptory tone. Emphasizing each word, he said,

"My superiors have empowered me to offer you a hundred thousand marks for each factory in which you stop production no matter what your means of doing so."

"That's fine! And . . . when do we start work?"

"As soon as possible. It will become more dangerous all the time!"

"Good! I don't know anything to keep us from starting at once. Will you tell me just what your plans are?"

"I like a man who makes up his mind that way," he remarked. "It shows the you are a man of action, which, judged by what you have done in the past, is not surprising." (What, I wondered, had I done in the past!) "Now listen to me!"

He took out of the portfolio before him more maps, a few notes, and a book—or rather, a pamphlet—entitled, *Water Power in France.*

"This book," he began, "is an absolute miracle. Not only does it contain a complete list of the French factories that are manufacturing munitions, but it is filled with confidential information about these factories and their methods of production.

"The French will never guess how helpful they were when they brought out this book. With their usual levity, they have given us a weapon that we should be silly not to use, and they have done it merely to parade their strength and their weatlh. Thus they have saved us a long and costly investigation, one

that could never have been complete and that might have done more harm than good.

"Look, for instance, at this page about one of their most important factories. You will notice that it leaves out nothing. Even the names of the Board of Directors are there. That, however, we can afford to laugh at. Such information is of no possible use to you.

"But some of the information I am far from laughing at. I am intensely interested, for instance, to know what that factory produces. Now I know; there it is, written out in full."

Passing the book over to me, he continued,

"Some of the things there are even more useful than that. You can rely on their accuracy. For they all come from French sources. The figures as to production, and all the other information in the book may be considered official, because they are French. You must agree with me that it is a pleasure to work under such conditions!"

I was astounded! How had it happened that we French had been foolish enough to furnish such information to our implacable opponents!

I studied carefully the book he had just given me. The further I read, the better I realized that as the lieutenant-colonel had said, everything was there—a history of the business, its capital, the dividends it paid, its equipment, its capacity, etc. With such information the Boches couldn't go wrong! And what could we do to make this information useless? As I was thinking about how that might be done, the lieutenant-colonel went on,

"This booklet is perfect, but we have something even better. Here we have a detailed description of every machine in each one of the factories. We even have photographs of the machines. Here, for example, is the latest style of generator. It comes straight from the famous M—— factory at Leeds, as

may be seen from the manufacturer's trade-mark. Under the tank you can read the sign, 'Danger, keep off.'

"You can be sure that if there is any danger about it, it is for the French, not for us."

Then the lieutenant-colonel set out to tell us just how to destroy these factories and their contents. He advocated a variety of methods. Thus I learned, to my astonishment, that nothing could be easier than to put hundreds of factories out of commission by the simple expedient of destroying the station or sub-station from which they got their power. It appeared that that was the aim of most of the schemes of the lieutenant-colonel and his accomplices.

When he had explained his plan, he said,

"Now that we have agreed on the necessity of immediate action, I have only left to tell you on which places we want you to concentrate your endeavors."

Taking a carefully folded paper out of his pocketbook, he looked it over, and then went on,

"For your actions to have the quickest effect, the following factories should be destroyed:

"The steel mills and foundries at Firminy.

"The steel mills and foundries at Saut-du-Tarn.

"The power and light station at Haute-Maurienne.

"The electric station at Millery.

"The factory at Crans.

"The machine shops of Rhone.

"When you are through with these places, and, I repeat, the sooner the better, we will get together again and see about continuing the work."

"Then all we have to do is to decide about the explosives," I said.

"I was just going to speak of that," he answered. "The explosives that you use must be as small in bulk as possible so that you will have no trouble getting them across the border.

For that reason I asked one of my friends who specializes in such things to be good enough to prepare you some bombs that would be easy to handle and that would be charged with an exceptionally powerful explosive. I told him that they should not weigh more than 150 to 200 grammes. He has just sent me several such bombs. M. James Meyer, who is your immediate superior, will give them to you when the time comes, and he will tell you how to handle them.

"For the moment I shall merely say that the bombs are put up in metal boxes that look on the outside like tins of jam. The only way to explode them is by means of a fulminate cap, which you will not put in place until just before you are ready to use it."

He got up from his chair, saying,

"Now that this is settled, gentlemen, I must wish you good luck and hope that you will soon be with us again! When do you think you will start?"

"Why, as soon as M. James Meyer has finished off the instructions that you have just given us. I doubt whether that will take long."

"Good!"

Shaking hands, he said,

"Please excuse me, but as I am needed somewhere else, I find myself obliged to leave you. Again, good luck!"

He turned to James Meyer, saying,

"May I have a word with you?"

They went into a corner where they talked in low voices for a few moments, looking up at us frequently.

When their conversation was over, the lieutenant-colonel lifted up a curtain that concealed a door and left, waving a last good-bye to us.

My companion looked questioningly at me. I whispered to him,

"All ready?"

"Let's go!"

With great care James Meyer closed the door through which the lieutenant-colonel had made his exit. When he turned toward us we literally jumped on him and after a fierce struggle succeeded in overpowering him. We then gagged and tied him up.

That done, I paid no attention to the furious look that he gave me.

"Well, my boy," I said, "you're ours now!"

IN WHICH WE MAKE A CLEAN GETAWAY

Turning to my companion, I said,

"Will you go to the police station at Carouge and, in the name of M. N——, head of the Swiss Military Police, ask the officer in charge to meet us here? Before you do that, please call M. N—— for me and ask him to come here as soon as possible."

"Ought I to tell him what is happening?"

"Surely! You can even say that I'm alone here and don't know anything about this house, which is the lair of a pack of German spies, and that consequently, if help doesn't come in time, the Boches may come back and attend to me!"

He was already starting, when I warned him,

"Watch where you step! Remember that besides the dogs, there are the pitfalls. Take care!"

My colleague opened the door with infinite care and looked about the court for a long time. When his eyes had become accustomed to the dark, he plunged into the night. . . .

I came back to James Meyer who was lying on the ground like a glass that had been tipped over. He was trying vainly to slip his bonds.

"Keep on trying," I told him laughingly. "An old sailor taught me to make those knots. That's no mean recommendation, you know! You can't ever work loose knots like that!"

James Meyer soon convinced himself of the uselessness of such efforts, and he lay still.

"I know," I went on, "that as I am in Swiss territory I have no legal right to question you. The others will take care of that! However, if you think it worth while to take me into your confidence, I am at your service! No? You don't want to? That's too bad. I thought I might be able to intercede in your favor with the Swiss police. . . ."

I saw that this got no rise out of him, so I went up to the table and, without losing sight of him, I began to go through the various portfolios that I found there. Two of them concerned France. The contents of eight of the others were entirely taken up with the Swiss Army.

Some of the documents were of the greatest importance, among which were a map of the border and a whole series of notes concerning the Swiss military defenses.

I was in the midst of examining them when a bell suddenly rang in the next room. It was doubtless the telephone.

Pulling my revolver out of my pocket, I said to James Meyer,

"Well, old man, you're going to get up and go ahead of me. I warn you, if you stumble, I'll put a bullet in your head."

I untied the bonds that held his legs, and ordered,

"Go ahead!"

He obeyed at once and preceded me into the room where the telephone was ringing steadily.

I picked the instrument up hurriedly and took off the receiver, standing so that James Meyer was always in sight.

"Hello," I said. "Who is it?"

"A. F. 321! To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?"

"James Meyer."

"Well, that's strange! I didn't recognize your voice!"

I smiled.

"Oh, you know, that's not surprising. These Swiss instruments are terrible!"

"Aren't they? Is the lieutenant-colonel there?"

"No! But he'll be back soon. Can I take any message for him?"

The person at the telephone, a woman it was, seemed to hesitate for a moment, then she answered.

"No, I don't see any reason why you shouldn't. Will you tell him that Irma Staub called up to report that the two men whom he was expecting, who should have been there by now, were arrested at Saint-Julien-en-Genevois by the customs officials."

"Well, well! That's annoying! They were the two men who went by the names of Vernier and Gastrat?"

"Yes, they are the ones!"

"You know no details?"

"None at all!"

"That's all you have to tell the lieutenant-colonel?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"Yes, but there might be something else you wanted to say. No? Well, good night, madame."

Then I hung up the receiver. . . .

As you see, my colleague and I had had a close escape! If Irma Staub's message had reached the lieutenant-colonel two hours before, we should have had no warning and would have walked right into a trap!

Our profession is full of such risks. . . .

Thus without another thought about what might have happened, I took my prisoner back into the other room. During the conversation he had been making the most ferocious faces at me.

We had scarcely got back when the dog started to bark. He seemed to be raging mad, which reassured me somewhat. If there was someone in the court, it must be a friend. The dog would have recognized one of the Boches, and would not have set up such a racket.

Suddenly there was the crack of a pistol outside! The dog

let out a plaintive howl and was silent. He seemed to have got his deserts! A few seconds later someone knocked at the door.

Still playing my part, I answered with a rough,

"Werda?"

"Friends!" answered a voice that I recognized as that of my companion. "Open the door! I am bringing reinforcements!"

I opened the door at once and had the pleasure of seeing a dozen Swiss policemen and an officer come in with my comrade.

The officer looked around inquisitively. Catching sight of the prisoner, he laughed.

"Ha, ha! There's the bird!"

He walked over to him and said,

"You scoundrel! I guess you would have had some trouble getting away! You have so much string around you, you look as if you belonged in a Punch and Judy show!"

Pointing to the table, I remarked,

"Take a look at these, lieutenant!"

When he had examined the portfolios he turned pale, and, visibly shaken, stretched out his hand towards me.

"I thank you," he said, "for what you have just done for my country!"

He thought for a moment, and then continued,

"I owe my knowledge of the truth to you. Until this moment I was pro-German! Stubbornly, I believed everything the pro-German press said. Now I know!"

He turned to his men and said,

"Take this thing away! Put him in safe-keeping, so the chief can question him when he arrives!"

"Here he is now," cried one of the policemen who was standing on the door-sill! "I can hear his car."

A few moments later M. N—— entered the room, accompanied by two detectives, one of whom was J——, the "star" of the Swiss Military Police.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

He turned toward me and said,

"You, first of all! Who are you? What are you doing here?"

He hadn't recognized me with my disguise. I smiled, and took off some of my make-up.

"Who am I? Why, take a look!"

He cried out in surprise,

"Well, how extraordinary! It's unbelievable! I'll be darned, but I wouldn't have recognized you!"

After we had shaken hands, he asked once more,

"What's going on here? If you are on the job, it must be something worth looking into!"

"Judge for yourself!" I answered.

ALL OF THE GANG BUT THE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FALL INTO OUR HANDS

With M. N—— and his assistants sitting around the table, I gave in detail the story of our recent activities, backing up my statements with the proof to be found in the documents taken from Irma Staub and those that we had just found in the office of the lieutenant-colonel.

Sorting out these documents, I gave them to the head of the Swiss Military Police. I explained just what they meant, and demonstrated their importance from a military point of view, the only one, for the moment, of real significance. By correlating the new evidence with that which James Nobody and I had discovered, I convinced M. N—— that it was imperative that he clean up this affair at once. He decided to ask his superiors for a free hand in doing so.

He thanked us for this new service we had done the Swiss Confederation, and then asked,

"Have you searched the house?"

I called his attention to the fact that as we were foreigners, we had no right to do anything of the sort in Switzerland, and

that at our own risk, without receiving permission from our chief, we had decided to unmask James Meyer and his accomplices.

M. N—— smiled, and added,

"I realize that you have overstepped your legal rights, but in your place I would have done the same."

Then he glanced at James Meyer who, gagged and bound, was listening intently to our conversation.

"If you are willing, we will search the house together. I am sure we shall find some interesting things here. After that we will question this fellow."

I interrupted him to say,

"Don't you think it would be wise while we are doing this part of the job to see to the arrest of Borgone and his gang? It is quite evident that the two groups are connected!"

"Yes! You're right!"

He called the police officer and ordered,

"Take six men and go at once to the Café Borgone. Arrest everyone you find there, including the proprietor. Here is a blank warrant. You have only to write the names in, no matter how many of them there are!"

Again I interrupted him.

"Don't you think it would be wise to do this in connection with the French police? You remember how curiously the Café Borgone is placed, astride the border. If you bother Borgone and his friends, they have only to step across the room into France. If the French police are on one side of the border and your men on the other, no such problem can arise. They will fall either into our hands or yours, and the desired end will be accomplished.

"However, I don't think they will hesitate to let you arrest them. They know perfectly well that if they are taken into France the numerous crimes that they have committed will cost them their lives, while in Switzerland, where there is no

death penalty, they will get out of it with a prison sentence."

"How shall we work it?"

"It's easy enough! My friend here will hurry over to Bellegarde in your auto. He will tell our colleagues there what is happening. Then when your men close in from the Swiss side, ours will surround the French part of the café."

This was decided upon.

I may say at once that my predictions came true. Caught between the two fires, Borgone and his gang decided they would rather be arrested by the Swiss police than by ours.

Our search yielded nothing that we hadn't known before. The only really interesting thing that we found was an old-fashioned wireless set in the cellar.

Besides, in the lieutenant-colonel's room we found several uniforms belonging to officers in the Swiss army, one the uniform of a high officer. The lieutenant-colonel doubtless used this when he went to "inspect" the fortifications of the Swiss Confederation.

When we had searched the place from top to bottom, we returned to the room where we had left James Meyer. The Swiss Secret Service agent and two of his assistants then proceeded to seal up the various documents that had been found in the portfolios. It took a good hour to do it.

M. N—— then had the spy brought before him, and he was ungagged.

"I am going to question you," he began. "But before I begin, I must warn you that anything you say may be used against you. You understand me?"

James Meyer smiled; then he answered,

"What you say is of no interest to me. I refuse to answer you!"

"We'll find a way of making you talk!"

"Try and do it!"

"That's what I'm going to do!"

After a moment's silence, he went on,

"What's your name?"

"It's none of your business! Moreover, you might as well know that although I was born in Germany, I am a naturalized American. You will have to answer to the American Consul for the indignities that I have suffered since my arrest. Besides, I have nothing to do with this business. As an employee of the owner of this house, I merely went to Borgone's place and brought these two men back. . . . "

He looked at us.

"If I have understood you," replied M. N——, "you admit having been in contact with Borgone and the owner of this house? Will you then tell me the name of the latter?"

"Not on your life!" answered Meyer.

"Then you must have some reason for concealing it. It doesn't matter, though, for we shall soon find it out."

He turned to his detectives and ordered,

"Search this man!"

It was soon finished.

As his pockets were emptied a more and more dangerous-looking assemblage of weapons appeared on the table. He had everything imaginable—a revolver, a burglar's kit, sticks of dynamite, a Bickford hangman's noose, a Bowie knife, along with forged identifications papers, etc. There was also a silver cigarette case, upon which I noticed that James Meyer kept his eyes.

I picked up the case, in which a few cigarettes were left, and examined it carefully. I saw nothing unusual about it, but noticed that the spy followed all my movements with growing uneasiness.

"Tell me," I said to M. N——, "at the customs office, is there an X-ray machine, such as is used to discover what's inside suspicious-looking baggage."

"Why, of course," he answered.

"Then if you don't mind, I'll go up there to check up on a little matter that interests me."

"What is it?"

"I should like to know what kind of tobacco these cigarettes are made of."

Already M. N—— knew what I was driving at.

"We will go together. It will be worth while, if for no other reason than that I can introduce you to the man who takes the X-rays."

A quarter of an hour later, thanks to the X-rays, we had absolute proof of the guilt of James Meyer.

One of the cigarettes contained a little piece of paper tightly rolled and stuck in between two pinches of tobacco. This paper had on it the formula for the manufacture of an explosive which they intended to use to blow up French factories, and instructions as to how to make it. The factories to be destroyed were also named. When he was confronted with this evidence, James Meyer had to give up and admit his guilt.

A few days later the Council of War at Geneva sentenced him to six months in prison and a 5,000 francs' fine. It ordered, moreover, that he should be deported from Switzerland.

His accomplices—Borgone and his gang—were also sentenced for varying terms.

On the other hand, although we sent out thousands of copies of the lieutenant-colonel's photograph, we were never able to discover his real name.

However, the dangerous gang that he had organized was put out of business and his lair unearthed. He was never heard from again.

RICHARD BOLESLAVSKI

AND

HELEN WOODWARD

RICHARD BOLESLAVSKI, well known today through his connection with the theatre and motion pictures in Russia and America, served in the World War as a lieutenant of the celebrated Polish Lancers with the Russian Army on the Carpathian Front. In collaboration with Helen Woodward he wrote *Way of the Lancer,* an extraordinary compelling and photographic series of sketches and reminiscences of his contact with the dramas, tragedies and tensions of the war.

Cavalry officers at the Front seldom have any intimate contact with the workings of military espionage and Intelligence; they are rarely obliged in line of duty to trace and capture spies. Boleslavski, however, reports one striking experience in the field of secret service. He and his collaborator have given in this chapter an unforgettable narrative of the detection, arrest, court martial and punishment of a pair of peasant spies.

This man and woman were certainly not professionals; they seem to have been little more than the dupes of some domineering or persuasive German intelligence officer. Yet the woman, a German, defied her captors—the "enemy"—and made in a pitiful way an attempt to justify her military crime as an act of patriotic self-sacrifice. Hundreds of no less pitiable civilians were thus caught in the dangerous web that the intrigues of Intelligence spread along every front. In most instances their achievements were meagre, their rewards insignificant, their fate tragic.

MAN AND WIFE*

By Richard Boleslavski and Helen Woodward

THE German Colonel was to have a birthday. Our men knew all about it. The grape-vine telegraph brought the news, but I never found out how the grape-vine worked, nor did any other officer. There were two hundred yards of deadly ground between us and the Germans. If you wanted to find out how deadly that ground was you could raise a soldier's cap above the trench on the end of a rifle barrel, and hear the swish of bullets playing around it. Nevertheless, gossip and news, and all the little humanities of life managed to filter through. We knew almost as much about the Germans, and they about us, as two neighboring families in a small provincial town know about each other.

The Colonel's birthday was to come on Thursday. Would we be good enough not to disturb them on that day? They were to have wine and cakes, and one does not like to be shot at while feasting. In return for our politeness they would let us alone some other day.

One day I saw a group of lancers bending over something. They were digging and elbowing one another. As soon as they

* From "Way of the Lancer," by Richard Boleslavski and Helen Woodward. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; copyright, 1932.

saw me they fell into confusion. One of the lancers put some small object behind his back.

"What is it, boys?"

They did not answer.

"Hand it over."

The man reluctantly showed a small kite. I should have been in trouble if a higher officer had seen the kite go up.

When I reached for it the lancer said: "Sir Lieutenant, we'll tear it up and throw it away."

"Come, come on," I commanded, "be sensible."

Smiling, and like a child caught in mischief, he gave me the kite.

It was a clumsy affair made of newspaper, with a home-made envelope attached. Inside was a soiled piece of paper, on which the picture of a frivolous young lady was crudely drawn. She was placed in a coarse and insolent attitude toward a rugged German Sergeant. Below was written, "Clara gave you the air. Ha! Ha! Ha!" In some secret way they had learned of the Sergeant's disastrous experience with Clara.

"You shouldn't do this," I said. "Sending messages to the enemy."

"Oh, they play jokes on us," said the men in chorus. "When it's a fight, we fight 'em, but we're not fighting now. We are doing this for fun."

In silence I took the kite away, knowing that anyhow another one would be made and sent across the lines. If I hadn't been an officer I should have sent it myself.

Sometimes I felt that if the officers on both sides should take a holiday the Russians and the Germans would run together like two groups of school children and play games. Play like children until somebody came back and shouted, "Stop it, stop it, don't you know you are in a state of war?"

I am a Pole, and I had joined the Russian army as a volunteer. The Grand Duke Nicholas had put out a manifesto prom-

ising freedom to Poland if the Allies won. Polish patriotism told me to go and fight. The Central Powers had done the same thing. They too had promised freedom to Poland, and many Poles were in their ranks. Poles fought against Poles, yet all of them were moved by the same patriotism and the same ideals.

There were two hundred of us in our regiment,—the Polish Lancers—a tiny segment of strangers in the vast body of the Russian army, separated even from the main body of Polish infantry legion. During the war, and later during the Revolution, we wandered in and out of the confusion, always a little detached from all of it. Though we fought and were killed, we were in spirit really onlookers.

We were closer to the Poles in the German army than we were to the Russians in our own.

And we felt toward the Russians a greater enmity than we did for example toward the Austrians; to the Russians we were never brothers. They looked on us as a conquered people. They did not so much dislike us as disregard us.

But I liked the men in the Russian army, and they liked me. Once or twice they had saved me from unpleasant things, and I was grateful. As an officer I had better conditions to live under. If, for instance, there was a puddle of water, a piece of mud and a wet stone for three people to lie on, the officer got the wet stone, the sergeant got the mud and the soldier lay down in the water.

In the autumn of 1916 our regiment of lancers was about half-way between the Black Sea and the Baltic. Behind our swarming lines spread wide, deep-hearted Russia. In Russia's silent soul somber and gripping thoughts were stirring. In time to come these thoughts were destined to rise and walk through the land like giants with heavy feet and fingers of steel. They would trample down the ancient order and set up in its place new gods and new leaders.

But that time was still in the future. On our front things were pretty much at a standstill. The duty of officers and men, except for the sad affair of being wounded and the still sadder affair of dying, was an easy routine. There was time to think and talk. It was as though everybody sat down and thought over what had come to pass during these last two years. And as though each one asked, "Where shall I be two years from now?"

It was funny enough knowing that the German Sergeant had had an unfortunate amatory experience. For weeks the lancers talked about it, and laughed heartily, but war laughter, like hysteria, slips easily into shrieks, and after that into dead silence—into endless silent thoughts and endless questions.

About six o'clock one morning our regiment was ordered to stand by. We were to occupy a certain village half an hour away on horseback.

The Germans had taken the village without trouble and held it for two days. It seemed one of those little affairs which happened now and then to remind us that we were at war. The village was meaningless and of no importance to the trench strategy.

At seven o'clock we took the village back. The Germans had retreated. Everything was in order. There were about fifty people there—the aged and the children. We were ready to spend a pleasant evening and to have a good night's sleep.

Later, silent and secret, Russian anti-aircraft artillery arrived in the village. Three guns took hidden positions, covered with canvas which was camouflaged by being painted green, black and yellow to resemble the soil. But the instant they were established in the woods, a heavy fire came from far beyond the German lines. In half an hour the anti-aircraft battery was a ruin.

It was strange. We had come so swiftly. At six we had got our orders. At seven we took the village. One hour. The air-

craft guns had come so secretly and had immediately been destroyed. We were suspicious.

Our next job was to find out what was wrong with that village, and we began right then, in the darkness. We searched not only the village itself, but for miles around for hidden wires or connections.

At the bottom of a creek we found an insulated wire. We followed it foot by foot and it led us straight into a barn; under the floor of the barn the wire slipped up a wall and into the carcass of a freshly slaughtered calf that was hanging from a beam. Inside the calf was a telephone instrument. The queerest place in the world for a telephone, but there it was.

We saw the whole scheme clearly. The Germans had taken the village and then left it after only two days in order to establish this telephone line.

The barn belonged to a peasant couple; she was a German, he a Pole. They were in their forties, he a little the elder. They were arrested in their beds. There was a court martial at once.

I was on duty outside the dilapidated little house where the trial was held. It was a dirty and weather-beaten place; its broken windows were covered by boards and horse blankets. I lifted one of the blankets and looked in. Three officers sat at a table on which there were two lighted candles.

Throughout the scene which followed the officers sat with their elbows on the table and their heads on their hands. They seemed heavily weary, like a laborer who has toiled all night, and in the morning, too tired to go home, rests his elbow on the counter of some shabby lunch-room while he eats a dull breakfast.

They questioned the couple. It was unnecessary, because the officers, and everybody else, knew what must happen.

"How old are you?" "Where were you born?" "What nationality?" And so until the last tragic question. "Guilty or not guilty?"

The man made no answer. He hung his head as in shame. But before the presiding officer had a chance to put that last short question to the woman she burst into furious speech. She was too excited to stick to one language. Polish, Russian and German poured from her in a torrent of fury and hate. She had been a Silesian girl and had married a Pole, she said. Probably she had loved him, but she had not loved the country to which he had brought her. Her German family had suffered from the war: father, brothers, all had been killed. She talked for ten minutes, cursing the officers before her, cursing the whole army, the Russian Emperor, the world.

The ritual of court martial requires a straight answer, guilty or not guilty. Not that it makes any difference which you say. Now and again when she paused in her high-pitched, sharp incoherence to take a breath, the calm voice of the Major broke in with his question.

"Guilty or not guilty?"

No answer; only more raving.

"Guilty or not guilty?" A monotonous question, uttered with the mechanical insistence of a phonograph.

The woman drew a long breath, but she used it in mere babbling, in words that came so fast that they ran into a stream of animal-like sounds.

"Guilty or not guilty?"

Peasant fashion, her husband nudged her with his elbow, to say whether she was guilty or not. At last she seemed to understand, paused, then shouted:

"Yes, yes, I am guilty; but no more guilty than you are. You who killed all mine. I wanted to do it, and I would do it again."

By midnight the candles had guttered down into fantastic forms of melted tallow. The room was full of dark shadows and greasy smoke. The Major half turned his head and looked into the eyes of the officer on his right, then shifted his eyes

toward the officer on his left. Two eyelids dropped. He wrote on a protocol.

"Guilty."

The officers rose.

As the guards were taking them away, the woman kept on talking. Her husband tried to calm her with soothing words. If she heard him she paid no attention. The woman's voice melted into darkness, but after the couple had passed out of sight I still heard her.

Next time I saw them it was six o'clock in the morning. Dawn was barely breaking and a fine mist was falling. The platoon marched from the village across a field, the woman and the man in the middle. It was hard walking. The men's heavy boots sank into the soft ground.

We stopped at a small ravine under tender birches, which looked so tall, so sadly flexible and young in that light morning breeze, like the shimmering shadow of trees reflected in water. No one spoke a word. Silence loomed larger. During the ceremony of execution which followed silence became more positive and fuller of meaning. Commands were given in a low tone, almost in a whisper. The Adjutant read the decision of the court. He either had a cold or he was shivering. I stood ten yards away. I could not hear a word. Probably nobody did.

The man seemed terribly ashamed. He stood with his head down, and his head was bare. He looked like the portraits of Nietzsche. He had a sharp nose, aquiline, with a bushy mustache. His hands were red—the rough hands of a plowman—and he kept clasping and unclasping them. I thought I saw tears on his face, but perhaps they were drops of rain. He did not look as though he were crying.

The branches of the trees were dripping with fog and mist.

The woman was all through with life. Certain people die when they want to die although their bodies continue to function and legally they are considered alive. After the tirade

which she had kept up far into the night, she had died inside completely. We who had seen so many corpses knew that lifeless expression of open eyes which look steadily into one point. But if you put yourself at that point you realize that though looking at you they are not seeing you. She was looking and not seeing anything. Between her lips was a bit of straw which she kept chewing. Over her head she wore a big shawl. She held it firmly with her hands at her bosom. The air was chilly.

The sentence read, the Sergeant came up to her and said something in a low voice which I could not hear, but I knew he said, "If you want to pray you can have five minutes." There was no priest. The Sergeant was preoccupied with the idea that there was no priest. He seemed disturbed that this detail was irregular. No priest. I could see that this thought lay heavy within him. Do not the army regulations say: "If the condemned expresses a desire to have the last rites performed by a priest of his or her religion, the request should be granted"? But there was no priest. How could we go on? The Sergeant was troubled.

The woman was as silent as a statue. Her stream of words had dried up. She was through with living.

There was an awkward pause. We did not know whether they wanted to pray. We did not want to disturb them, yet we could not move away. Some of the soldiers started to stamp their feet, either to get warm or from nervous impatience.

The Sergeant came and stood by me awkwardly for a long voiceless minute. At last he said foolishly, "Are your quarters all right, sir?"

"Yes," I said, "comfortable enough."

The Adjutant looked at his wrist-watch about ten times. I don't know whether he waited the whole five minutes. I suspect only three.

The two people were not praying. They were doing nothing, standing and waiting.

The Adjutant nodded to me.

I nodded to the Sergeant.

The Sergeant exaggeratedly clicked his heels and stiffened in salute. This was peculiar, because he was a lazy fellow who thought that any officer was lucky to get him as a sergeant. Stiffly he turned about face, marched eight or ten yards from the Lieutenant to the couple, standing quiet and alone, and said something.

The man nodded a couple of times and, very shy and shrinking, gave his hand to his wife. She turned her head with a slow indolent motion. The dawn had widened into day, and I could see her face distinctly: her bushy eyebrows first, and then the line of her narrow flat mouth. Wrinkles centered all around that tight mouth like the lines of a halo. Her face was the exact color of the dirty snow which lay here and there under foot.

There was no pain in her face, no fear. Only the calm movement of lips still chewing the straw. She moved her head slowly, slowly as though it were some one's else head and she were turning it on a heavy pivot, and fixed her gaze on her husband. She did not give him her hand. He held his outstretched toward her for a few seconds. His back was to me and I could see how his shoulders began to bend and get round, how they began to shake, and then, how more and more strongly they shook. Like a shamed boy, he humped his head into her shoulder and sobbed slowly, not loud, but uh-uh-uh, like the noise of a man who is chopping down a big tree and hitting the ax on the wood.

Every movement, every word, seemed as though produced by a slow-motion movie camera.

The deep mournful weeping of the man did not change the woman's expression. She stood erect and quiet, his head resting awkwardly on her shoulder. She kept her head turned in his direction. She did not look down at him, but straight over his head, through me, and into nothing. As she had turned her head around toward him, she now turned it away.

With dead calm, she started toward a little step-ladder clumsily made of four broken boards. It stood under the branch of a tree.

As she walked away from his head that was resting on her shoulder, the man lost his balance a little and moved after her a step or two. He began to clean his nose, still sobbing.

A soldier from a Russian infantry regiment had volunteered to be the hangman in return for a few days of extra leave. A middle-aged man, a common farmer, he had a wife and five children, this soldier, and you would never have expected cruelty from him. He had probably hanged a couple of horse-thieves in his life, and so knew how to do the job. No one had asked him to.

He went up the improvised step-ladder, six feet high, and waited for the woman to follow. She tried to climb, holding on by one hand which she brought out from under her shawl. She couldn't manage it. She tried the other hand. It didn't work.

In a soft voice the soldier hangman at the top of the ladder gave her friendly advice. "Take your shawl off, sister." The woman did. She had on a black petticoat and nothing else but a shirt. She and her husband had been caught at eight o'clock at night. They had already been in bed, and had had no chance to dress. Through her shirt of rough canvas we saw her bent, big-boned shoulders. A woman who had worked hard all her life, the stark heavy work of a woman on a peasant farm. Her arms, bare below the elbow, were dark and worn, and her hands had square peasant palms and rheumatic fingers. She came up to the level on which the soldier stood, holding her shirt closed in front with her two hands.

Before I could realize what was happening the soldier made a quick movement around her head, then jumped with a loud thud on to the ground. In the next moment with a strong kick he knocked the ladder out from under her legs. Like a bird lifting its wings she flew in an almost graceful gesture, her

arms up in the air, and started to move them toward her throat. Half-way they fell down. She began to whirl around on the rope, three times to the right, two and a half left, two right, one and a half left. All that time convulsions were shooting through her body as though she were laughing. Her head was bent down and I could not see her eyes. Her mouth was suddenly wide open. All this swift and without a pause.

I could not take my eyes from the hanging figure which turned this way and that in the air. I had no emotions, for the emotions, like the hands, become calloused in time. In this second year of war, I knew there was no help. One could do nothing. The whole procedure was sanctified by humanity, by man's law, by military law and, for all I knew, by God's law. If it were not I who was here it would be some one else. It was my hard luck to be here on this particular day.

Suddenly I saw three lancers passing me. Mechanically my eyes followed them. The husband was lying on the ground without movement; he had collapsed, perhaps fainted, perhaps he was dead.

The lancers lifted him as gently as they could, carried him to the same branch from which his wife was hanging. Two yards from her another noose hung waiting for him. The three lancers had to hold him while the infantry soldier hangman put the noose around his neck. When they let go, his feet did not hold him up. He hung tied by the neck with his legs at a queer angle on the ladder. Quickly again the executioner jumped and kicked out the ladder. But I think the man was already dead.

Nobody said a word.

We started to march back slowly across the sodden field. There was no sound save that of marching feet. I had a feeling that the men who had stayed in the village looked at us as though they thought us unfortunate human beings because we had to walk through that mud before breakfast.

My chum, Lieutenant Chmiel, stuck his head through a window and shouted across the street. "Come on, hurry up, father, the sausages are ready."

And so they were.

After breakfast everything was normal. All had passed in half an hour. A few days afterward I had almost forgotten it. A year later that scene came to me again vividly, as in a lighted picture. I don't know why, but it stood in my memory, a vision so clear that it was clearer than reality.

In two days we had settled our offices and quarters, our stables and kitchens. We had a place where the officers came to play cards and repeat the same obscene stories that we all knew. Everybody was sick of those dreary yarns, but no one thought of inventing new ones. The old ones did just as well.

NICHOLAS SNOWDEN

NICHOLAS SNOWDEN—Miklos Soltész—was eighteen and just out of high school in 1914, when the declaration of war broke upon the Hapsburg empire. Having demonstrated a notable gift for languages and being recommended by an official of the Austro-Hungarian gendarmerie, he was admitted to the German secret service school at Baden-Baden directed by Major Salonek. Before the year was out he had proved himself an accomplished spy, penetrating the Russian lines a dozen times. He spent Christmas of 1914 in the beleaguered fortress of Przemysl, which he entered—when three other agents had perished—after an exceptionally hazardous trip through two Russian armies and much hostile territory.

Only nine weeks after Snowden returned from his first adventure he was ordered again to carry dispatches to Przemysl, instructing the commander, General Kusmanek, to surrender the doomed city. Before this intrepid agent was twenty he had been presented to the German Kaiser, who publicly decorated him with the Austrian Gold Medal for Bravery in Action and the German Iron Cross, Third Class.

In the last great Russian offensive commanded by General Brusiloff the young Austrian "ace" of espionage was instructed to let himself be taken prisoner. Thereafter he spent several months in various internment areas in Russia, forwarding re-

ports upon the enemy supply bases and the decline of morale. The Russian Revolution permitted him to escape and after another long, adventurous journey he rejoined the army and was ordered to the Italian Front. There again he went through the climax of the great Austro-Hungarian offensive on the Piave and the subsequent defeat of the army and collapse of the Austrian government.

Snowden continued in secret service and was an officer in the "Red" Hungarian army of Bela Kun. Later, as a citizen by birth of the newly formed Czechoslovakian Republic, he engaged in espionage against Hungary, was captured, imprisoned, tortured and lay for several months under sentence of death. When ultimately liberated, Snowden resigned his Czech commission and came to America, where he now resides. The selections included here cover three of the most startling episodes of his career in the Austrian service.

A WOMAN SPY AND A RESCUE*

By Nicholas Snowden

DURING the days of my first schooling in Secret Service, those days when we wore masks so that we might never recognize or identify one of our colleagues, I realized, of course, that there were women among us. They, too, a few of them, were taking lessons and wearing masks along with the rest of us, but I had never met one on duty nor would I have recognized one if I had. Now the time was to come when I should find myself working with one of them under dangerous circumstances.

Four weeks had elapsed since my return from my last trip through the lines, when I was called to my chief's office to report for duty. When I entered he introduced me to a very attractive lady around thirty years of age, a tall, slender brunette, with large, deep sea-blue eyes and wavy hair. The major said: "This lady is the widow of an army surgeon. He ranked as a captain when he met his death on the battle field, giving aid to our wounded men. She is from Czernovitz, near the border between Roumania and Bessarabia, knows the region well, speaks the Russian language fluently, and since her hus-

* From "Memoirs of a Spy," by Nicholas Snowden. Used by special permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; copyright, 1933.

band's death has been valuable in our service. You are to undertake a difficult mission in that region where our own forces and General Mackensen's are co-operating against the Russians.

"The day after tomorrow you are both to start on your expedition, but by different routes, aiming to meet at the Russian Army Command base from which operations against our Fourth Army are being directed. You are to meet in the home of our confidential agent who resides there, and who in case of necessity will be of much assistance to you. When you are ready to start you will be supplied with his address, the password and the parole word.

"The objective is to get the defensive plans of the Russian army which is confronting our Fourth Army, from Colonel Koutozky, who is in charge of the section of operations on that sector of the Russian front.

"You, Soltész, are to carry 40,000 rubles with you and you are authorized to use the entire amount as payment for the plans, if necessary. This lady is to make the first attempt, however, to obtain the plans from the colonel and turn them over to you. Your duty will be to convey the material safely back to me. If she fails in her effort and the result is negative, then you are to make every possible effort to get the documents and I don't care what kind of methods you use. The only order is to get what you are going for, and be back with it before the end of this month."

When the major finished his instructions I smiled with the confidence of youth, and said, "Major, you are giving me another soft job!"

"Well, you are one who carries out the orders that are given you," the major replied, "and this is a real test." Then he continued, "Here is a letter which our prisoner-of-war, Major Koutozky, has written from his prison camp to his brother, the colonel. You will take it along with you. It may prove handy for your use when you are dealing with the colonel. You

may have a chance yet to apply the plan you devised to work upon the colonel's affection for his brother, and draw him into our service."

Two days later, I took my departure from headquarters for the first time without any escort. I carried written orders from the Second Bureau headquarters to the Infantry Regimental Command to which I was directed, and before evening I reached that destination. The lieutenant-colonel to whom I handed the sealed envelope containing the orders for his assistance sent me forward with an aide to an advanced position which could not be held longer. There I changed from Austrian to Russian uniform, and hid myself in a vault in the cemetery.

That village was given up without resistance by the Austrians, and because there had been no noise of battle during the night I did not feel sure that the operation had been completed. When I looked out of my hiding place the next morning I feared that I should have to stay there for another day. To my surprise I saw that Russian soldiers were visible in every direction, so I left my temporary tomb without ceremony and went on a search for food in the village.

So far as the peasants who were still at home were concerned, they had nothing to provide, but I soon found a Russian army bakery which did better by me. In one water bottle I had a supply of brandy, and a drink of that to the baker gave me a loaf of bread in exchange. That day I covered some twenty-two miles before halting at a Polish farmhouse where I was lucky enough to get supper, and a comfortable place to sleep in a stable where there was plenty of straw. In the morning the old farmer offered me fresh milk and bread for breakfast and I gladly accepted this good fortune.

Soon after leaving the village I was picked up on the road by the driver of an ammunition wagon which was headed for my own destination, some thirty miles distant. On this part of the journey, food and drink were readily obtainable and in the

early hours of the evening we drove into town. Thus I found myself at the headquarters of the Russian Army Command where our own Austrian confidential agent was stationed as a resident of the town, and where Colonel Koutozky held his place of high responsibility.

After exchanging farewells with the driver who had brought me there so comfortably I went at once to the home of our confidential man. With my identification established by the password and the parole, I sought information about my colleague whom I was to meet there. She had not yet arrived nor was there any news to report. We could do nothing but wait, and for the evening we sought good cheer in a convenient café, returning to his home for the night.

In mid-afternoon I was aroused by my host with the alarming report that the companion for whom I was waiting had been arrested at a nearby village. She had been recognized by a counter-espionage agent, and was to be tried before the Division Court-Martial the same afternoon. The report had come from another of our agents, stationed at that village.

I heard the bad news with much distress. It was imperative that, if possible, we should devise a plan to save her. Major von Kirchens had recommended her very highly to me, and had impressed it upon me that I must endeavor to give her assistance in case of necessity, and watch out for her safety at all times. Her husband had been Baron von Kirchen's personal friend and it was because of her great loyalty to our country that she insisted on being placed in our Secret Service against Russia after her husband had been killed by the Russians.

Finally, we agreed on a plan which was desperate enough, indeed, but which had possibilities of success because of the confusion and general carelessness in the Russian service, and the fact that the village where she had been arrested was not the centre of much activity. Moreover, we had the advantage

that the Austrian Secret Service men who were operating there, the confidential man at whose house I was stopping, and the various members of his confidential staff, were particularly familiar with the region and all the surrounding conditions.

Soon after sunset four of us, namely the confidential agent and two of his operatives, as well as myself, all dressed in Russian uniform, with full equipment, rode out to the village where my colleague had been sentenced to death by a firing squad, the sentence to be executed at seven the next morning. Besides the arms and equipment which we would naturally have, we took along enough chloroform and ether to put an entire village to sleep if occasion and opportunity permitted. The Secret Service agent who had gone ahead of us had with him a soldier's outfit and a Russian uniform of size that would fit the imprisoned woman if we should succeed in liberating her.

At last we drew near the abandoned farmhouse where the Russians were guarding our friend in anticipation of her death the next morning. As we had been advised, one sentry was stationed under the two windows which looked out upon the back garden, and another was inside, guarding the door to the room in which she was confined. Six other men and a non-commissioned officer were quartered in another abandoned house, adjoining, but on the opposite side from the room where the woman was held a prisoner.

We studied the situation with the utmost care, endeavoring to take every possible happening into consideration before acting, so as to insure that we might carry our plan through with success. Our fifth man, the one who was providing the Russian uniform and military equipment for the prisoner, was hidden nearby, within immediate reach in case of any contingency. Another, with the five horses, remained in the rear yard of an abandoned farmhouse likewise ready for quick action when necessary.

The prisoner's guards were relieved every two hours. I

hoped to find the door and windows closed in the room of the abandoned house where the main guard was quartered, with the intention of pouring ether through a paper funnel under the door if I found that practicable. However, windows were open, because it was near the end of April and the weather was already mild. I passed that house several times, worried and helpless, before an alternative presented itself. About four o'clock in the morning a soldier came out and built up a larger fire under the big hot water boiler from which water was furnished for tea drinking. As soon as he re-entered the house I was ready with my plan.

I took from the secret agent who was carrying it, the drug mixture which he had prepared as a hypnotic and walked over to the boiler, lighting a cigarette by the fire. Standing there nonchalantly, I poured the drug mixture into the hot water boiler, and withdrew a few steps to watch breathlessly for developments. A few moments later the soldier came out again with a large container which he filled with hot water from the boiler. Then, indeed, the next twenty minutes of waiting seemed interminable. At last I passed around the house and looked in through a side window. By the dim light in the room I saw that all the soldiers were lying on the floor unconscious, seven of them, in no condition to make trouble for us.

I entered the room and closed the windows so that there would be no fresh air to help them regain their consciousness for some time. Then I searched the non-commissioned officer in command of the squad and found the key to the room where my woman comrade was confined. When I left the house with the door closed behind me I felt sure that those seven guardsmen would be fast asleep for a good many hours.

The two soldiers who were directly on guard over the prisoner did not give me much concern. There were two hours yet to pass before they could expect to be relieved of duty, and within that time much could be accomplished. I rejoined

my companions and told them how things stood. Then I took the bottle of ether from the man who had it concealed, and poured a large quantity of it under the door of the anteroom where the inner sentry was on guard, using a sheet of paper to direct the flow through the crack. In a very short time we heard the sentry collapse to the floor, overcome by the fumes. Three of us entered the chamber, where we found him lying on the floor, groaning and quite unconscious. Hurriedly laying a handkerchief soaked with chloroform over his face, we had him quieted down without delay. Then we signalled the man who was carrying the spare uniform and outfit, and he joined us before the cell door.

With the purloined key I opened the door, two of us entering while the other two stood on guard. We found the woman awake, but she was praying and crying, not realizing that it was her friends who had entered. It was her thought that the firing squad had come to take her to meet her death. She did not notice me when I first addressed her by name, but I called her again. "Anne! Get back to your senses. It is I, Nicholas, but keep quiet!"

Then she recognized my voice, for it was too dark at that hour in the cell for her to see me, and she exclaimed in despair, "For God's sake! So they caught you, too!"

"Hush! No, they did not catch me. We have come to rescue you."

Without any delay, with the scissors I had brought with me, I clipped off her long hair as it came into my hand in the darkness, so that it would not hang down and reveal itself by chance from under her soldier's cap. I stuffed the hair into my pocket, so as not to leave any evidence in the cell that would suggest a change in her appearance. Then she dressed hastily in the Russian soldier's uniform brought for the purpose, and we were ready to get away.

While the sentry on guard under the windows of her cell

was pacing back and forth, we left the house by the front door and turned in the opposite direction. The Secret Service agent who had been on duty in the village, meeting us there with the spare Russian uniform, took our rescued friend's dress with him as another precaution, to conceal the fact that she had escaped in disguise. While he disappeared down a side street in one direction the five others of us, including our woman comrade, mounted our horses and started on a gallop toward the town from which we had come.

We roused no alarm in the village we had left, but as we neared our destination we met a Cossack patrol coming rapidly towards us. Before they had a chance to hail us, our own leader, the resident confidential agent at whose house I was stopping, ordered them to halt. This they did, and our leader asked them if they had encountered any suspicious men with a woman companion on the road. The Cossack leader replied, "We are looking for the same thing." Then he questioned as to where we were stationed, and from whence we had been dispatched on patrol duty. Our leader named a cavalry regiment in a nearby village, where one was stationed, and responded with questionings of his own. The two squad commanders were mutually satisfied with the explanations, and we separated, they going on ahead while we took a different course to enter town.

Once inside the town, we dismounted, one man leading the horses away and the rest of us scattering. A little later I reached the home of our leader, and it was a jovial reunion with him and with our woman comrade who had had such a narrow escape from death.

Anne was all but hysterical from the effects of her experience, her capture, conviction and escape. There was no limit to her expressions of gratitude, and she volunteered in addition that she did not see how she could be of much help to me, in

connection with my plans to involve Colonel Koutozky, in the light of her capture and my share in her escape.

As for myself, I was young enough to feel a sense of triumph and to see the humor of the situation, making as my comment on the situation only the remark that "the Russians would have to execute their hot water boiler this morning instead of Anne!"

RUSSIAN TREACHERY AND RUSSIAN DISASTER*

By Nicholas Snowden

THERE was no time to spare merely because we had gone through a hazardous undertaking successfully. My job was to get in contact with Colonel Koutozky. I asked our resident agent to show me the colonel's private residence, to have him traced as to his actions on the following day, and to learn also when he would be at home, notifying me as to that as soon as he learned the facts.

It was 9.30 the next evening when I got word that the colonel was at home, alone. I went there, knocked, was invited to enter, and with no more formality than that I saluted and told Colonel Koutozky that I had a letter for him from his brother, the major. When I placed the letter in his hand he examined it with the utmost care, clearly suspicious because there was no postmark on the envelope.

"How did this letter get into your possession? Where did you get it?" were his first questions.

"From your brother, Colonel," I replied.

"From my brother? How could that be? He is in an Austrian military prison. Did you escape from there?"

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"No, Colonel, I did not escape from there, but I came with a mission to you, at your brother's request. I am an Austrian Secret Service man."

Colonel Koutozky stared at me in amazement for a few seconds. The unexpected answer seemed to stun him. When he regained his composure he demanded, "How dare you tell me that? What do you want?"

"Well, I'll tell you with complete frankness that I want to get the defensive plans of your army. Since your brother gave us valuable information when he was captured, and also promised that he would induce you to enter our service, he has been given better treatment than the rest of the prisoners-of-war of similar rank. Probably he refers to this in his letter to you."

Colonel Koutozky sprang to his feet, red with anger, and approached me threateningly. "That's a lie," he declared, "a lie to trick me! My brother never would do such a thing. I, to betray, to turn against my country! Never! I'll have you arrested and I'll have you hanged." He turned hastily toward a rack where his pistol hung in its holster, but I drew my own automatic and halted him. My unexpected action as well as my words held him astounded.

"Colonel, I warn you that your brother's life is the hostage for my safety. You can cause my arrest, but if you do, when you see me hanged you will see your brother's body before your eyes, for the same fate will meet him then in the military prison. As I said, I came to you at his request because he is ill, although he is getting better treatment than the rest of the officers who are prisoners-of-war. His life depends on you. He needs complete freedom, and we have promised to help him escape, escorting him to the front line and giving him a chance to get home safely, if you fulfill my request."

When I finished, his manner had changed entirely. His anger vanished and he spoke to me quietly enough. "If that is really the case, let me think it over for a few minutes. Please put

away your gun." I did so. He sat down before his desk, deeply engaged with his thoughts, while I stood near, silently watching him. At last he had made up his mind.

"How do I know that you are not going to trick me? And in case I supply you with what you want, what other recompense besides the promise of my brother's liberty are you able to offer me?"

I felt sure that my purpose had been accomplished when I heard these questions and my reply was equally direct. "Thirty thousand rubles the moment you turn the document over to me," I replied.

Hearing the answer, his eyes sparkled with satisfaction and he made no further demur. "All right!" was his quick answer. "Come here the day after tomorrow, the same time as this." There was no constraint upon him and he shook hands as we separated, myself at least highly pleased.

Two days later, at the time appointed, I entered the colonel's house with the money in my possession, ready to close the deal. I found him waiting for me with a smile, a cordial greeting and a cup of tea. There was no haste to terminate my call. We talked of weather and our families and exchanged anecdotes and army stories. Finally, however, he asked me if I had brought the money for him, and my reply was affirmative. Then he produced the plans, drawn and written on that thin, silky paper which was already well known to me through my previous experience. I inspected it with care and confirmed satisfactorily that it was the actual plan which I was so anxious to get from him. I paid the colonel the promised amount without further delay, and he counted it with an expression of great satisfaction, 30,000 rubles.

The next detail was to have him share the arrangements for my escape from the Russian lines, a matter in which now he was as greatly interested as I was myself. My capture and detection would involve both him and his brother in the ulti-

mate penalty. Colonel Koutozky brought out for my observation a military coat button, ingeniously contrived in two halves that were hollowed and fitted together by compression. He folded the silk tissue on which the plan of operation was indicated into a ball so small that it fitted into the inside of the button, and closed it tightly. Then the Colonel handed me the button with these instructions:

"Replace one of the buttons on your coat with this one which looks the same. Come here at one o'clock tomorrow afternoon and I will direct you to a place where you will find it easy to penetrate our front line. At the same time, I will supply you with the password and the parole word which will become effective at nine o'clock tomorrow night. Also, I will give you a document that shows you on special duty from our Army Command. Then if any one stops you for questioning, show him the written orders from me and you will not be annoyed any more. For your departure, I'll place an army car at your disposal to take you to the firing zone at your point of exit."

"Thank you, Colonel, for your kindness. This time I have a comfortable journey in prospect."

After making sure that I was not followed by an agent of the Russian Counter-espionage Service, I went back to my associates and told them of my success in dealing with Colonel Koutozky. The three of us agreed on the further plan to be adopted. My woman comrade was to stay in hiding there for a time, at least until the excitement which followed her escape had quieted down, so that she might be able to find a safe way to get back home. As for myself, I took such rest and comfort in good companionship as I could, and saying farewell to my friends the next day, I met the colonel, entirely prepared for my homeward journey.

Colonel Koutozky had faithfully kept his word, with everything arranged as promised, and without delay I was speeding in a motor car of the enemy's Army Command toward the

front line. The Russian chauffeur had his instructions from the colonel and for that reason he asked no questions from me during our journey. Reaching the firing zone he told me to alight from the car, and without other conversation he turned back toward headquarters, leaving me alone.

Guided by the information the colonel had given me with care, I advanced on foot toward the settlement that was destined to be given up by the Russians during the coming night. As soon as I reached the village and found an abandoned house I entered it without fear, feeling that the document in my possession gave me full protection from any Russian dangers. As I lay on the floor resting in the darkness, I tried to keep awake, but I was overpowered by weariness and soon fell asleep. The next morning I was awakened by artillery fire and when I opened my eyes it was already daylight. Glancing from the window I saw two Austrian soldiers chasing a rooster. It made me laugh that I should be able to confirm the silent retreat of the Russians and the coming of the Austrians by such a simple incident.

I left my gun inside the house, and approached the rooster-chasing Austrians, who were so deeply engrossed in their effort that they did not notice me until I called to them in German. My sudden appearance in the enemy's uniform confused and frightened them, and since they were unarmed they threw up their hands in sign of surrender. Then, indeed, I began to laugh, guessing that they were not clear as to the situation, and realizing also that they did not speak the German language, or they would have understood what I said when I hailed them.

Finally, I made them understand in Roumanian, for they spoke no other language, that I wanted to find one of their commanders. They led me to the company commandant, whom we found at the other end of the village where these forces were being held in reserve. I asked the lieutenant to get in touch

with his Regimental Command and to have a message sent at once to the Fourth Army Command's Second Bureau that Confidential Man T 43 had just returned from behind the enemy's line. He telephoned immediately to his commanding officer and was instructed to send me with a sergeant to the Regimental Command without delay. There I discarded my enemy's uniform, and had breakfast, for which I was more than ready, while waiting for an airplane. The plane came for me with little delay, and I was rushed through the air to the Army Command base, where my chief was waiting to greet me on the landing field.

To my chief's question if I had succeeded in obtaining the plan of operations I pointed to the trick button sewed on my Russian coat, which I was carrying over my arm. My chief smiled as he looked at the button. "No doubt the colonel himself placed it there. I know that trick of the Russians."

The report I made to my chief, after we were secluded in his office, disturbed him greatly in spite of the fact that I had accomplished the purpose of my expedition. His significant comment was, "I think we have a leak somewhere in our office. This matter will have to be investigated." As usual, I was then given leave until special orders should call me for another expedition.

A few days after my return from the service trip, or on the fifth day of May, 1915, the great Austro-Hungarian offensive began at Gorlice against the Russian army whose defensive plan I had brought over to General Boroewich. At Gorlice, with a five-mile range, 500 Austrian artillery batteries were concentrated and put into action against the Russians. The artillery's guns were of various calibres, beginning with the 3 c.m. "Cheen-Boom" gun, which was fired right from the Austrian infantry positions into the Russian trenches, and continuing up to the veritable "Big Bertha" mortar of 42 c.m. calibre. The "Cheen-Boom," or the 3 c.m. gun, was named to

suggest its action, for so near to the enemy's trenches was it brought into service that as soon as the detonation was heard, its shells were already exploding in the trenches. Smallest gun as it was, it was the greatest enemy to the infantry soldiers on that front, for they had no chance to defend themselves against its shells.

Six Austrian armies and two German armies participated in the Gorlice offensive. In western Galicia, in the direction of Tarnow, the Austrian Ninth Army constituted the left flank of the entire movement. On the right flank of the Austrian Ninth Army was the Austrian Fourth Army. Then came the army of the German General Mackensen. Next to the right, in succession, were the Third, Second and First Austrian Armies, the German Süd Army, and the Austrian Seventh Army, attacking the Russian front from the south, through the Carpathian Mountains. The Austrian artillery preparation at Gorlice was of comparatively short duration, intensively confined to but three hours. The Austrian tacticians adopted the policy of focusing three hours of demolishing artillery drumfire, and then stopping it suddenly to permit the infantry attack, so as not to give the Russians time to concentrate additional defensive troops at the strategic points where the Austrians planned to break through the Russian lines.

The Austrian offensive was a complete success, for the Russians were driven back along their entire line. During this operation occurred one of the most dramatic episodes on record on that front. The Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaivich, who was commander-in-chief of the Russian army at that time, appeared in person on the front line, and horsewhipped the Russian general commanding, in the presence of many of his own officers, blaming the general for the terrible disaster. That poor devil, the general, was not actually to be blamed for the defeat. My visit to his headquarters had much to do with it. But he was unaware of the happenings which had taken

place there and never suspected the treachery that had betrayed him.

A few days later, while our offensive movement was still under way, the woman agent whom I had left in the care of our confidential man inside the Russian lines returned home in safety, but she was dismissed from Secret Service on the day of her arrival.

When the Austrian General Staff had familiarized itself with the plan which I had brought from Colonel Koutozky of the Russian General Staff, and had put it to use in a manner which proved its accuracy, we kept our bargain that we would release the colonel's brother, Major Koutozky, from our Austrian military prison. The major was brought before Major Baron von Kirchens, my chief, and was informed that he would be given a favorable opportunity to escape through the front line and return to his native land. Since he was unaware of the scheme we had put over in dealing with his brother, the colonel, he was greatly surprised at the suggestion, but when he was given the definite announcement by my chief that he would have to go he made no demur. In response to his question as to how and why this was happening, we told him that his brother, the colonel, would supply him with any necessary explanations, but we also warned him not to inform the Russian authorities of anything, but to tell them merely that he had succeeded in escaping from our military prison without aid. We warned him that if he made any statement contrary to this, or with more detail, he might get himself and his brother into serious trouble at home.

We escorted Major Koutozky to our front line. He successfully crossed it as was intended, and made his way into the Russian lines without further difficulty. The Austrian newspapers on that occasion published as front page news the fact that a Russian prisoner-of-war, an officer of high rank, had escaped from our military prison, and through some unknown

assistance or great good fortune had succeeded in crossing our front line and joining his own forces. After Major Koutozky's departure, we never again attempted to get in touch with his brother, the colonel. We had kept the promise I had given, that we would let the major go home in safety.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE WAY TO THE ITALIAN FRONT*

By Nicholas Snowden

WHEN we crossed the Hungarian frontier and reached the Austrian railway station of Pragerhof, our compartment was invaded by a very pretty, well-dressed and intelligent-looking girl, hardly more than twenty years of age. We told her that the compartment was especially reserved for us, and that although there was vacant space no civilian was to remain there. She protested, and insisted, finally explaining that she wished to become a volunteer nursing sister in Red Cross service and wanted us to take her along to the front line. Of course we attempted to show her that this was impossible. We might get into trouble ourselves, and we should not be able to help her. We advised her to apply at a hospital at home for what she wanted, from which she might be sent to service at the front after some preliminary training.

It proved impossible to convince her. She vowed that she was going to stick with us and reach the front that way. We thought that she might be short of funds and was trying to get home without buying a ticket. This she denied, saying that she lived in Laibach, Austria, which was quite out of our direction

* From "Memoirs of a Spy," by Nicholas Snowden. Used by special permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; copyright, 1933.

of travel. We sized her up as one of the many thousands of adventure-seeking young women who were visible on every hand throughout the countries at war. The senior officer of the transport command, Captain Heinrich Klein, who was one of our group, finally indicated his willingness to take her along as far as the Italian border. He was responsible for his own decision so I made no comment after he announced it. I felt no right to interfere. The other fellows seemed to find the situation amusing and they were willing to go through with it.

Before we had passed many stations, our passenger train overtook the transport train and we moved over to where we belonged, the girl following us. The officers' compartments on the car assigned to us were occupied by eighteen officers of the battalion and three officers travelling to special assignments, including myself. Long after midnight, when all the others had retired for the night either in berths or curled up in seats, Captain Klein and I continued to discuss various military problems which interested us. The adventurous girl who had made herself our companion was occupying a corner seat, sound asleep, while we continued our discussion. All at once, in a dream, she drawled in Italian, "Tutti gli Austriaci sono ladri!" (All the Austrians are bandits!)

I clearly understood what she had said, and my suspicions were, of course, aroused. I rose from my own seat and walked over to stand near her, listening for anything else which she might say to help the solution of her mysterious identity. I leaned over her to watch if she moved her lips. While listening thus I noticed a brooch which she was wearing on her black dress. It was peculiarly thick and massive, with marked peculiarities which interested me. I found it possible to remove the brooch without awakening her and undertook to examine it carefully.

The top of the brooch was in the form of a woman's head, made of black glass. The silver band which enclosed it was

fastened to the silver backing on which it was mounted, by four small hooks. By loosening those hooks the glass could be lifted out. I was actuated by curiosity and something more, no doubt, although indefinitely. At any rate, I took my penknife while my companion watched intently and loosened the hooks, lifting the woman's head of glass out of its silver frame. I was almost paralyzed with astonishment when I saw a bit of fine, silky paper, tightly folded, and concealed in the base of the brooch.

The captain uttered an exclamation, which he should not have done, and the young woman roused from her sleep. At her first glance she saw the opened brooch in my hand and knew that her identity as an Italian spy was revealed. She made a dash toward the door of the compartment. Captain Klein leaped in front of her and seized her by the wrist as she was reaching for the handle of the door. With her free hand she drove a pin deep into his hand, and the startled captain released his hold with an exclamation of pain and wrath. It had all happened in a few seconds and before I could prevent it, the girl jumped from the moving train into the darkness.

I pulled the cord of the emergency brake and the train stopped with a jar. There was great confusion as we told the suddenly awakened officers what had happened. Soon a group of us were running back along the railway line to find the spy, if possible. It was our hope that she had been killed or was so injured that we should find her. We had gone back a considerable distance, for the train, of course, had run past the point where she leaped, when we saw a dark form crawling from under a culvert. She had hidden there for a moment but realized that it was not a safe place to remain. As the fleeing spy ran I hailed her to stop but in response she fired, and the officer next to me, Lieutenant Toni Anodi, dropped, wounded, to the ground. He was shot through the leg. I fired in the direction of the flash of her weapon when she fired a second time, but

neither her shot nor mine took effect. By this time a squad of soldiers had joined us, and with them to work along the other side of the tracks her capture seemed to be a question of seconds only.

By mischance, at that moment, a train from the opposite direction approached with no opportunity for us to signal it to halt. As it reached the young woman, we saw her mount the embankment, and we thought she planned to commit suicide by throwing herself in front of the locomotive. We were helpless in the situation and halted to watch what was to come, too far away to take action of any kind. By the dim light of the train, shining through the infrequent lighted windows, we could see that she was running with it as fast as she could. The engineer on the locomotive had not noticed her. In a few seconds, with astonishing skill, she seized the handle of a guard rail and drew herself to the running board of one of the passing cars. With her body clinging close and desperately, her black hair blowing in the wind, like a flying demon racing with the running train she passed out of our sight into the night.

Once back on our train, defeated and disturbed by what had happened, we soon reached the next railway station and from there an alarm was sent back, looking to the capture of the young spy. The search of trains that were intercepted proved fruitless and a search along the line by patrols of the Field Gendarmerie likewise gave no results. Careful examination of the paper which I found hidden in her brooch did us no special service. I could make out only that it was a chart of some water front. My unfamiliarity with the Italian Front made it impossible for me to interpret the significance of the chart, but at any rate I had prevented it from reaching its destination, wherever that might be, and I hoped that the mystery might be solved by my own chief when I should join him.

At the headquarters office of the Isonzo Army Command I

reported my arrival to Lieutenant Colonel Baron von Kirchens, both of us glad to be in association once more. Without loss of time I showed him the diagram I had taken from the Italian spy and told him all the circumstances of that incident. It took him but a few minutes of comparison with papers from his safe to identify the chart. It was a precise and detailed plan of the Austro-Hungarian defensive works in the operations along the Adriatic shore, including the port of Fiume. It would have been a disastrous thing for that chart to fall into the hands of the Italians. Immediate orders were issued to search further for the dangerous Italian woman spy, and the proper authorities were notified that the stolen plans had been recovered. What could not be known was whether or not this was only a duplicate. Perhaps other tracings of the same chart had been entrusted to other spies, one of whom might reach his destination.

JOSEPH CROZIER

JOSEPH CROZIER belongs to an old family of Lyons, France. After obtaining his degree of Doctor of Laws from the Université Française, he was associated with various banking interests, becoming administrator and director of banks in Lyons and later in Brussels. In 1910 he went on a mission to Morocco during the conquest of this colony by France and while there bought up large real estate holdings for a syndicate.

He was also a noted aviation enthusiast, and belonged to a pioneer group of men who founded Lyon-Bron, the first aviation school in the world. He had before the outbreak of the World War helped to organize important aviation meetings. Because of his varied experiences and business capacity he was chosen by the celebrated Second Bureau of the French General Staff to go to Holland and there direct espionage against Germany.

To achieve his purpose, M. Crozier assumed two identities. He was Joseph Crozier, oil merchant of Rotterdam, rather suspected as a French renegade to whom profits were a god. He was patronized by the Central Purchasing Bureau of Germany and acquired invaluable connections in the enemy's country. As the German ambassador, von Kuhlmann, said to him: "You have rendered us important services, but you serve two masters." Crozier, in short, was permitted to sell to Ger-

mans desperately needed quantities of greases and oils, if in return he could extract from his customers even more desperately desired information about Germany at war.

For his Intelligence work he was Lieutenant Pierre Desgranges, an elusive French officer of the Second Bureau, who acted upon the oil merchant's findings and cleverly directed a ruthless band of secret agents.

Among these were the dominating Countess Elisa de Rollenberg, Doctor Deblauw, whose knowledge of poisons was employed to good advantage, Dom Bernard, a patriotically fanatical monk, Jeanne Claessens, an unfortunate Flemish girl, whose loyalty to the Allies' cause did not equal her beauty, Captain de Lesport and many more. The exploits Crozier depicts, if not so carefully documented, might seem wholly fictitious. Of all master spies writing since the war, he seems the most candid and artistically sensitive. In his narrative the reader will find an undertone of deep personal feeling, which shows that a man cultivated and intelligent enough to perform such duties as Crozier's in Holland, Germany and Belgium cannot contemplate the deeds and defensive revenges of military espionage without a certain agony of mind.

THE DRAMA OF HASSELT*

By Joseph Crozier

Translated by Forrest Wilson

THE ALARM

FOR two days I had been at the branch house of the N. V. Stoomzeep Fabrik "Venus" in Düsseldorf occupied in the preparation of an important shipment to the Zentral Einkaufs Gesellschaft. This shipment was billed to the marine base at Antwerp. For this reason I held a passport for the two destinations: Antwerp and Düsseldorf.

A dull presentiment was bothering me, and I was passing an uneasy night in the bedroom adjoining my office. Frequent awakenings interrupted my fits of slumber, which seemed whole hours long, but which really never lasted more than a few minutes.

I had scarcely dozed off again when I heard scratchings on my door. Abruptly awake, I sat bolt upright. I did not stir, trying to comprehend. If it were the police—a thing that had happened before—I was not going to be long about knowing it. I must therefore appear perfectly natural in my innocent calm. But the scratchings came again. No voice, no sound other than that which might be made by finger-nails being drawn over wood.

No longer able to pretend sleep, I called out, like one who had just been roused: "Who's there?"

* From "In the Enemy's Country," by Joseph Crozier. Used by special arrangement with the publishers, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York; copyright, 1931.

"Open, open," came back a voice which manifestly sought to be heard only by me.

I did not understand. I repeated my challenge with more force.

"What's the matter?" I cried. "This is no time to disturb people. At least tell me why."

I then drew near the door. The office clock had just struck two. I could even see the hands of it in the ray of moonlight which pierced through the window after drawing upon the Rhine a long ribbon of silver. All seemed calm. Only the voice continued to break the silence.

"Open—open up," it repeated, realizing that now only the thickness of the door separated us; "it is Lise!"

The door opened and closed behind her who was so often my enlightener, and toward whom I now preserve the gratitude of the shipwrecked sailor toward his saviour. The Countess de Rollenberg, without looking at me, went straight to the table in front of her and placed there a revolver which she had been hiding in her corsage. She added to it some cartridges contained in a little sack that seemed part of the belt she was wearing under her skirt. Then she turned to me.

"Leave at once," she said. "There is not an instant to lose. Before daybreak the German police are coming to arrest you in this place, and they will not let you go again."

Had I refused to read police novels only to live one myself? What did these words mean—this melodrama, this revolver?

Seeing my bewilderment, the countess explained: "Reusens, Richardson, de Roël and the others are behind the bars at Hasselt. The German secret service is on your trail. By arresting you here they think now they will get Pierre Desgranges. Hurry! It will soon be too late."

And she held out the revolver to me.

Devos could not possibly have identified me as Pierre Desgranges nor have aroused the German suspicions in that direc-

tion. My trade in favour of Germany and my good offices in the affair of the *Journal* had, in fact, still further strengthened the confidence I enjoyed. If that man had not guessed me out, then we must have been betrayed from within. But the situation was scarcely favourable for deductions. I had to fly.

What I had just heard was sufficient indication to me that the frontier would be closed to me on both the Dutch and the Belgian sides, and that I must not expect to be able to leave Düsseldorf without trouble, since I was due to be arrested here within a few hours.

Impatiently the countess impelled me toward the door, repeating only:

"Day after tomorrow. We will be at Luiksgestel in the evening, and we will stay there waiting for you."

I was alone on the quays of Düsseldorf. My mind was made up. The first train for Antwerp was leaving in two hours. I was going to try to take it at Neuss, the first station out. I did not walk, I ran. After a few kilometres I finally stopped, completely out of breath and unable to run more. Almost at once, though, I regathered what energy I had left and strode once more along the road to Neuss; but thenceforth it was impossible for me to quicken my pace.

The train had already been announced when I reached the station. I used the few minutes remaining to resume a calm and peaceful appearance; and thus I was able to take the train without hindrance.

My ultimate safety next required that I be not trapped by the minute inspection bound to be waiting for me at the Belgian frontier.

Thanks to the considerable slowing down of the speed on the curves just outside the station of Turnhout, I was able to jump off upon the right-of-way and disappear into the night. The little Belgian city of Turnhout lies in front of Luiksgestel —Dutch territory and land of salvation for me. The compass

should serve me as guide. Day overtook me near a village. I thought that there I could buy a spade; but in order not to show myself there at an hour when my presence might awake attention, I spent two hours in a ditch.

To avoid useless argument I had accepted the revolver which the countess had got for me, but only to cast it into the Rhine almost immediately afterwards. I little cared to wander with that dangerous arm; it is only too likely to create suspicion, and I feared arrest too much as it was. The spade, on the contrary, is a useful tool which can on occasion become a terrible weapon, when its edges are sharp.

As I was resting near the frontier one day when hunting at Luiksgestel, I suddenly saw a man walking along calmly on the other side of the live wires and coming from Belgium. He drew near the wires, walking always with the same unhurried and regular step. Arriving at the obstacle he had to cross, he seized the spade which he was carrying over his shoulder and began to dig rapidly. Two hundred metres from there stood a German sentinel, from whom I could not drag my eyes. Luckily he kept looking in another direction, though I was terrified with the feeling that he was going to turn at any moment. The man dug on. When he thought he could get through without danger of touching the live wire, he began to crawl under. Just then the sentinel saw him, fired, and missed. Methodically my entertainer, calm as ever, stood up, and, turning, made in the sentry's direction a gesture which, the world over, indicates a combination of carelessness and scorn.

When I asked this gallant fellow, after such a display of unadulterated courage, where he came from, he answered: "From Lille." And he explained how he had been able to cross Belgium, walking at night, sleeping by day, especially when he could escape all observation, or using his spade to turn aside the attention of any doubtful passer-by by performing some rustic task with it.

The spade then appeared to me as an excellent offensive and defensive arm, and since that day it had made part of the equipment of the service.

In imitation of the fugitive from Lille, I set out in the direction of the Dutch frontier in the region of Luiksgestel. Reaching its neighborhood at dawn of the second day, I passed interminable hours hidden in the briers which strew the little valleys of the Belgian Campine.

At the last glimmers of dusk I was about to go on when I saw marching along the hill-side, at the base of which I had concealed myself, a group which filled me with disquiet. The eleven men who composed it had already begun running to join me.

Despite their filth, which was even more repulsive than mine, I could recognize them as Russians. I was scarcely more elated than as if I had found myself in the presence of eleven soldiers of the Kaiser. I hastened to make them lie down in the briers. The most intelligent one of them managed to make me understand that they had just run away from the defence works upon which the Germans employed their prisoners.

What was I going to do with twelve, when I was certainly enough by myself?

Since we were only a few kilometres from the Dutch frontier, it was impossible for me to abandon these men, who had come so inopportunely, but who were clinging to me like blind men to a guide. I had to accept a command which was all the more difficult from the fact that these new companions understood scarcely a word of German and not one of French.

We set forth. My apprehension was great, for in a Belgian café where I had stopped at the start of my last night's march, I had learned that active troops were now resting before Luiksgestel, where they had replaced the reserves ordinarily stationed there.

I made use of the directions upon which we of our service

had agreed if one of us should be hunted. I hesitated about the place I should pick for the crossing. My companions bothered me tremendously. How were they going to behave themselves when the pinch came? Striving one last time to make them understand that they must scatter and run in the direction indicated, I darted out over the stripped zone, running toward the wires.

A hail of bullets assailed us almost immediately. Flattened upon the ground, we waited for a lull. Instinctively the Russians pressed themselves against me. I was not touched, and the enemy could fire only blindly in the darkness which surrounded us. Ricochets kept spattering me with earth and pebbles. The firing was keeping up, when suddenly I saw the barbed wire pricked out in the focus of a long shaft of light. A search-light had just been brought into action, then a second, then a third. We were going to be revealed and pitilessly shot down by an infallible fire. It is beautiful, it is intoxicating, to die in battle. But I was going to perish in the dark without power of defending myself, with only a spade in my hands. The shooting redoubled as the projectors combed the terrain, when suddenly, like the signal for a salute, I distinguished the lower voice of our Winchester. Those waiting for me had come to the rescue. One search-light went out, then another, under the shots of our friends. Then in the darkness, except for a few isolated shots and the far-off throbbing of a motor, all went back to silence. I imagined the Padre at the wheel of the car. Then the blessed sound of shears cutting the barbed wire came to us. The cry of the owl came next. But I had bounded off in advance, toward the passers who were waiting there.

I fell gasping in the midst of a burst of laughter. They all abandoned themselves to laughing to their heart's content. Above all, the doctor and Marie Holemans were convulsed at seeing the chief in such a piteous state. A curious welcome

forsooth for a man who had just passed two hours between life and death.

But I was, truly, a funny sight. I was covered with earth, as anyone might be who had come so near to having it for his winding-sheet. But I was content; I was safe. Four Russians failed to answer the roll-call. According to custom, Warans, the gamekeeper, assembled the passers and paid them.

After leading his men off to drink with the Russians, he entrusted the latter to one of them, with instructions to take them to the French Consulate at Rotterdam.

THE BETRAYAL

Very weary, but happy, I revelled in the satisfaction of finding myself again in a neutral country sheltered from immediate danger. We all experienced a feeling of relief.

After any great strain a man is always likely to have such fits of selfishness and moments of levity. But we were not long in falling back into the painful realization of the difficult times through which we must still pass. The thought of our friends, prisoners of the Germans, all at once crushed us.

The Padre was now more impassible and silent than ever. The doctor was still. According to his wont, Bernay appeared unfeeling. The countess seemed to be waiting for my first question:

"How do you explain," I asked her, "the fact of all our friends' being taken at Hasselt? As to Pierre de Roël, to whom I sent Devos, I might understand. As to Reusens, I understand less, but as to Richardson, nothing at all. He should have been at Cologne."

"They took them to Hasselt to try them, but they had to arrest them wherever they found them," responded Lise.

"Devos never knew enough to accomplish all that!"

"Agreed," replied the countess. "Devos has been only a tool."

Evidently she knew all, but too late. Our salvation now was only the neutrality of the soil on which we were standing.

And a wonderful help that was, to be sure, since, having been denounced to the Germans, we should henceforth be under surveillance at close range, thus put outside the possibility of functioning.

However, in any event we must get away from this place without delay. The Dutch, while claiming to be indifferent to frontier incidents, never failed to grow restless about them when their neutrality was in danger of being compromised. We climbed into the torpedo, which Dom Bernard had brought up to enable us to get to Rotterdam as quickly as possible.

I sat beside him, while the doctor was behind on a bracket seat. With his good Flemish sense, Deblauw broke the silence first.

"Old chap, you are 'sunk,'" he said to me. "You have nothing more to do but go back to France."

As I did not answer, he continued:

"In addition, your mission is ended. We are in the same boat with you. At the first move we would disappear—shot or otherwise."

I made some sort of gesture of dissent, but he insisted:

"Nobody will follow you any longer. The enemy will be on the watch for the first movement from any of your assistants. The danger is only too evident. It is too discouraging for those of us who are left."

I said nothing. If my friends were discouraged, then nothing remained for me but despair. In the midst of the war, with thousands of our compatriots dying every day for the liberty of France and her Allies, were we going to be reduced to impotence or to die in inaction? The service which we had built up by dint of so much patience and tenacity—was it going to disappear?

At Rotterdam I left my companions in the living-room at Mathenesserlaan; and, because I had need of all my strength the next day, I retired to take a little rest. However, as I left, the Padre, standing, seemed to be presiding over a meeting of the faithful. He was alone in not showing any weariness.

The night brings counsel, thought I. They will do better, all of them, to leave it to that. If Dom Bernard intends to talk to them, what authority can he bring—in his ridiculous chauffeur's uniform?

I forgot the moral force he wielded through the religious faith by which all his companions, from Friedman, the Limburg farmer, up to Deblauw, the doctor scholar, were animated.

Next day I took lunch openly at the Doelen. The days which followed seemed long. The effort I put into expediting the daily business could not distract my thoughts from the terrible dilemma in which we were all caught.

I was still ignorant of what train of circumstances had brought about the arrest of our friends at the same hour in places so far distant from each other. To save us from some new misfortune I sought everywhere to find out and understand what had happened.

In living over the events which had just occurred with such rapidity, I drew up the balance-sheet of our critical position. Defeat was certain; its consequences were already showing themselves formidable, and a retreat in good order was going to be difficult to effect. Our best troops were destroyed; treachery in the heart of the place threatened the existence of the service. The enemy had discovered my double identity, so painfully established, so jealously kept hidden up to the present. Discouragement and fear had touched, it is true, neither the Padre nor Captain de Lesport. The women also were preserving a firm morale; but the fanaticism of the former and the weakness of the latter rendered vain the formulating of protective measures, urgent as they were.

It was without surprise that I learned it was Jeanne Claessens who had betrayed us; even as I had to acknowledge that the consequence of that fact must be the ruin of our whole edifice, for she knew all its secrets. She was brave, and we had accorded her an affectionate confidence. Unhappily she had escaped from the influence of Captain de Lesport, lost as he was in his sanguinary dreams. This disaster had come too late to awaken our slumbering mistrust.

From the test, two beings emerged with all their courage intact—two beings who did not care for each other: the Padre and Lise.

The countess, who remained in regular touch with the German military circles in Belgium, left us henceforth only to gather precious information. As to Dom Bernard, I eventually decided to send him to Hasselt. Perhaps he could see the prisoners and bring back tidings useful for rebuilding the courage of the others. The Padre was unquestionably the one to carry out such a mission. His convent was in Belgium, making it easy to obtain a passport for him; his status as a priest would permit him besides to visit the condemned.

He left then, while Lise, redoubling her efforts, was like an animal caught in a trap, but showing more intelligence and power of reflection than ever. This woman had all the time understood, while I was keeping my eyes closed. Lesport and Jeanne Claessens, as Lise had been the first to realize, had shown for each other only a vain desire the more illusory for her as it was obscured the more in him by his visions of horrors.

The beautiful Flemish girl, intelligent and brave, had ended by showing a profound distaste for him toward whom events had originally led her. To divert herself she had, without letting us know it, taken to drugs. Her will-power had soon become submerged, and she had been able to hide from us the evidences of her vice.

I understood then the part Lise had played—her tremendous

activity. The truth had suddenly appeared to her. She had not had a moment to lose. Having allowed the German woman, Gertrud Würtz, to believe that she herself was in the service of Germany, she had been able to make her talk; and the latter had fallen into the trap. The evening I left for Düsseldorf, while Devos went to play his sinister prank, Lise had succeeded in finding out what was being hatched against us—too late, alas, for our captured friends, but soon enough to try at least to save the others.

Gertrud Würtz had not expected anything much from this Devos, whom she had sent to us. It was certainly not upon him that her choice would have fallen, if he had not had the qualification of having put her in touch with Jeanne Claessens, whose new passion had considerably increased her need for money.

And Lise herself went to the opium den, where she had made contact with her who had betrayed us. She had found that woman stupefied, having denounced to the enemy our co-workers, but seeming either through calculation or remorse not to have yet delivered over all the secrets of our organization. However, it could not be long before she would complete her betrayal, for she could not now avoid revealing all to the Germans, who were calling her to Antwerp.

"I know," added Lise, "that for reasons of secrecy and security the German authority wants her to take passage for Belgium on a brick-barge."

We ourselves had frequently made use of these boats between the ports of Antwerp and Amsterdam; their crews were composed of Belgian sailors, anxious to render us service, but strictly watched by the Germans.

As to Gertrud Würtz, after having negotiated the betrayal, she had turned over the affair to the German secret service at Antwerp, which was now going to carry on her work. Because of other mysterious jobs, she was at present thinking only of obtaining a passage to England.

And it was in England that we were waiting for her. Aided by Bernay, Marie Holemans kept watch on her closely. We had first seen to it swiftly and secretly that she received all the travel facilities she desired. She embarked at a time and place actually chosen by us. We had warned the English secret service. The reception that we had arranged for her would avoid the necessity of our ever having to see her again.

Remained young Devos, who was one of those wretched agents of Baarle. He had no importance. His sole aim had been to swindle the Germans out of money. Like the rest of his kind, he served everybody without believing at all in the value of any of his information. Dismayed by a success which he had not foreseen, and which was due to the contact he had established between Gertrud Würtz and Jeanne Claessens, he had prudently withdrawn into obscurity. We would think about him later. We must first guard against the immediate and irreparable danger which would result from any new revelations given by Jeanne Claessens.

The situation evidently was becoming clearer. We must take a rapid decision capable of energetic execution. Were we going to have at our disposal a force strong enough to succeed? I decided to await the return of Dom Bernard.

MYSTICISM

"The Padre is here and asks to see you right away."

Such were Jeff's words to me upon entering my room that morning at six o'clock.

"Have him come in."

It put me in bad humour. All the time I was dressing myself, I listened absently to the monk, who kept lavishing upon me commiserations I had already heard and encouragements that did no good.

For a man who never spoke at all, this was strange be-

haviour, to say the least. Finally, seeing that he was not interesting me in his talk about myself, he changed the subject and began the story of the experience he had just been through.

This severe ascetic, with all his fanaticism, as silent as it was violent—"this disturbing monk," as Lise called him—declared now that the memory of the massacres at Visé had not after all rendered him for ever bereft of feeling. He had just received the last words of Charles Reusens, but Reusens' only, for the regulations forbade the same priest administering to more than one condemned prisoner. Furthermore, the officers would not authorize the priest to accompany his penitent to the place of execution.

When the Padre first came to him in his cell, the condemned man had greeted him with this single sentence: "Was the chief saved?" Then, hearing the truth, he had immediately added: "The chief is safe; nothing is lost."

Dom Bernard did not at all conceal his astonishment at seeing this man who was going to die display at the supreme hour so much love for one whom he had never loved.

"It is true," Reusens had said, "that I came to him through patriotism, for I did not love the French. I love them now from having seen them at work for my country. Say to the chief that just before dying I cried first: *'Vive la France!'* and then: *'Vive la Belgique!'* "

And the Padre seemed intoxicated by the words.

"But what are you driving at, my dear friend? . . . I don't suppose it was to tell me all this, moving as it is, certainly, but scarcely of much use at this time of day, that you came to see me so early."

Unmoved by this response, he replied in a voice grown still gentler: "You are right. I came only to make a plea to you, not only in my own name, but also in behalf of all our friends."

"I am listening, but speak quickly. We have no time to lose. I must leave in a few moments."

"I came," Dom Bernard then said, "to ask your permission to say a mass for our good comrades that were executed at Hasselt."

My interlocutor certainly would have shown even more hesitation than he did if he could have foreseen my astonishment. Was it possible that he could be thinking of such things now in the circumstances we were in? I looked at the Padre first with inquietude and then with an irritation that I poorly concealed. His words and especially his thought seemed to me inopportune, not so much because of the disasters which had just occurred, but because we were still in the midst of events in which our very existence was at stake.

"But, my good Padre, say all the masses you like. For my part, I don't see anything wrong about that, although I must say I do not understand your motive in asking my permission. So long as you did not come to ask me to take part myself," I added, smiling, trying to soften my abruptness.

Dom Bernard did not smile. I was afraid I had wounded him.

"And where will you say this mass?" I continued, so as to seem to be taking an interest in his proposal. "I suppose you are not counting upon going to the Catholic churches of Rotterdam, to which you are not accredited. You would arouse needless curiosity, and this is not the time for that."

Regarding me more fixedly, he answered:

"That is exactly the explanation of my visit. Dr. Deblauw told me that this mass could be said in your house, and he asked me himself to request your authorization without delay."

What could Deblauw have been thinking of? Was I, then, the only one left who was keeping his feet on the ground?

The eyes of the monk never left me. Our thoughts interchanged, our spirits clashed. Interrupting the silence to hold me with a look, he then said:

"But you do not understand, then?"

I had understood. The light of the believers had dispersed the mists that were encompassing my spirit.

The Padre had prevailed. Calmly, he added:

"The mass will be said, if you approve, before the meeting tomorrow, in which we shall take the decisions necessary for a situation which is badly compromised, but not yet hopeless."

Love, force, all earthly resources, had been impotent. But Heaven was coming to my help. Through the religious zeal of the monk it was about to permit me to make one final effort with those shaken souls, whom faith alone could still galvanize.

"Agreed, my good Padre," I said to him finally, "I approve of your pious and generous thought. Take up the details with Jeff."

And I left, after pressing the hand of him who, not satisfied with setting at naught all defeat, was still bringing me a precious aid in the accomplishment of a task the desperateness of which none knew better than he.

That was for us all a restful day. Spirits calmed themselves in the blessed haven of reverent thoughts. All kept talking about the requiem mass. I heard their plans with favour, pondering on the extent to which tribulations engender religious devotion—on the extent to which the most obdurate sectarians, once they have taken refuge there, rebuke in their new-found peace their former ridiculous boastings and their stupid unbelief.

While serving me at dinner, Jeff returned to the same subject, worrying over the preparations.

"Granted, Jeff, that we don't own what is necessary for a ceremony quite out of our sphere. Nevertheless, you know very well it can be arranged. Put my work-table in the drawing-room and cover it with our best cloth. The God of Hosts will be content with an emergency altar, for He judges us by our intentions. Place on that altar our two Dutch candlesticks;

their ecclesiastical style is a happy circumstance. Get the white wine from the cellar, and the water from the tap; the two decanters will make quite acceptable sacramental vases; and the Padre will provide for the rest. As he likes to repeat, God will know His own, despite an equipment none too orthodox. Above all, leave the shutters carefully closed. I don't want indiscreet persons going about accusing me of having black masses said in my house. Really, that is about all I lack now."

Notwithstanding the morning hour fixed for the mass, the countess appeared first. She wore a dark dress, which she had tried to make austere, but she had succeeded merely in wrapping herself in a new charm and an unforeseen attractiveness.

All our friends began arriving one after another: Captain Mertens, Dr. Deblauw and Marie Holemans, Jan Friedman, Captain de Lesport. Warans, the gamekeeper, had abandoned his Campine to be with us; and Jeff, who had to serve in the ceremony, had put on his uniform. Otherwise he never wore it, despite the Dutch regulation requiring its wear by all interned soldiers.

The Padre was there. In the midst of graver faces and more profound looks he alone remained unchangeable. From the strange reverie in which he seemed to be taking refuge, his smiling kindness appeared as if behind a transparent mask. From a poor little valise, as shabby as his own threadbare clothes, he now drew out carefully the sacred vases, a few priestly vestments, and the breviary which must take the place of the book of the mass. From the worn and inadequate bag which held them, all these pious objects, in colours dull and faded, came out crumpled and battered. Their pitiful aspect accorded only too well with the improvised altar and the furnishings of this rented house.

Behind the closed shutters, in the half-light of the candles, the prayers of the priest and the responses of Jeff murmured in antiphony. The divine office began.

I watched faces attentively; they were transfigured in the ecstasy of religious faith. The eyes that animated them seemed no longer to pertain to this world; they saw no more, and they feared no more, behind the invulnerable armour which fortified their souls.

The dream passed along. . . .

And I began reliving old memories. My will surrendered to the environment and the service and was strengthened. My thoughts floated toward other times and other places.

"O Christ, Thy worship was glorious even at the manger in Bethlehem, when the star led to Thy divine poverty the humblest as well as the great.

"Love and charity shining about Thee gave to Thy precepts such beauty that one of them alone might have made the world blessed if the world had not forgotten it—'Love ye then one another.' Or that other: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

"But Thy ministers as well as Thy faithful are too often, alas, only weak men, whose deeds lead away from Thee the people who seek Thee as their light and their salvation. In turning themselves from the path which Thou in Thy mercy and loving-kindness hadst made for their feet, they went back to the worship of the golden calf, thus defying the great edifice which Thy blood and Thy tears had prepared for the love of men and the happiness of the humble.

"What is left to us of Thy divine precepts in these days of terror? Where art Thou Thyself, O Christ?

"Thou who hast said: 'Thou shalt not kill,' look upon Thy priest, this bigoted monk, whom nevertheless I love with all my heart, whose bloody hands are raised toward Thee. Look upon those about him, Thy prostrate adorers. They have killed yesterday, as they will kill tomorrow; and they are calling upon Thee in behalf of those who also killed, only to be killed in their turn.

"Thou art not, then, O Christ, the all-powerful God that they showed us in our youth, who was to drive from His temple the money-changers and the Pharisees that profane it—all these vile swine who seek in the bloody mud their profits and their honours, while we ourselves knead that mud with our bruised hands."

The voice of the priest was intoning:

"Grant them, Lord, eternal peace, and let Thy eternal light shine upon them."

My thoughts, escaping then, were taken up exclusively by the red tragedy. I saw our friends at the firing stake, I saw the execution squad, I glimpsed in a lightning-flash the German officer lowering his sabre as the command to fire. Each body in falling tore my heart a little more. With difficulty I was stifling a tear, when all at once I had the impression of being seized by a vigorous fist. That rough Fleming, the sturdy Charles Reusens, was there, saying to the Padre, as an incitement to the struggle, those words of supreme submission: "The chief is saved, nothing is lost. Tell him that tomorrow before I die, I will cry first: *'Vive la France!'* and then: *'Vive la Belgique!'* "

Grant them, Lord, eternal peace. . . .

The mass ended.

We tumbled down into matter-of-fact reality.

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE

Jeff was relieving the room of its religious aspect; the Padre had closed his poor little valise. We were already assembled for the meeting.

Sure now of his companions, whom he had recaptured by his exhortations and whose ardour he had reanimated, *Dom Bernard declared that it was necessary to do away with Jeanne Claessens, come what might and with no delay.*

He appreciated better than anyone the implacable will of which the countess had already given proof, and which she was going to demonstrate again to save the mission and protect her chief. He knew that she must continue to be the infallible guide behind whom we must march in order to get out of the terrible morass in which we were held.

But nevertheless on that day, whether the requiem mass had produced different reactions in the Countess de Rollenberg and in Dom Bernard, or whether the monk wished to use at the earliest moment the authority he had newly acquired over these souls, the Padre seemed now to be preaching a crusade, whereas the countess, silent, remained outside the enthusiasm which he wished to arouse.

She moved only to approve the decision, according to which Captain de Lesport was to carry out the execution.

To get rid of Jeanne Claessens by our usual methods was a thing not to be thought of, for she knew them too well from having practised them with us. It was necessary to meet her face to face; and the Padre thought that his old friend was exactly the one to succeed in it. Moved by a sullen hatred, the latter claimed as a right the authority to avenge us all. Because he had not succeeded in dominating her in life, he had decided, if necessary, to drag her with himself into death.

I suggested that perhaps we could try, as with Gertrud Würtz, to rid ourselves of Jeanne Claessens by leaving others the task of an execution which would be particularly hateful. But all seemed outraged by this attitude. No one of them shared a weakness which might seem human, but which was not less reprehensible on that account. For the existence of a traitress I would risk having my friends perish and letting the monument to our efforts be annihilated! But Jeanne Claessens was beautiful! I remembered my emotions when she had crossed the frontier, so bravely, so simply!

However, she was still in Rotterdam, convinced now that

the Countess de Rollenberg was a betrayer like herself. The two women were meeting regularly in the opium den.

Two days after the requiem mass Lise informed us that Jeanne's departure was scheduled for the second day after, and that the time had come to go to Antwerp to wait for her.

That same evening Lesport left us to cross the frontier at a spot of his own choosing—in the marshes of Selzaate. From having hunted there often before the war, he knew that stricken region in all its details. Very difficult to cross, it offered him the advantage of being also difficult to guard.

"Adieu!" he said to us when leaving. "You can set your minds at ease."

We felt confident about that. Since she had left us, Jeanne Claessens had not seen Lesport, and she believed him in Belgium, where she could encounter him naturally.

To which Lesport added:

"Where I can encounter her, rather—in the open street at a pinch. I should be shot, that is all. I owe you even that."

Two days later Lise left us to go to Amsterdam to make sure of the embarkation of Jeanne Claessens. She was accompanied by Friedman.

Several days went by. We were without news of Captain de Lesport. Lise certified to us that the embarkation had taken place. Lesport would not let his prey escape. He would have to haunt the district of the Kommandantur; and he had surely put himself in touch upon his arrival with the guides who worked for us in Antwerp.

At the end of a week the lack of news alarmed me, however, and my anxiety increased when Friedman, falling into step with me one day, whispered:

"Don't worry, everything is fixed."

As he was retreating at once, I caught up with him.

"What is fixed?"

"Why, Jeanne Claessens!"

"How was it fixed?"

"I don't know."

"Well, what are you talking about, then? Who told you that? Dr. Deblauw?"

"Oh! the doctor doesn't know anything."

And Friedman sought once more to get away from me.

"Tell me, is she alive or not?"

"Ah! she is dead, all right. But since I tell you I know nothing . . ."

And Jan disappeared, without its having been possible to drag another thing out of him. Lise came in.

"You may rest easy," she said. Decidedly the countess and her condemned soul had been ordered to tell me the news with an excessive parsimony. I insisted upon an explanation.

"What's the use, since Jan has explained to you?"

"A wonderful explanation—'Everything is fixed!' He didn't tell me anything more. For one who wishes to know, it's little."

"But what more do you want, then?" retorted the countess. "I also tell you that everything is in order."

"What order, and how?"

"It's useless for you to insist," said Lise obstinately. "Jeanne Claessens is dead; you shouldn't ask more about it."

"And Lesport?"

"He? I suppose he is at Antwerp—mounting guard at the Kommandantur."

"I have the right to ask you for an explanation, and it's my duty to know what has happened," I insisted, assuming a severe manner.

Getting no answer, I gripped her wrist and repeated:

"I am the chief, do you understand? You owe me a report on what you do. It is indispensable, so that I may estimate the possible consequences."

I gripped harder, but Lise did not yield. Conquering the pain and smiling with eyes in which the azure melted into amethyst, she said in a half-voice:

"See, the night is falling asleep. It is the hour when all people say their prayers. And so we are going to say one: 'Why speak when one has nothing to say? And why speak when one can say something, since nine times in ten it is better to be silent?' "

THE DEFIANCE

All immediate danger seemed averted, but the existence of the mission still remained badly compromised.

Upon my return to Rotterdam I reappeared at the German Embassy; and Herr Gneist in the course of a conversation calmly announced that I had been condemned to death by default by the military tribunal of Brussels.

"A sentence of death, by default, in war time!" I answered, smiling.

But Herr Gneist took the matter seriously.

The interdiction which had been cast upon us implied our disappearance from the scene or our loss of effectiveness, one outcome as inacceptable as the other. We had safeguarded our lives. It was necessary now to safeguard our excuse for living. To re-establish confidence was the only way to attain that goal.

Vain as this appeared to be, it was our only preoccupation.

Resuming the headship of the movement after allowing the countess to clear the way, I explained to my friends my intention of adopting the only strategy possible in such a case, which consists, when one is hemmed in on all sides, in discovering the adversary's weak point and hurling oneself upon it with all one's forces and without looking behind.

After turning over to the doctor the large sum I then had

on hand, I revealed to my companions the plan on which I intended to stand. I was going to go to the German Embassy at The Hague with the idea of obtaining a passport for Brussels.

"If I go aground there," I said to Deblauw, "you have on hand enough to assure my liberation. Arrested without any compromising documents, I should not go before a court martial, and you would have time to organize yourselves during my trial in a civil court."

The doctor knew, better than any of us, the officials of the prisons of Brussels, and particularly those of the prison of Saint Gilles, where I should be sure to be interned.

"At this price," he said, considering the sum I was leaving with him, "there isn't a banker who would refuse to take a chance on you—and so, with greater reason still, those on whom your fate would depend."

In starting out next day for the German Embassy, I blessed that story of *Le Journal,* which ought still to leave me a certain amount of goodwill; I thanked heaven for having permitted my excellent contact and my regular business with the Zentral Einkaufs Gesellschaft; and I had decided to gamble with all that boldly.

There was a short silence during which I tried to penetrate the thoughts of the Ambassador.

"I have just learned," I said, "that my property has been confiscated in Belgium, including my bank account and securities."

"That's right."

"Therefore I am asking for the authority to go at once to my place in Brussels."

"You have been sentenced to death."

My laugh seemed so genuine to the German diplomat that he managed the ghost of a smile himself.

"Better and better!" I replied, sarcastically. "There's German gratitude for you—and at the time when I am rendering you the greatest services."

As I repeated my request with an assurance which could not bring itself to believe in any such sentence, the Ambassador grew astonished.

"But you haven't the presumption to go to Brussels after being condemned by the German authorities?"

"In these troubled times anything is possible," I replied. "The services are so overburdened . . ."

"In Belgium, you see, the military people don't know what to believe about you," ventured my questioner.

I was quick to profit by this advantage.

"Naturally," I went on. "I understand. But since you know who I am and what I have done, with a safe-conduct and Your Excellency's word of honour that nothing will happen to me, I will go to Brussels notwithstanding."

"You would not do that?"

"I would."

My cause was won.

It was too late to start then, but next morning at seven o'clock the Ambassador had me taken to Brussels in an automobile of his services. At the frontier the chauffeur turned over the car to a German soldier accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, to whom he gave my safe-conduct. The German showed me the order of the Kommandantur according to which he had to drive me to my own place.

In the avenue Louise, the chauffeur stopped the car at my request. I wanted to get out and buy a paper, but the non-commissioned officer objected to this, though with much politeness, alleging that I must not go to the trouble myself. As this was the second time such a thing had happened, I surmised that perhaps this excessive consideration might be serving only to mask my actual captivity.

I could get out only to enter my own house. There a lovely spectacle was waiting for me. All my hunting-weapons and my collection of antique arms, as well as my automobile, had disappeared. Nevertheless, a remarkably good order reigned. At the entrance to each room an inventory in French and German was tacked to the wall, and this inventory had been drawn up oppositely by the representative of the Commune of Ixelles and by the Kommandantur respectively.

Having been requisitioned by the German authorities, my house was now the residence of the chief physician of the German hospitals of Brussels. My landlord, summoned for the occasion, arrived a few minutes after me. The chief physician begged us to verify the inventories and gave us permission to go over the house. Everything was as simple as that. It was the same at the bank, where I went next to check my account, which had been sequestered. In spite of my apprehensions, the Kommandantur did not demand an interview with me.

It was a question now of getting back to Holland without delay, but also without apparent haste. That same evening I left my excellent landlord. He was not harbouring any resentment toward me for the heavy troubles I had caused him. In company with his wife and his chauffeur he had seen the inside of the German prisons, where they hoped to make him give useful information about me, if not the actual proofs of my guilt. I have often regretted the troubles that I so involuntarily brought to that kindly old man.

The chief physician who then occupied my house was replaced shortly after our meeting. When I saw my landlord some time after, he explained to me how, summoned one night at two o'clock, he had arrived more dead than alive, expecting to be incarcerated again. The doctor, who was on the point of departure, then had him check up all the inventories, without omitting the least thing, pointing haughtily to each object with his riding-crop.

"Nothing is missing; everything is in order," he pronounced when the inspection was over. "You can make it known to M. Crozier, and wish him for me good luck for the end of the war."

THE DEATH OF THE WOLF

Upon my return to Rotterdam I found Captain de Lesport. He arrived from Antwerp, where he had kept a long and useless vigil. Lise and Friedman had just given him, one after the other, their explanations of the fate of Jeanne Claessens, as laconically as they had given them to me. He listened, standing very straight. His features revealed nothing of the terrible havoc within his soul. A bearing always scrupulously correct testified that he still kept intact the traditions of elegance of the cavalry corps to which he belonged. However, that evening a practised eye might have discerned in him a certain depression. He drew near to me to say:

"I don't feel well. I ask permission to rest at home for a few days."

His request was so natural that I could not hesitate to grant him, whose energy had never flagged, all the repose he asked. However, I experienced a painful feeling in thinking that his misfortunes had perhaps at last diminished his physical vigour.

The conversation was protracted that evening. Everybody was expressing satisfaction over my trip to Brussels. A warm temperature and a period of very calm weather had succeeded in relaxing our taut nerves. It was close to midnight, and I was conversing intimately with Lise, Bernay, and Deblauw. I happened to speak of Lesport, about whom I had scarcely thought since dinner. The doctor declared himself worried about him. Up to now he had considered our poor friend incapable of halting this side of his eternal rest.

"The poor chap is all alone," he said. "I have a feeling that I ought not to wait until tomorrow to look him over."

We all decided to accompany the doctor, and together we climbed the narrow stairs of the dilapidated house in which Lesport lived. As the door did not open at our redoubled knocks, I pushed against it impatiently. It was so weak and so decayed that the wood had worked loose, and the bolt did not rest in the lock. Abruptly we found ourselves standing before the corpse of our friend.

The doctor examined it.

"Why in the temple?" he said, looking up. "I explained once that only in the mouth one ran no risk of missing."

Lise knelt down.

Poor Lesport! The earth was too inhospitable to him. Unable to struggle longer against his horrible obsession, he had gone to join the martyrs of Visé. By reviving his blood-stained memories the tragic end of the heroes of Hasselt had broken for ever his bruised soul.

But we were in neutral country—in a country where life and death were submitted to the regulations of peace. What were we going to do with the poor remains so as not to attract attention? There again the knowledge and firmness of decision of Dr. Deblauw were invaluable. Thanks to him and his professional contacts in Holland, we were able to bury decently and without sensation him who deserved all compassion.

Captain de Lesport was the issue of one of the better families of Belgium. After the war we had the consolation of being able to fulfil the formalities necessary to permit his body to repose in the midst of his kindred and in the country for which he had suffered so much.

THE EXPIATION OF A COWARD

"The next time, I want to see these people myself. I will

check them up and pay them," I had said to Friedman, to show him my dissatisfaction with certain professional information which had not been what I thought it should be.

Thus it was that several days later we found ourselves in that isolated drinking-den on the edge of the road along the frontier coming from the village of Luiksgestel. It was there that I had told Friedman to bring me his guides returning from Germany, whose arrival he had announced by a telegram sent from Maastricht.

After verifying the value of what they had brought us, we paid off the accounts; and I was continuing to talk with Friedman and Warans, my only two companions in this adventure.

Friedman could not see the numerous goings and comings, for he was sitting opposite me, with his back to the door. I had just noticed a little man who seemed to be sliding into the room with the movements of a weasel. I did not know him; but his manners contrasted strangely with those of these sturdy roisterers, dare-devils every one, who roared here in an atmosphere poisoned by tobacco and alcohol. As this man was scraping past the burly Limburger, I felt my arm abruptly seized by a vigorous fist.

"Devos, from Baarle!" said Jan between his teeth.

"You're not going to let him get away?" I answered, rather uselessly, as it developed.

In the space of a flash two stares met each other: one telling of all the thirst for vengeance a heart could contain; the other spellbound by fear. Armed with a chair, Friedman had already sprung upon his prey, shouting mendaciously:

"It's that dirty rat who denounced us and had all our goods taken by the revenue officers!"

Thus he preserved an even temper in an assemblage whose only point of honour was not to betray a brother.

"Defend yourself!" he cried.

And at once he began to beat his cowardly adversary murderously.

The proprietor of the establishment, a huge colossus of a man, stood behind his bar and called out in his formidable voice a last appeal for peace.

"Don't worry," Friedman shouted to him; "we'll pay for the breakage."

"Well, all right," acceded the other, in the tone of a referee in the ring.

Like a cat attacked by dogs, Devos, with feline suppleness, tried twice to escape. And twice a smuggler threw him back into the arena. Then he jumped up on the bar. The owner of the place shoved him off again. The excitement was now at its height.

"How much did he make you lose by denouncing you?" asked one of the spectators.

"Fifty thousand florins," I answered.

The aversion of all grew with the size of the sum, but there followed a moment of inattention by which our gallows-meat was quick to profit. In the moment it took Friedman to drag out his dagger, the desperate man succeeded in slipping through the company, outdoors, and away. Friedman bounded after him instantly.

If the wretched agent of Baarle had kept his head, he might have been able to escape in the direction of Luiksgestel, but he circled the inn only to hide himself in a kiosk the architecture of which was as rudimentary as its purpose was natural.

Several seconds later I heard from the darkness the crash of collapsing boards. Under the battering he was receiving Devos had fallen just as his refuge tumbled in upon him. Although the situation was tragic enough, I could not help laughing. Presently Friedman emerged and informed me of the speed with which this account had been squared.

"Now they are all paid off."

"Let's go," I said, little caring what might happen as a consequence in this infernal place.

But I did not know now where Warans was. As to Friedman, if he was not agreeing with me, it was because, although I was tired of the spectacle, the moment to leave had not yet come. There remained a final scene to play, and I had to take my role in it. The affair was, in fact, important to us, and I could not wash my hands of it.

I went back into the inn with Friedman. In the dark and while the cabin was falling down upon them, the executioner had plunged his poniard to the hilt between the shoulders of the miscreant. Now in the light he suddenly appeared covered with blood. Every eye was fixed on him. A rough command from the innkeeper came to bring silence. Mine host's wife, small in stature, but redoubtable, glided on padded feet around the tables, closing shutters and leaving no more than a single lamp. Then she gave her attention to Friedman, to whom two smugglers had already hurried. In a moment she was succeeding better than they in effacing the signs of the murder; while the proprietor, seizing a lantern, was setting out toward the scene of the drama.

Without confusion each one lent a hand in putting everything back into shape or in keeping a look-out around the premises. In this place it was of equal interest to everyone that the Dutch police did not appear inopportunely. While some poured pails of water to wash away the telltale spots, the others rebuilt the cabin. It was done quickly. In a few minutes all was restored to order. Then we found ourselves face to face with the corpse. Living, he had appeared small; dead, he was horribly cumbersome.

"Let's go and throw him on the electric wires," urged the man who had shown the most hatred upon learning that the victim had made us lose fifty thousand florins. "He 'burnt' you let him grill in his turn."

Like the smugglers there, we ourselves had all seen bodies resting on the wires. They really appeared to be on a grill. Shrunken and dried, they gave off a sinister crackling sound. They rapidly became so black that they gave the impression of burnt flesh.

As they debated the course to take, the proprietor, without setting down his lantern, turned over the corpse. Silence fell anew.

"No," he decided, pointing to the gaping wound between the shoulders. "If anybody sees that, we shan't have finished with the police. We must bury him down there in the ravine."

He was referring to that great ravine of the frontier, a sort of illy-defined hinterland between Belgium and Holland, that we used to call the cemetery of sentinels, since not all the sentries who disappeared there were deserters.

The little woman, who was continuing to be on the watch everywhere, opened a decayed door behind a clump of shrubbery. She swiftly distributed garden tools that she took from the shed. The men toiled part of the night, and Devos disappeared from the memory of humanity.

LIEUTENANT A. BAUERMEISTER

LIEUTENANT A. BAUERMEISTER as a subaltern of the German Army on the East Prussian Front was detailed for special service as an intelligence officer attached to G. H. Q. He appears to have displayed an immediate aptitude for the perilous and exacting work of military secret service in the thick of hostilities.

This young officer's operations, either known or suspected by the Russian enemy, presently earned him the odd distinction of being sentenced to death by hanging *in absentia.* That hurried and openly prejudiced court martial which condemned the unfortunate commander of frontier gendarmerie, Colonel Miasoyedoff, to die by the rope, likewise convicted young Bauermeister as the alleged traitor's accomplice. However, the German Intelligence "ace" was not present to suffer for his sins of offensive espionage. And since he was never captured by the Russians he escaped the illegally inflicted death penalty that extinguished Miasoyedoff two hours after the Czar's military court had tossed off its verdict.

The Russian counter-espionage service never entirely despaired of catching Bauermeister. Even the blanketing gloom of the 1917 revolution did not bring to an end their attempts to kidnap him. After the turbulent events of March, 1917, the

activities of German Intelligence expanded enormously—its new and principal task becoming an effort to persuade the people of Russia that their armies should no longer be sacrificed in order to oblige the imperial aspirations of France and Great Britain. This work of propaganda could only be carried on behind the Russian lines. The Czarist government had collapsed of its own weight; but Kerensky's unsettled administration had so far remembered Bauermeister as to issue an order that the German lieutenant must be shot dead on sight.

Bauermeister, even so, managed to penetrate the Russian lines or visit the Russian troops lingering in the trenches more than thirty times. It is an interesting proof of his capacity and ardor that the final attempt to kidnap him occurred in Moscow. But before that sensational episode, the German officer experienced many other uncommon adventures either in espionage or counter-espionage. His exploit of detection which exposed the Russian agents hidden in the Pripet marshes constitutes an outstanding account of the performance of necessary duty under the most unusual and hazardous circumstances.

THE HOUSE IN THE PRIPET MARSHES*

By Lieutenant A. Bauermeister

(Translated by Hector C. Bywater)

ONE day Felix returned from a mission "over there" wearing a serious expression. "I don't like it," he said. "Somewhere in the neighborhood of Pinsk there must be a Russian agent who has a line of communication with the Russians running through the Pripet swamps and the woods. I am sure that somewhere in those marshes the Russians have a secret telephone wire which we haven't spotted."

Felix then told me that while in Mogileff he had overheard a conversation which indicated that a Russian agent near Pinsk was sending reports, apparently by telephone, to a position behind the Russian front. In this connection mention had been made of the Pripet swamps and the adjacent forest, parts of which were almost inaccessible and therefore quite unknown to the German troops.

I myself had been surprised at the rapidity with which the Russians got to know of the transfer of some of our divisions to the Western front.

Accompanied by Felix, I went first to Pinsk, intending to explore the surrounding country. This was none too easy. If the Russian agent were ensconced anywhere in the Pripet

* From "Spies Break Through," by Lieut. A. Bauermeister. Used by special permission of the publishers, Constable & Co., Ltd., London; published in London, 1934.

marshes, whether in a tiny hut or a covert in the woods, I might seek him in vain for weeks on end.

"Only luck can help us here," said I.

And actually it did help us.

Obviously I could not stay all that time at Pinsk just to follow up this matter, important though it was. So having obtained a general idea of the situation, I left it to Felix and Petrovski to search further, both having already proved their powers in this respect.

Furthermore, I called together all the military police in the army zone and made a special appeal to them to leave nothing undone in their endeavours to trace the dangerous spy. Then I went back to the staff, where other important work awaited me.

Twelve days later Felix called me up. I was to come to Pinsk if possible. He believed he had found the right place. More he did not wish to say over the 'phone.

That evening Felix, Petrovski and I sat in a tea house. The landlord was a German-Russian who was genuinely pleased to see us. Noticing that we did not wish to be disturbed, he went into another room. Felix now began his story.

"I should probably not have found it at all if I hadn't met a Pole here who has had no use for the Russians since they sent his mother to Siberia. It was he who told me about the old mansion of Zahorskoie. It lies just north of the swamp in a wild and desolate region. As it is right off the track of everything, no Germans are quartered there. The Pole believes the house to contain some mystery."

"Why?" I enquired.

"Well," he answered, "there is no direct proof, but I also think there's something odd about the place. Unfortunately, it's not possible to gain an entry into the grounds because of two big, ferocious dogs that prowl about day and night. Every night there is a light in the cellar, though the only person in the mansion is an old serving man. I believe there's a secret

behind it all. My curiosity being excited, I determined to pay a visit to Zahorskoie next day.

"Some five kilometers from the old mansion there is a tiny, miserable village, if one can call six peasant cottages with thatched roofs a village.

"I gave out to the peasants that I was a traveling merchant, and as I had two bottles of brandy with me we soon fell into talk. Here, too, as elsewhere in that God-forsaken region, no troops were quartered. When I told the peasants that I wouldn't take any payment for the brandy they were delighted.

"After a few glasses these half-starved folk, who had not seen alcohol for ages, became quite garrulous. Very carefully I steered the conversation round to the old mansion.

" 'I recently passed the place in my cart,' I remarked, 'and saw at some distance in the grounds a man playing with a couple of dogs. He seemed to be an old fellow with grey hair. The dogs must be frightfully fierce, for they hurled themselves against the park gates and wouldn't stop barking.'

" 'Yes, indeed, the dogs are very fierce,' the peasants told me, 'and we wouldn't advise you to visit the park. The owners were proud people who cleared out with the Russians, leaving only an old servant behind.'

"Suddenly a peasant woman broke into the conversation, telling us that a few days ago she had offered some eggs at the mansion and had a talk with the old servant.

" 'I am not so stupid as you may think, Sir,' she said. 'Before I was married I had a place in St. Petersburg with a big official of the Ochrana (political police), and I saw and heard a great deal on every side. This morning I couldn't help thinking about the old mansion, and then I was struck with a really surprising idea. I believe the old servant is keeping a woman there as a prisoner.'

"I gave the peasant woman, who really did not look stupid, a glass of brandy, and begged her to continue.

"'Why do I believe that?' she went on. 'Well, I'll tell you, and you can then say what *you* think about it. Two things surprised me. The old servant to whom I was trying to sell the eggs had snow-white hair, but in contrast to this his face was remarkably youthful. I gazed at him hard.

"'"What are you staring at me for?" he demanded harshly. I looked very downcast and answered that I hadn't been staring. Then I asked him if the gentry were away. "Of course, they're away," he replied. "With the Russians. What would they be doing here among the Germans? I'm all alone except for the dogs."

"'On my way home I couldn't help thinking all the time of this old man who had such a young face. I was so plagued with curiosity that yesterday afternoon I decided to visit the house again to have another look at him from a distance. I felt in my bones there was some mystery there. I could not get the old fellow with snow-white hair and young face out of my head.

"'I passed along the wall of the park by a field path which is seldom used, especially in the autumn. A cart going that way would get bogged in the mud. The path is lined with dense woods and spinneys. I had not been waiting long when I saw standing at a window in the first story a young and pretty woman. At the same moment she stepped back from the window. Judging by the description of her it must be the Countess herself.

"'Of course, I was taken aback, remembering what the old servant had said. Why had he lied to me by saying he was all alone? Who is the woman? Is it the Countess, and, if so, why is she in hiding? Is the old servant keeping her a prisoner? Well, that's how it is, Sir. What do you think about it?'

"I was careful to appear rather innocent, and expressed my view that probably the old man was a criminal who was holding the young Countess by force. My actual opinion, however, was quite different.

"I privately gave the peasant woman five roubles and asked her in a whisper to speak to me alone. Then I said to her aloud: 'It's too late for me to get back to Pinsk; my horse would be liable to break his legs on those awful roads. Whether I like it or not, I'll have to spend the night here.'

"Noticing that the five roubles had not been without effect, I enquired of the peasant woman whether she could put me up for the night if I paid for my lodging.

" 'Certainly you may stay,' she replied. 'There is also a little stable for your horse. I'll make room for you at the stove and I myself will sleep on the bench.'

"So, after distributing a handful of cigarettes among the villagers, I accompanied the peasant woman. Happening to look round, I saw meaning smiles on the faces of several of the peasants.

"No doubt they thought I was seeking an amorous adventure! In due course I got the woman to tell me her story again in full detail."

Felix had now finished his very interesting report, and he looked at me expectantly.

"What do you think of the business?" he asked.

"Well, that's not so easy to say at the moment. I'll turn it all over in my mind to-day. In any case, I must pay a visit to the place myself. We can discuss it again in the morning."

At this we left the tea shop and went out into the miserable autumn night and the drenching rain. Not a soul was to be seen in the darkened streets.

"Many thanks, Felix," I said at parting. "I believe you have brought off a really fine piece of work."

I had put up at an hotel—or, at any rate, a sign to that effect hung above the door. But according to German ideas it was simply a miserable little room which no one in Germany would have thought of describing as a hotel apartment. A grubby-

looking waiter, who also filled the *rôles* of hall porter and domestic, brought me tea.

I was now anxious to get my plans quite straight. The peasant woman cannot have been by any means stupid; she obviously had a good instinct for detective work. Without doubt the old servant at the mansion had dyed his hair. But why? And why had he told the lie about his being alone. What was the young woman or the young girl doing at the mansion?

I pondered the matter further. Was it not possible that the old servitor was the Count himself, and the woman at the window the Countess, both of whom the Russians had left to act as spies behind the German front? Was this the Intelligence centre or perhaps the terminal point of the telephone cable which Felix had heard about in Mogileff?

Many ideas and plans raced through my brain, but I discarded them all. It was three o'clock in the morning before I had worked out my scheme. This I laid before Felix when he came to breakfast at nine.

Wearing tattered civilian clothes, I proposed to present myself at the deserted mansion in the guise of a Russian officer prisoner of war who had escaped and to beg for shelter. If the man did not see through me I should have gained a point. It would then be my task to win the confidence of the "servant," who was probably the Count himself. After that everything must be decided on the spot according to circumstances. I never doubted for a moment that by taking this course I was thrusting myself into the lion's den. On the other hand, I reflected, I had often posed as a Russian officer and, so far, had never incurred the slightest suspicion. I was fully versed in Russian military affairs and had in St. Petersburg many acquaintances among the officers there.

Felix, it is true, wrung his hands and implored me to give up this plan, which he considered far too dangerous; but my resolve was unshaken. Felix and Petrovski were to accompany

me, and the peasant woman also. Not, of course, into the mansion itself: entry there was reserved for me alone.

My three companions were to wait on the woodland path, from which they would have a good view of the old mansion. I would try at all costs to keep to the front rooms—that is, those that faced towards the path. If danger threatened me I would flash three short signals from the window with my electric torch.

If I did not report myself within twenty-four hours, Felix, Petrovski and the peasant woman were to force their way into the house.

We started on the following morning. When I looked at myself in the mirror I had to laugh. The suit was too big for me and it was decidedly shabby. I doubted whether even a close acquaintance would recognise me in this rig-out.

"Who's there?" demanded a voice in the Polish tongue as I pulled at the rusty bell chain. "What do you want at this late hour?"

"Come to the gate!" I answered in Russian. "I have something important to tell you."

Slowly and distrustfully the old servant came nearer, holding a lamp in his hand, and followed by the two dogs. He held the lamp aloft and shone it in my face. At this moment I looked closely at him and at once noticed how youthful his contenance was in contrast to the white hair.

"Are you friendly to the Germans?" I asked.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I am an escaped Russian officer who wants to get through to the Russian front," was my answer.

As I was speaking the man had masked his lamp, and he appeared to be considering.

"What proof have I that you're not a spy, a decoy?" came his voice again, out of the darkness.

"My name," I answered shortly, calmly giving the name of

an old and well-known family of the Russian nobility. "Let me come in at least for the night. It's raining so hard and is so cold. Or are you a friend of the Germans? If so, I'll continue on my way before you betray me."

I could hear from his voice that my words had not been without effect.

"I will give you shelter for one night, but tomorrow you must leave," said the supposed servant. "It's too dangerous for me. So far we have been spared having troops billeted on us, but we must always reckon with that possibility, even though we lie right away on the marshes. If you as a Russian officer were captured here I should certainly be shot."

When I was forming my plans in Pinsk I had guessed that the "old man" was merely acting the part of a servant. Now I was convinced of it. He was now speaking Russian to me with such an educated accent that I said to myself: "Old man, old man, you're playing your part very badly, making many mistakes!"

I entered the lion's den.

"Please go first," said the servant.

Our footsteps echoed uncannily in the great hall, dimly lighted by a small lamp on the wall. One of the two dogs was at our heels, the other having remained in the park.

Quite innocently I enquired of the servant whether, as a matter of courtesy, I might announce my arrival to the gentry of the house and thank them for their hospitality.

"That would be difficult," said the old man, "seeing that Count Oginski is with the Countess in St. Petersburg and I am all alone here with the two dogs."

I had put off my sodden cloak and seated myself in a deep armchair. The lamp now stood on the table, bathing me in light, while the great hall lay in semi-darkness. A few paces away crouched the dog, his eyes fixed steadily upon me.

I was positive that in the next few hours my life would be

at stake. One of us twain would have to go under. While I was thinking this I heard a faint bell tinkling. Not a doubt of it: that was a telephone which appeared to be in the cellar directly below me. The dog growled, while the old man cast a furtive glance at me to see whether I had noticed anything. But I merely asked innocently why the dog had suddenly growled, and again the old man was deceived.

"Probably someone passing behind the park wall," he replied. "In this part of the world you find ragamuffins everywhere. It's unpleasant to be so lonely here at night."

As I sat in the archair with the lamp shining full upon me and talked to the old man, I suddenly and distinctly saw, close by, a heavy curtain move. I drew my hand across my eyes. No, it was not a dream: a woman's eyes were gazing at me fixedly. So the peasant woman's sight had been good!

And another thought flashed through my head—probably behind that curtain was the entrance to the cellar. At least two minutes had passed since the telephone bell had rung, during which time the mysterious woman had probably answered the call.

Thus in the first ten minutes of my visit I had discovered much. Already I knew three important facts. First, the man who posed as servant had dyed hair was probably the Count himself; secondly, there was a woman in the house, probably the Countess; thirdly, the secret telephone was in the vaults, exactly beneath where I was sitting.

For the moment, it is true, I was in a trap, for I did not rightly know which of the rooms faced towards the road. I had to find that out as quickly as possible, for the Count and the woman were certain to have determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. If I could discover the room in question I should be saved, for both Felix and Petrovski were well armed and could force their way into the mansion in a few minutes.

These thoughts were passing through my brain when I

heard once more the faint tinkle of the telephone bell in the cellar. Again glancing at me apprehensively, the servant enquired whether I would like to be shown to my room. I had only been waiting for that.

The ancient mansion was much larger than it appeared to be from the road. It had a deep frontage on the park. We passed through a long, low-ceilinged corridor which had doors only on the left side. Here and there on the other side, about six feet above the ground, were small barred windows. Through these, the moon having suddenly appeared in the sky, I saw clearly the silhouette of trees. So the road lay to the right of the corridor! The servant now opened one of the doors and lighted a huge, old-fashioned lamp.

"This is not really a bedroom," he explained, "but it's nice and warm. I will make you up a bed on the sofa."

When he had left the room I stepped to the window before which hung a heavy and ancient curtain. Drawing this back I saw that the window opened not on to the part, but into a lighting shaft. The room was a handsome one, with heavy old furniture and two massive bookcases set against the wall.

While the servant was making up the bed on the sofa I studied him intently. The hair was dyed, but badly so. It had partly grown since the process and at the roots it was black. After laying me an appetising supper, including a bottle of wine, he took a respectful leave, mentioning that he was now about to turn the second dog loose.

"So many tramps wander about the wood," he told me. "To-day there have been more than usual. The dog in the park has been continually growling and running to the gate."

I had not the least doubt that I should now be kept under observation from some hidden place. It was not an accident that I had been given this room. This large and ancient mansion, which must contain at least thirty rooms, certainly possessed a guest chamber.

Was the food poisoned? No, that was hardly likely. But as for the wine I preferred to leave it alone, since there was a probability that it was drugged. After glancing through several of the books I simulated a yawn and began to undress. I had, as a matter of fact, discovered the secret watcher. Between the two bookcases hung an old portrait of a knight, and as I was accidentally passing this I saw two human and sparkling eyes disappear from behind the pierced eye-holes of the picture.

I put out the lamp and stretched myself on the sofa. Behind the wall on which hung the portrait I heard soft footfalls. Then everything was silent as the grave, but for the monotonous patter of rain drops. But this time I was convinced that the Count and Countess distrusted me, and that the victor in this contest would be he who got his blow in first.

In letting the second hound loose in the park the Count had made a blunder for which he was to pay heavily. I knew that Felix had brought three police dogs with him, and these would certainly do their duty.

Finding myself suddenly overtaken by fatigue, I sat up in bed to prevent myself from falling asleep. It would soon be time to act. In the adjoining room a clock droned out twelve strokes, then all was silent again. I rose noiselessly and went to the door. The key was on the inside. I turned it gently and then opened the door without a sound. Then I slipped back the safety catch of my revolver. In the corridor, too, everything was still. Only the wind in the trees was to be heard.

Across the road, barely fifty paces from where I stood, Felix and Petrovski awaited my signal. I could have flashed it now through one of the tiny barred windows. There was the 95 per cent. certainty that the secret telephone lay below in the vaults. And it was not usual in a country mansion to instal the telephone in a cellar.

I could, as I have said, have given the signal quite easily now. But I cogitated the matter. No, it was still too early. I must first

see whether I could not learn something more. So with my fingers touching the wall I crept forward foot by foot. The last door in front of the hall was not quite closed, and through the gap a narrow beam of light streamed into the corridor. Noiseless as a cat, I edged my way nearer and was just in time to hear the Count say:

"I don't know, but this stranger doesn't please me. It's true he speaks Russian fluently and knows all about affairs in St. Petersburg, yet I could almost swear that three weeks ago I saw him at the 'Bristol' in Warsaw, dressed as a German officer."

"But that would mean death to us, Vitya," the Countess answered. "I will go at once to see whether he is asleep. If he drank that wine he ought to be sleeping soundly enough," and with these words she moved towards the door. I sprang round the corner into the hall, then listened with both ears. But all I heard were the footsteps of the Countess in the distance.

When making my spring I had knocked against a small table, but in the excitement of the moment I did not notice what nearly proved to be my doom. The Count had heard the noise. . . .

Very quietly I crept through the hall, my hands outstretched. It was pitch dark. Then I touched the curtain behind which the Countess had lately stood while she watched me. I drew this back and stepped behind it. Then, very cautiously, I switched on my pocket torch. I stood in a very narrow alcove, little more than a niche, which in former times had probably contained a statue. On the floor lay a small but heavy Persian rug. I lifted it up and found what I had expected: a wooden trap door.

But in my excitement I had failed to hear the Count creeping after me, and I did not know that he was now standing behind the curtain. I drew back the bolt and raised the door of the

trap. A steep spiral staircase led down to the vaults. With my torch alight and feeling every inch of my way, I began to descend the stairs. Then, with a fearful crash, the trap door was slammed down above me and the bolt shot home.

I heard only the loud and mocking laughter of the Count. . . .

I was in a trap, but still determined to sell my life as dearly as might be. Flashing my torch on the door above, I saw it had a bolt on the inside as well. This I shot home too, before the Count had time to remember it.

Then I continued down the steep stairs. I found myself in a large vault, which in olden days may have served as a refuge or a granary. One corner was very neatly fitted up. It was furnished with a table, telephone and two heavy club chairs. Various papers lay on the table. There was no window, but in the left-hand wall I noticed a door fastened with an old-fashioned lock.

I quickly took my bearings. This door must lead to a room which faced the roadway. If I could contrive to open the door with a pick-lock, and if the adjoining room had a window looking out on the road, then I was saved.

At this moment a loud voice sounded in the vault, echoing strangely through the place. I started involuntarily. Surely there was no one in the vault except myself. Then I listened again. The voice came through a speaking-tube that was fitted in the corner. I went up to it and heard the jeering tones of the Count.

"Well, my German colleague, so you walked into the trap! And so clumsily! Did you really think us so stupid? Naturally, we were prudent enough to provide ourselves with a second telephone. As you will never leave this cellar alive I will even satisfy your curiosity. The second telephone is fitted in the little chapel in the park. In four weeks' time I'll come down to the vault and bury your corpse in the forest."

At these words my blood ran cold. If Felix and Petrovski forced their way in at the end of twenty-four hours, would they find me in the cellar? If the Count had replaced the thick rug over the trap door I should not be able to hear what was going on above, and in that case I would really be lost. . . .

Taking the skeleton key from my pocket, I began working on the lock. The Count, of course, could not know that I carried such an implement on me. So simple was the ancient lock that I had it open in a few minutes. The door, of massive oak, groaned on its rusty hinges. At this moment, I knew, my life hung by a thread. If the room had no window facing the road my opening of the door would be wasted effort, and a miserable death by starvation would be my certain fate. On the threshold I all but tripped over some object that lay behind it. I flashed my torch downward and started back in horror. It was the corpse of an elderly man, already in an advanced state of decomposition, the features horribly twisted.

But at the moment I had other anxieties. Did this room have a window fronting the road? I lighted up the wall and almost cried aloud for joy. Some five feet above me was a small window covered by a close-meshed grill. I was saved!

With my torch I gave the agreed signal in Morse, repeating it several times. Would they see it? Outside shone the moon, and through that narrow barred window I could discern the wide gate and behind it the forest. Then I saw Felix and Petrovski emerge from the trees and run across the road. So they *had* seen my signals.

I now hastened back to the vault, climbed the staircase and waited just under the trap door. Despite the thick rug I heard shots in the hall—then all was silent. Then the stillness was shattered by one appalling scream. Knowing that my friends would not easily detect the trap door, I returned to the window and flashed more signals. Then suddenly the shutter was opened and I saw Felix before me. I explained to him where the trap

door lay, and barely five minutes later I heard the bolt drawn back. I stepped out into the niche in the hall and was at once embraced by Felix and Petrovski, who wept for joy at seeing me.

Lying bound on the thick carpet lay the Count and Countess, side by side, guarded by the police dogs. The Countess's dress was badly torn. In attempting to escape she had been roughly mauled by one of the police dogs. Felix and Petrovski had brought all the lamps they could find into the hall, which was now ablaze with light.

Petrovski, with a couple of well-aimed bullets, had disposed of the great hounds outside when they tried to keep him from the gate.

It was now my turn to laugh at the Count. He lay on his back, his face convulsed. As Felix and Petrovski had not brought sufficient rope, only the legs of the two prisoners were bound. The Count had thrown away his revolver, and although their hands were free they seemed helpless with their feet tied.

"The tables have been turned!" I said to the Count. "You were going to let me die a horrible death from starvation in the vault, but now things are different. You had better understand that. But you were quite right in thinking you had seen me at the 'Bristol' in Warsaw. You were sitting at the next table, but at that time your hair was dark, Count Oginski."

He gnashed his teeth in impotent fury.

Together with Felix I then returned to the vault, where we saw the papers on the table. So secure against detection had the Count felt himself that he had left a large number of military reports simply lying there. Part of them were in the handwriting of his wife. Both, therefore, were flagrantly guilty of espionage and more than ripe for court-martial. I caused the telephones in the vault and in the little park chapel to be destroyed.

Although repeatedly questioned by Petrovski as to who the

dead man in the cellar was, the Count refused to say a word. Who could this be who had met so dreadful an end?

We were soon to regret the shortage of rope for the prisoners' bonds. The Count must have contrived to take some poison out of his pocket and pass some of it unseen to his wife, for suddenly both were seized with spasms and foamed at the mouth. Petrovski shouted for me.

Thinking that the prisoners had perhaps broken from their bonds, Felix and I dashed into the hall. But we arrived too late. Both the captives were *in extremis*. A few last spasms, and then the end came.

Meanwhile day was dawning outside, a cold, wet autumn day. It was still raining. Near the chapel in the grounds Felix and Petrovski buried the Count and Countess, and beside them the unknown dead man I had found in the vault.

We stayed at the mansion two days to investigate the copious material we had discovered there. It put us on the tracks of three other spies behind our front, one in Warsaw and two in Pinsk.

Pending the arrival of a guard from the nearest military post to prevent any plundering of the deserted and valuable mansion, I installed Felix as administrator. But before leaving I once more visited every room in the place, which was decorated and furnished on the most sumptuous scale. And all this in a wilderness of marshland! Generations had come and gone, and centuries had passed over this venerable mansion, forgotten by the world.

Now it lay ownerless. Count Oginski was the last of his house, and he too had gone to join his ancestors. A chill wind sighed through the park, driving before it the fallen leaves. Above the marshes a grey mist hovered. At the park gates a wandering monk tugged at the rusty bell, but none opened to him.

Already the grey mist was creeping over the ancient park, lying dense and heavy above the chapel and the newly turned graves. And out of this grey pall rose the spectral outlines of the old grey mansion, standing there in the illimitable marsh-land.

THE MOSCOW TRAP: TWO THOUSAND POUNDS OR DEATH*

By Lieutenant A. Bauermeister

TWO trustworthy agents had recently returned from Siberia with reports that seemed to be very serious. In Siberia the "Whites"—anti-Bolsheviks—were preparing a powerful blow at the Bolshevik Government. With the Czecho-Slovak legions, Austrian prisoners of war, they had considerable forces under their control, and the Bolsheviks were in retreat along the whole front. Moreover, the white troops were being supported in the district north of the Caspian Sea by the advancing army of General Krymoff, before whom the Bolshevik hordes were flying in panic.

If the Whites succeeded in inflicting a decisive defeat on the Bolshevik forces nothing would stand in their way. In that event they would, without a doubt, annul the peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk and declare war on us anew. Nor was there any doubt that the mass of the Russian populace, disgusted at the frightful atrocities of the Bolsheviks, would rally round a new White Government.

Were such a situation to develop our troops in the East

*From "Spies Break Through," by Lieut. A. Bauermeister. Used by special permission of the publishers, Constable & Co., Ltd., London; published in London, 1934.

would not be adequate, and we should have to withdraw forces from the Western front.

I was informed by Commissary Antonoff that a very grave view of the situation was taken in Moscow. He therefore proposed that I should visit him in Moscow to examine for myself the state of affairs.

I thought the matter over all night long, finally saying to myself that, anyway, one must die some day or other. Then better perish in the service of one's country than perhaps die ingloriously in bed of some malady! Moreover, the Commissary Antonoff had given me his word of honour that he would support me unconditionally. So I decided to travel to Moscow *viâ* St. Petersburg.

At this juncture a sojourn in either St. Petersburg or Moscow was hardly to be recommended. The social-revolutionary Jewess, Dora Kaplan, had recently fired at Lenin and gravely wounded him. Whilst Lenin fought with death the Cheka ran amok. Day and night motor lorries packed with arrested people raced through the streets. On one day alone I counted seven fully-loaded lorries. The unfortunate prisoners were packed together like sardines, their faces convulsed, their eyes glassy. The women tore their hair and shrieked most pitifully for mercy. At this time two hundred men, women, and children were being butchered every day in the Cheka's Lubianka prison.

Moscow resembled a gigantic ant-hill. The *bourgeoisie* had left their dwellings, in order not to be discovered by the Cheka. They spent the night sleeping on staircases, in empty barracks, or deserted country houses.

Commissary Antonoff had not only given me a safe conduct, but had also provided secure accommodation for me. This was formerly a citizen's dwelling which had now been placed under the "protection" of the Cheka.

One evening as I was passing through the Marosseika street

on my way home, a young girl, almost a child, suddenly emerged from a doorway and threw herself upon me, sobbing in heartrending fashion.

"Help me, if you are Christian! I have not eaten anything for two days and I have no roof to shelter me!"

Thousands of these unhappy and homeless people were wandering aimlessly through the streets of Moscow. "Come with me," I said. "But you must not cry any more, or we shall attract attention if a patrol comes by and they will stop us."

Even to-day, despite the lapse of fifteen years, I still look back with horror at what I saw in Moscow in those days. Human life was not worth a farthing. The bourgeois class were shot down like dogs, their dwellings plundered, and valuables of all kinds squandered. No citizen knew in the morning whether he would be alive by evening. Families became separated in their flight. On the country roads and in the streets of the city thousands of orphaned children strayed.

After I had provided the young girl with a hearty meal she told me her story.

The Smolny Institute for daughters of the nobility had been closed. With her small savings she had managed to reach her parents' estate. But where the castle of her ancestors had once stood lay now a heap of ruins. . . .

She sat down on a bench in the grounds upon which she had often rested in happier hours. Then she heard footsteps; the old family retainer, Efim, stood before her. His dishevelled locks and staring eyes made him a weird figure. "Your Highness, your Highness!" he exclaimed in a trembling voice.

He then told the young princess all that had happened. Led by an agitator from Moscow, the peasants had sacked the castle and set it on fire, after murdering the prince and his lady.

"An awful visitation from the Almighty has fallen on Russia!" stammered the old man, raising his face to the sky. "You must go, your Highness, before the peasants see you!" Old

Efim then conducted the young princess by devious paths to the nearest railway station. "He pressed his last money upon me, the faithful old soul," she sobbed. "And the day before yesterday I spent the last 50 copecks on a loaf of bread."

I was deeply moved by this story, though it was but a minor episode, a mere fractional incident in the death of multitudes. Overcome by what she had been through, the young princess suddenly fell asleep in the chair in which she sat.

Without waking the poor child I laid her on a sofa and covered her with a rug.

Five rapid knocks resounded on the door: that was the signal I had arranged with my agent Petrovski. He made his way through the White Army's front, and he gave me a detailed report on the military situation there. "It is only a temporary success. The Whites are short of munitions and they are not united. Even the senior leaders quarrel among themselves. The soldiers are freezing for want of winter clothing. Many of them are grumbling already. Bolshevik agents and agitators swarm behind the front, inciting the troops against their leaders."

Petrovski's statement confirmed at every point the various reports I had recently received in Moscow. In order to form a final judgment on the situation I made an appointment to meet my agent, Staff Captain N., the master spy to whom I have already referred, in one of the suburbs of Moscow.

"You here?—In the midst of the Bolsheviks!" he ejaculated, staring at me incredulously as though I were a ghost. "Well, that's the last thing I should ever have expected!"

He then informed me in the deepest dejection that what had been reported to me was true; that the White troops, left in the lurch by the Allies, without munitions or winter clothing, were lending an ever readier ear to the Bolshevik agitators.

"The cause is lost! In a very short time the attempt to save Russia will collapse," he said, drawing his hand across his eyes.

I now knew all that I wanted. There was no further danger

for us. The success of the White Armies was only a passing affair. There was no longer any question of the Bolsheviks being defeated. That the White Armies, deserted by the Entente and destitute of war material and clothing, would speedily collapse, was now certain.

The Grand Duke Michail Alexandrovitch, in his memoirs entitled "Once I was a Grand Duke," has related in moving words how the Allies not only left the Russians to their fate, but even delivered the White leader, Admiral Koltchak, over to the Bolsheviks through the agency of the French General, Janin. In lending himself to this detestable treachery General Janin must have known quite well that the Bolsheviks would shoot the admiral once they had him in their clutches.

And so it was.

The admiral had to pay with his life for his fidelity to the Entente. A gallant soldier from head to heel, Admiral Koltchak faced the rifles with perfect composure.

Even the brutal Red soldiery were deeply moved by the heroic conduct of the betrayed admiral.

At the place of execution Admiral Koltchak took a massive gold cigarette case from his pocket.

"I shan't need this when I am dead. It is solid gold and I give it to you. But don't shilly-shally over this business. I am not angry with you: it's not your fault. You have been ordered to shoot me. But do it quickly, my brothers, I beg of you!"

The admiral stood erect before the firing squad. The volley crashed out. Admiral Koltchak fell forward on to the grass. But in their nervous state the soldiers had aimed badly. . . . The admiral was not yet dead. So the officer in charge of the squad stepped forward and gave Koltchak the *coup de grâce* through his forehead. . . .

Whilst in the Lubianka prison of the Cheka the middle classes were being shot like mad dogs, whilst miserable fugitives hid in alley-ways and barracks and all life seemed dead,

the Chekists with their spies and accomplices foregathered in secret clubs to hold orgies in celebration of the vile work they had done. To one of these clubs Commissary Antonoff introduced me.

The copious drinks that were consumed here as a sedative to nerves after the intoxication of bloodshed were paid for not with money but with jewels and other valuables taken from victims at their execution. It was well understood that the executioner came into possession of everything found upon his victim. On the first and only evening I visited this club I met that abominable wholesale executioner, Varga. Like so many of his vile trade, Varga was not a Russian. He was supposed to have been a Hungarian; at all events he spoke Russian badly.

As I passed the table where he sat, very drunk and obviously under the influence of cocaine, he was boasting that on the previous night he had "settled" sixty-one "Burschui"—this being the slang term for members of the *bourgeoise*. Then, diving into his right-hand trouser pocket, he produced a handful of rings set with brilliants and pearls. Another dive into the pocket and out came a number of gold watches which he laid on the table. Among them I noticed several ladies' watches.

"If only the women wouldn't make such a fuss about things," he growled. "Yesterday one of these 'bits' sprang at my throat and tried to strangle me. Yes, she didn't want to die and she had to die!"

I was overcome with horror at this disgusting beast in the form of a man. Thick pouches bulged under his eyes; his long black moustache hung down like a Chinaman's, and his skull was shaved. For two years he held the record for the number of his executions. Then, one day, he was thrown into a madhouse. Drunk with blood after several executions, he had suddenly turned on his assistants and shot six of them down one after the other.

When I returned to my own table I found seated on the

chair next to mine a damnably beautiful woman, wearing the uniform of the Cheka. "She is from the ballet of the Grand Theatre—the Opera," said my neighbour; "and was once the mistress of a Grand Duke. She is so fond of money and so utterly callous that she sometimes horrifies me. But as a helper she is uncommonly valuable to us; we use her for particularly delicate transactions."

A few minutes later I was in animated conversation with this beautiful police spy. I ordered three bottles of wine and was the only person present who paid in money. Towards midnight the crowd was in the wildest spirits, yet only a few streets away their unhappy victims waited with fevered eyes for the dreadful end. The executioner Varga, now so drunk that he could hardly stand, was talking again, this time about a particularly repulsive execution which had taken place in the previous week.

"Won't you keep up the fun with me a little longer?" I was asked by the pretty Chekist, who ordered another bottle of champagne. "I can tell you all kinds of interesting things. Only last week I was with the Whites in Samara, where I turned the head of an old general."

Instantly I was on the alert.

"But why do you think that would interest me?" I replied smilingly to the seductive lady, trying to appear quite innocent.

She bent towards me and brought her lips close to my ear. "I know who you are! Yesterday I saw you in the Marosseika with a very pretty young girl. I know, too, that you are here with the knowledge of a certain Cheka official. So you see you may trust me. Won't you come with me?"

Hearing these words in such surroundings gave me a queer sensation.

"I really can't come to-night; I am much too tired," I replied. "But I'll come to-morrow evening if that suits you—about

eight o'clock, if that will do. In any case, it will be my last evening in Moscow."

At this she laughed so loudly that people at neighbouring tables stared at us. "What is it?" I asked, in astonishment. "Nothing, nothing!" she nodded smilingly, and then told me where I was to go on the following evening.

"It is really a little outside the city on the way to Klin, a rather lonely road. There are two country houses on the right-hand side of the road. The other side is not built upon, and the fields are covered with dense undergrowth. I live in the second house."

It was already two o'clock in the morning when I reached my apartment, Petrovski opening the door at my knock.

"You go to bed now, my dear Petrovski," I said. "Why are you still awake?"

"I'll tell you that quite frankly," he answered. "I don't trust all this quietness; I have a feeling that you are being followed by someone or other. This evening two suspicious characters were walking up and down in front of the house for hours. I should be jolly glad if you were back in Reval, safe and sound."

"Oh! go away. You are seeing ghosts!"

I grasped the brave Petrovski by the hand and pushed him into his room. He had stuck to me like a brother, and would have gone through fire for me if I had asked him to. Then, as the room was thick with smoke, I opened the window. Yes—it was quite true! On the far side of the street stood two men whose appearance I did not like. They were engaged in brisk conversation. So perhaps Petrovski had not been seeing ghosts after all. I closed the window. A sharp report caused me to spring aside. One of the men had fired at me. The bullet glanced off the wall and a shower of mortar fell to the ground.

I extinguished the light and went into my bedroom. On the table lay a note from the little princess. I read:

"Dear Captain.—I have waited till twelve o'clock but am now so tired that I must sleep. I hope nothing has happened to you; I am so worried about you. I am very grateful to you for sheltering a poor refugee like me. What is to become of me when you go away to-morrow? Dear, good Captain, please take me with you! A friend of my murdered Father lives in Riga and would certainly take me in. Your deeply grateful M.P."

Petrovski had already left the house to tell Commissary Antonoff about the shot aimed at me out of the dark. I sat in the drawing-room and let my thoughts dwell upon everything: the previous night at the club, the Cheka agent who had been a ballet dancer, and the man who had fired at me. . . .

I was convinced that he was a spy, probably working for the Entente. But the pretty Cheka agent? What did she want with me? Under no circumstances could *she* be an Entente agent. Or was she playing a double game? "No, no," I cogitated; "in that case she would have been exposed long ago and shot."

Then the little princess knocked at the door. She was rejoiced to see me safe and came up to me, pressing my hand hard. "I have read your letter, your Highness," I told her; whereupon she blushed like a small child.

"Do not desert me!" she stammered.

"No, of course I will do as you wish and take you with me."

At this she fell on my neck and wept for joy. She, the once pampered little princess, set the breakfast table like a young housewife, and then glanced sideways at me every now and then to see whether I had everything I wanted.

We sat together for two hours waiting for Petrovski to return. I told her about the woman Cheka agent who had invited me to visit her that evening, and described how I was to get to her house.

The princess began to cry. "But, your Highness," I said

soothingly; "I may perhaps gain important information, and with my proverbial luck nothing will happen to me. So not a word more about it!"

At eleven o'clock Petrovski returned with the news that Commissary Antonoff had detailed two agents to look after my safety. At seven o'clock that evening I left the house.

"Dear Captain, do let me come with you," pleaded the little princess. "I can wait near the house."

"No," I replied; "that wouldn't do at all. You must stay at home. Petrovski is here to protect you. I shall be back in three hours, and then to-morrow we'll start for Reval." With these words I quickly left her.

A cold wind whistled through the deserted streets; the first flakes of snow were dancing in the breeze. I had a long way to go, but far and wide not a cab was to be seen. A lantern burned dimly at the corner of the road where I had to turn. The first country villa was obviously untenanted. In the second one the shutters were closed, but not fastened, and a light was visible. Peering through the crevice I saw the pretty Cheka spy, wearing a dazzling evening frock, laying the supper table. I knocked at the door. It was opened by the woman herself, who led me inside and into a room furnished in the most luxurious fashion. Before a heavy silk portière stood a sofa against a round table. In one heavy silver wine cooler stood a bottle of genuine vodka, in another a bottle of champagne. On a small side table was a gramophone.

"Please be seated, Herr Oberleutnant Bauermeister," she said in broken German.

"You hinted yesterday that you knew who I was," I answered. "Where did you learn that?"

But she only laughed and pressed me down on the sofa. My suspicion increased, and I determined to keep very much on the alert. The dishes set before me were delicious; the vodka and the wine were perfect.

"May I for once talk business with you?" she suddenly began.

"Business?" I enquired in surprise.

"Well, this is the matter: You have done great injury to the cause of the Entente, as no one knows better than yourself. They have completely lost the vast sums of money and the property they once possessed in Russia. Now you are an Intelligence Officer of the German High Command, and as such are naturally well-informed as to Germany's general military situation. I am now authorised to hand you ten thousand dollars in return for a detailed report on this subject, and also to enlist you in our service at a fixed monthly salary. What do you say to that?"

"What do I say? That I should regard it as—let us say—a great insult on your part if you really believed that I could consider such an offer for a moment."

"Is that your last word? If so, you may regret it very much. May I remind you of the Myasoydov affair? The death sentence against you still remains in force. Is it to be put into effect?"

"In the first place, Colonel Myasoydov was never an agent of mine, and, secondly, the Soviet Government has no intention of executing this sentence on me," I answered calmly.

"But supposing I tell you that if you refuse you will never leave this room alive, Herr Oberleutnant? That all the necessary measures to that end have been taken?"

"I thought you were an agent of the Cheka and not of the Entente," I retorted. "You are running a great risk; do you realise that?"

Before I could draw my revolver a cord was thrown around my neck from behind, by someone concealed between the folds of the heavy curtain. I lost consciousness, and heard as if from far off several shots in rapid succession.

When I opened my eyes again I was lying on a sofa. The

little princess knelt at my side with tears in her eyes. Behind her stood the trusty Petrovski and Commissary Antonoff. Only slowly did I recover myself.

"What is it?" I asked feebly. The princess laid her head on my breast and sobbed.

"Shortly after you had left I came to call on you," Commissary Antonoff replied. "The young princess told me briefly where you had gone, and begged me on her knees to follow you. I would have done so in any case, because this woman Selenina has been under suspicion for some time as an agent of the Entente. The shutters were not tightly closed, and through the gap I saw a man, who had been standing behind the curtain, cast a rope around your neck and draw it tight. At that moment I fired through the window and shattered the woman's left hand. Yes, Lieutenant; it was the little princess who saved your life!"

I sat up and looked about me. On the tablecloth was a large pool of blood. On the sofa, bound with ropes, sat the pretty dancer and the man who had tried to strangle me. I stood upright, but was so weak that the little princess had to support me.

"The instinct of self-preservation compels me to remove these two people from the world," the Commissary continued. "I have to think of my family. Please go into the garden for a moment with the princess. I'll soon follow you."

As we stood at the garden gate we heard firing, and counted six shots. Then Commissary Antonoff came out of the house.

"They have been executed," was all he said.

At these words the princess collapsed. Two cabs which Antonoff had brought stood at the corner of the road. "You drive on with the princess," he requested. "I will follow."

"You have saved my life, your Highness," I told her when we were in the cab, and pressed her hand. "Why did you do it?"

"Why?" she whispered. "Because you also saved me in my hour of greatest need!" All that night we sat in the drawing-room, talking about our lives till the dawn came.

In the morning Commissary Antonoff and Staff Captain N. came to say farewell. My mission was at an end: I had a complete picture of the military situation in Russia.

That evening I left for Reval, accompanied by the young princess and Petrovski.

MARTHE McKENNA

MARTHE McKENNA, then Marthe Cnockaert, was a Belgian girl who witnessed too much of the looting, destruction and wanton brutality of the German invasion in August, 1914. She was generous enough to serve as a hospital nurse, and earned the high regard of the German medical authorities. But what she had seen and the harsh discipline of the oppressor which she, her parents and their neighbors were all experiencing, inspired her to undertake the audacious career of a spy.

For two years Marthe was "Laura" of the Anglo-Belgian Intelligence system. She was brave and ingenious, and but for one of those small, fatal slips which have extinguished so many espionage careers, she might have continued her daring and and invaluable "side-line" until the Armistice. However, she was detected, convicted and condemned to death. Because of her splendid nursing record and the tireless devotion she had shown hundreds of enemy wounded and sick, her sentence was commuted to imprisonment. And so this heroine—and she was surely that in two capacities—survived until the military prison doors swung wide in Belgium. She afterward married a British officer and today resides in Westroosebeke, where her amazing memoirs have been composed.

In her subterranean endeavors Marthe or "Laura" enjoyed

the supreme advantage of comradeship. Her colleagues were equally daring and resourceful, and helped to form a nearly unbeatable "team." Marthe writes eloquently and proudly of her association with them: Romany Rondeel or "Canteen Ma," an Intelligence agent of priceless diligence, concealment and mobility; Alphonse Le Coutrier, the Alsatian ambulance driver; Stephan Piltowitz, the Pole, whose love affair with a girl of Lille whom the Germans executed lent an explosive fire to his undercover work for the Entente; Brut Verhagen, an elderly Belgian notary, and an espionage organizer of outstanding abilities; "Jean Nestor," an officer of the British Secret Service; and many others. It was a deadly and devastating war on all fronts, and in this hardly suspected theatre of secret conflict it is evident that the Allies fought only with weapons of the truest temper.

A JOURNEY TO BRUSSELS*

By Marthe McKenna

SUMMER had come. The sun shone down brilliantly on life in Roulers and the songs of the birds made a pleasant contrast to the almost incessant roll of gun-fire. Stray shells still soared over the town occasionally, but they usually exploded in the air or plunged harmlessly into the fields. Curiously enough, for all that year the casualties from shell-fire had only been two aged cart-horses, which were to be sent to the knacker's yard within a few days in any case!

It suddenly began to strike me that something unusual was happening in Roulers. There was a tremendous air of animation among the Germans, but their activity was of a new kind and not like that which used to take place before an attack. Sometimes it looked as though our conquerers had all gone mad. Fatigue parties spent their days polishing the floors of the hospital till they glimmered like glass, and men were tying rags on the end of long poles in order to dust the lofty ceilings. In the streets the German soldiers walked in clean new uniforms, and their equipment seemed to have lost its battered appearance. Squads paraded in the streets, moving like automatons, practising the goose-step with eyes and faces of wood.

* From "I Was a Spy!" by Marthe McKenna. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1933.

Alphonse grumbled to me that he had had to spend the whole of the last evening, after returning from a heavy day with the ambulance under fire, in polishing and burnishing an aluminum bath in his barrack-room and that when he had proudly displayed it glistening like a mirror to the hospital sergeant-major, he had condemned it as terrible and called him an idler. He said that the troops in all the billets throughout Roulers were being put to work in the same way, and that everywhere the officers were making themselves unpleasant to the N.C.O.'s, and that consequently these were working off their resentment twofold on the men. He told me that one old soldier who had been a conscript before the War, said grimly that things were beginning to get quite like the good old times again!

I asked one of the doctors in the hospital what all the excitement was about. He said nobody knew, but that H.Q. had suddenly decided for some reason to hurl the full force of its frightfulness upon the Roulers authorities, and that we were all feeling the concussion. I knew there must be some reason for this. Then one day Alphonse met me in the corridor. He paused for a moment in passing and said in an undertone:

"The Kaiser is due at Menin next week. He will be coming on here later.—Can you find out the date and time?"

So that was it. I might have guessed. All that day I racked my brains how to get reliable information. Suppose that I succeeded in bringing about the death of the German Emperor. It was said that it was he who was responsible for the War; what, therefore, would happen at his death?—A sharp thrill of excitement ran through me, and I determined that there must be no mistake in this affair. Yet who in Roulers could provide me with the necessary information? It was well known that the Kaiser always kept his movements as secret as possible for fear of attempts on his life. The Monday of the week before the Kaiser's expected visit came, but my head was empty of ideas and I began to despair.

"Canteen Ma" called at the door early. As she handed me our weekly vegetables and I was examining them for freshness she slipped a pincushion into my hand.—So they also knew! When I ripped open the pincushion in my room the message read: "Kaiser arrives Roulers latter half next week for brief inspection. Time and Date, etc., for information British aircraft."

Elegant staff officers with tight waists and important faces began to flood Roulers. Then generals arrived in cars, and everybody went about in a bad temper. The General Staff were arrived in person to see that everything in Roulers was fit for the eyes of the mighty war-lord, and the heel-clicking could have been heard in Ypres.

When I answered a summons to the Oberartz' office on the Tuesday morning in the week before the expected Royal visit, he was seated with a tall Staff Colonel, one of these steely-blue-eyed men with fierce fair moustaches brushed upwards. He rose smartly upon being introduced, bowed, clicked his heels, smiled in a refined manner, and bowed again. The Oberartz asked me to show the Colonel round the wards and to explain everything to him, excusing himself on the count that a number of bad cases had just been brought in and that his presence was needed in the operating theatre.

The Colonel followed me round, always seeming interested, always courteous. He never found fault with anything, and from time to time uttered well-bred little jokes to me which evidently amused him tremendously and which I pretended to be much amused at myself. He was certainly a very polished person. As we approached the door of the Oberartz' office on our return, he surpised me by suddenly saying:

"Perhaps if you find yourself free you would care to lunch with me to-morrow, mein Fräulein?" The Colonel had shown himself to be a talkative man, and I saw a glimmer of hope

in this direction. "There is nothing would please me better, Herr Colonel," I assured him.

It might be said of that lunch next day that we got along "famously." At the end he swallowed his liqueur and called for a second.

"Mein Fräulein," he smiled, "life must be tedious in the extreme here in Roulers, for a girl of your standing and education." He gestured with his cigarette gracefully. "Would you not care to come for a while to Brussels, to see the opera, to eat decent food?" I coloured. Food was not what he was thinking about. His hand clasped my wrist.

"Do not be afraid, little one," he soothed. "It shall be as you wish. I shall not urge you. Come—and I will strive my utmost to make your stay a pleasure. I will personally guarantee your safety, and I can procure for you a special pass.—And now I will escort you to the hospital, Fräulein. As for what I suggest, it is for you to decide." He rose and pulled back my chair.

Near the hospital gates the road was deserted and he paused and caught my arm. Then gently raising my chin so that his blue eyes gazed into mine he murmured: "Well, have you decided, mein Fräulein?" I had been thinking furiously during the walk to the hospital.

"Herr Colonel," I said, "I have decided. I will stay with you in Brussels." He kissed my hand gently.

"What excuse will you make to obtain leave of absence from the hospital?" he asked, a trifle anxiously.

"My grandmother lives in Brussels. I will tell the Herr Oberartz that she is very ill and is asking to see me, and that you, Herr Colonel, have had the goodness to procure for me a pass."

"That is so," he laughed, "I am a good Samaritan, indeed!" His arm was about my shoulder, and I think he would have kissed me had not a couple of young officers turned into the

street and saluted him rigidly as they passed. "Take the evening train to-morrow," he went on, his eyes returning to mine. "You should be at Brussels soon after midnight. It is possible I may have night work, I do not know. At all events my orderly shall meet you and bring you to my hotel, where a room shall be ready for you. I shall hope for the honour of your presence at breakfast at eight-thirty the following morning.

"I shall not be able to obtain leave for more than four days from the Oberartz," I told him; for I had rapidly calculated that that was the longest I could afford to find out the information I wanted, if I was to return to Roulers and transmit what I knew over the frontier. I might hear nothing, but on the other hand this man was on the General Staff, and I might well trick him into speaking in an unguarded moment.

The Colonel saluted. "Mein Fräulein," he said softly, "it will be four days of Paradise. Until eight-thirty Friday, and the pass shall reach you to-morrow morning." He bent sharply from the waist, straightened, turned about and swaggered gaily up the dusty road. I stood watching his receding back, and the scent of the clusters of heliotrope on a nearby wall came to me on the warm air. It all seemed unreal and dream-like. Had I really promised this stranger that I would spend four days with him in Brussels? Was I mad? To what had I committed myself? What chance had I of coming through such an escapade unscathed? Why had I done it? For the sake of ravished Belgium. The thought comforted me, and I hurried through the grey stone gates and busied myself with other things.

On the Thursday morning before I left for the hospital a German soldier brought an official envelope to the café. It held the special pass and a travelling voucher. I said nothing to my mother of where I was going, for although she encouraged me in spying, I was afraid to tell her of the extreme risk to which I had now committed myself. I did warn her, however,

that that night I had a long errand to perform which might keep me away for several days, but there was no cause for unusual anxiety. Now that my course was set, I felt no qualms. If I succeeded no sacrifice could be too great. I left a note for "Canteen Ma" giving her all details, and requesting as an afterthought that some other secret agent might be near me in the hotel in case of trouble, or in case I was myself unable to transmit information I was able to obtain. I suggested that an agent might pick me up at my hotel in Brussels by reason of the fact that always, when not in evening-dress, I would wear a buttonhole of mixed snowdrops and violets without any green leaves at my collar.

A German military car was waiting outside the darkened station at Brussels, and the driver had soon settled me comfortably inside with my single suitcase. He handed me a note from the Colonel, excusing himself for his enforced absence and assuring me that for the future he had made arrangements that he should not be so detained.

I awoke next morning to find a trim maid letting up the blinds and flooding my spacious, unfamiliar bedroom with dazzling sunbeams. The silken curtains, the rich pile carpets, the wallpaper, and the soft billowing eiderdown were of deep peacock blue, and the dark furniture and the electric stove gleamed brightly. Upon the tray on which was my morning coffee was a small note in the Colonel's handwriting, and I did not need to open it to find a dead weight clutching at my heart. It had brought me back to realities. Within the hour I must meet my Colonel, and then what would follow? But somewhere near here was the Kaiser! How I hated this man whom I had never seen. This man whose vandals had overrun my country. I must keep a clear head no matter what should happen. And, ruminating thus, I dressed.

My Colonel was delighted when I appeared in the spacious

dining-room, and he devoured a huge breakfast with a light heart and much excited chatter. Being Belgian, and quite unused to a heavy meal and so much good-humour at this early hour, I left somewhat overwhelmed. After I had seen him off with promises to meet at lunch, I determined on a visit to the shops.

Walking along the Rue Royale towards the Grand Place it was heart-rending to see the change in beautiful "Petite Paris." Captured Allied guns stood in every possible space, some placarded with inspired news. The roadways badly needed repairs. It all looked shabby in the extreme. The thought struck me that I would like to let loose an army of mad painters to work their will no matter what the result, so long as that drab, seedy look was eliminated. It suddenly struck me too that, irony of ironies! it was the 21st of July!—Belgium's Independence Day, and here were a horde of marauders in field-grey lording it in Beautiful Brussels. The passers-by did not seem cowed by any manner of means. Thank God, every one wore a stiff upper lip.

The shops were a great disappointment. "It is regrettable, Mademoiselle, but we are unable to renew anything. Our stock is being gradually decreased, and where we are going to get fresh stock from, only the good Lord can say." The prices asked took my breath away. The half-blue painted shop-windows wore a thin look, for dummy show was everywhere. I nearly wept. I thought I would take a look at the old Grand Place. It was a spot that had always a restful appeal to me. Its noble and towering architecture would drive away my fit of blues.

Turning into the Boulevard Anspach I saw, trudging along, a company of English soldiers. Their prisoners' uniforms were dreadfully shabby, patches everywhere, and with pitiful, down-at-heel boots. The company drew along the kerb as a tramway car clanged its way down the street. As the car drew level

with the prisoners a shower of cigarettes and tablets of chocolates fell amongst them from the windows. One of the German guards caught sight of the person on the tramcar who had thrown the edibles. With a loud shout he mounted the moving tram to arrest the culprit who had dared to violate a strict order. The civilian, seeing that he was discovered, vaulted lightly over the iron gate of the tramcar and made rapidly for a side-street off the Boulevard Anspach, the soldier following in hot pursuit, his rifle held at the ready. As the soldier arrived at the opposite footpath, he was obstructed by a small crowd of civilians who in their haste to get out of his way encumbered him the more. Suddenly I saw a foot slyly pushed forward, and the soldier lay sprawled and cursing on the footpath. The foot belonged to the mysterious safety-pin man whom I had last seen that night in the café, when he had stabbed the military policeman and effected the double escape. He faded into the crowd.

The Colonel had returned, and we had just sat down to lunch when I was aware of the noise of distant cheers, which gradually swelled closer, till I could distinguish that they came from Belgian throats; the tramcars passing the hotel seemed to clang their bells with a louder, more insistent warning, and the commotion outside grew in volume. Springing to our feet we hurried into the entrance lobby. The door was packed with the guests all straining their necks upwards. I gradually pushed my way through, and there a sight met my eyes which thrilled me through and through. An enormous toy balloon was floating free and unfettered 250 feet above us. It was bedecked in Belgium's national colours, the envelope painted with the Tricolour of France and Union Jack of Britain. Long streamers flew proudly from the sides. "Vive la Belgique," "Vive les Alliés," embossed thereon. It sailed majestically along in the faint July breeze. A defiant gesture, and a reminder to the invader that Belgium was still in soul free and independent.

It was amazing to see the electrical effect on the civilians. Laughing jokes and words of encouragement were passed to each other as they went by, heads were held more erect. The Belgian tramcar drivers beat a methodical and persistent tattoo on the tram-bells, motor-drivers gave answering toots, the cabbies cracked their whips defiantly. Deafening noises of all descriptions rent the air until a muttering roar rose over the whole city as the emblem of freedom slowly swept away. I heard the sharp crack, crack, of rifles. The military authorities had given orders for the offending emblem to be destroyed. At each crack the tumult swelled the louder, until a final crack and the envelope was no more. The muttering roar grew fainter and fainter, but Brussels had celebrated its Independence Day!

The Colonel was furious over the affair. "Himmel," he said, "the organisers of such an outrage, a few irresponsible youths I suppose, little think what the result of such a stupid escapade can mean for the town." "After all," I reminded him innocently, "we have to celebrate our Independence Day some way or another. And then our Independence is only eighty-five years of age!—Youth will have its fling, you know."

In the evening my gallant entertainer conducted me to a motor-car. No orders were given, the driver evidently knew his destination. During our short journey I noticed that all the street-lamps and tramcar lights were painted a dark blue. The sky was slashed by the long beams of questing searchlights, and the distant staccato of anti-aircraft guns told of the activity of Allied raiders. The car pulled up at the entrance to an imposing private residence, set in its own grounds amid trees and shrubs. Several motor-cars were parked in the grounds. A ring at the doorbell, a muttered conversation, and we were allowed to enter.

Strains of soft dance music greeted us as I let the attendant take my cloak. We descended marble steps into a beautifully appointed room, profusely decked with flowers and fragrant

with perfume. Along one side of the room were red-curtained alcoves, and windows opened on to a shadowy lane along the other side. Ranged round a small dance-floor in the centre were tables. At these tables I saw noisy parties of officers of all services, and with them sat many beautiful girls with tired eyes, some Belgian, some German. Most of them were voluptuously wanton in their behaviour, for the champagne was flowing freely.

A bowing waiter led us to an alcove, and champagne was served to us. The hidden orchestra broke into a lively dance-tune. Almost without exception the officers wore that German class mark, a horrid gash down the side of the face received in some fencing brawl. Some wore monocles, and all had closely cropped hair. And the women—but who am I to judge, for my own country-women were there too! If asked, every one of them would have a harrowing tale to tell. Hounded down, driven to distraction by punishments meted out to their kinsfolk, subject to atrocities and unmentionable acts of outrage, they were caught in a holocaust over which they had no control, until they were literally driven into the arms of their oppressors by sheer want and starvation, utterly bewildered by a world gone mad. In all conscience the blame lay at the door of the invaders. The place was an ultra-select night rendezvous, a product and importation of warring Germany.

As the night passed into morning, the company became madly uproarious, singing in uncertain chorus, shouting and embracing. Three noisy late-comers, very drunk, were going the rounds of the centre tables. One of them, a Lutheran minister, carrying a huge stock-whip, beat a drunken tattoo on each table with the whip, until, at one table, unable to keep his balance, he swept off several glasses which fell to the ground with a shattering noise. Wine stained one of the girl's dresses. She struck the minister savagely in the face. He raised his whip, calling her "A filthy Belgian sow." The other officers

at the table grew excited.—He was pushed away and fell crashing on to another table with a roar of rage.

The scene might have developed into a very nasty episode, for I saw the Colonel's face grow set, but for a stern interruption from the entrance.—"Gentlemen," grated a harsh voice, "by orders of the General Commanding, all officers must report to units at once. All civilians not of German nationality must produce their identity cards for my inspection."

Faint screams of protest came from the frightened girls who hurried out of the room to seek for identity cards. The Colonel gripped by arm and whispered: "Say nothing. I will arrange this with the feld-major. Von Bissing has lost no time. His chastisement of the town for the balloon imprudence comes quickly."

When we reached the hotel we heard that Brussels was to be fined 8,000,000 marks, and that curfew was to be curtailed to five o'clock until further notice.

Three days passed at the hotel while the Colonel entertained me in the intervals of arduous duty. Had he not been an enemy officer he would have seemed a very pleasant companion. He was courteous, and honestly tried to do all he could to please me. I knew that I greatly attracted him, but beyond caressing my arm or my hand, and presenting me with flowers and small presents, he had paid me none of the attentions I had expected from his manner in Roulers.

Nor had he once visited my room.

Then on the next morning, I returned to my room in the hotel after I had been shopping, to see the door standing half-open. At first I thought it was the servant who was late in cleaning out the room, but when I pushed the door wide, a German soldier was standing with his back to me gazing out of the open window. He had just placed two strange suitcases on the ground beside the bed. Then he touched his military cap, and smirking faintly walked out without a word. I knew what

this meant. There could be no mistake in the rooms, for the Colonel's initials were on the suitcases. I sat down upon the edge of the bed, aghast. In my silly optimism I had begun to think I might learn what I wanted without having to go to such an extreme. I felt horribly lonely and frightened in a world of savage ogres as I dug my fingers miserably into the silk eiderdown, and the tears welled to my eyes.

But this was absurd. Anything which had come to pass I had brought upon myself. I was a Secret Service agent, not a ridiculous young girl. I looked at my wrist-watch, and it was about the hour when the Colonel returned to the hotel from his morning's work. He would probably be waiting for me over his vermouth in the lounge at this moment. Perhaps smiling to himself at the trick he had played me. But was it a trick? Could I have expected anything else? I left the bed, powdered my nose, tidied my hair, and slowly proceeded downstairs, wondering how the Colonel would greet me.

In the lounge the Colonel left the palm-shaded alcove where he had been sitting and approached me with his well-bred smile. Bowing, he kissed my hand and conducted me back to his alcove, after ordering further drinks. He was suave and his talk was of trivialities. He made not the slightest hint about the suitcases in my bedroom. For the first time since I had arrived in Brussels I began to worry seriously as to where was that other agent whom I had requested should if possible keep me secret company. I had received no sign and had no idea where to look. So far I had got nothing out of my Colonel, and while he talked I was thinking to myself that I wanted the company of a friend very much.

As my eye wandered round the busy lounge an announcement of a Command Concert at the Opera House for that night, suspended from a pillar, caught my attention. I asked the Colonel to take me.

"Certainly, mein Fräulein," he smiled. "It is a good sugges-

tion." Then he stroked up his moustache and gazed naïvely at the ceiling. "Music will be a fitting prelude to other delights," he continued. "Incidentally to-night at the Opera is a great gala night, for the All Highest will be present."

My heart leaped. I determined that we should dine well that night, so well that wine should unlock his tongue. It did, but not to the extent that I had wanted. At the Opera there was a dense crowd of military men but few civilians. When the All Highest entered and the orchestra crashed out "Deutschland Uber Alles," all leaped to their feet like one great wave. Then followed prolonged cheering while the audience remained standing. I thought there sounded a note of artificiality in those cheers. The Kaiser took scant notice of the people all around him. As he listlessly sat back in his box among his glittering staff I detected a sad look on his face, as though bowed down by the weight of responsibility. And here was I, a spy, within a few yards of him, planning his death! The Colonel pressed my hand in the darkness of the box and I felt his lips brush my neck.

"Why do you look nowhere but at the All Highest, with that strange look in your eyes, my angel. Come, will you not pay a little attention to me?" he whispered, and it seemed to me that I started as though struck, but apparently he noticed nothing.

Back once more in the hotel we drank coffee and brandy in the lounge. My host leaned across the table. As he lit a match for his cigar his hand trembled. His breath smelt of alcohol, which was unusual for him. I looked away, not daring to think, and the disappointment of having been able to make him disclose nothing made it all seem so painfully futile. Soon now I should be alone with him and—a German lieutenant at the next table but one deliberately winked at me and looked away. For a moment I did not understand. The Colonel was talking but I heard nothing. Was this perhaps my secret agent? Within

a minute or two the lieutenant looked at me again, nodded faintly, got to his feet and walked to the lift.

"Come, little one," suggested the Colonel rising a trifle unsteadily. "You are perhaps tired. We will go to our room."

Upstairs he took me in his arms.

"In a little while I shall return," he told me looking toward my nightdress which was laid out on the peacock-blue eiderdown, and he went out with a smile, gently closing the door behind him. I stared round the room, not knowing what to do next. Then I approached the window, let up the blind and gazed out on the calm night. Below in the depths ran a side-street, for my room was at the side of the hotel, and beyond stretched the roof-tops and spires of Brussels, rising so silent, gaunt, unsympathetic in the moonlight.

A little balcony lay outside my window and, opening it, I stepped through. The soft night wind ruffled my hair and seemed to give confidence to my burning senses. Suddenly a figure appeared upon the balcony next to mine. It was a man and he made a warning gesture with his hand. Only a few yards separated us. He slipped over the narrow space, gripped my rail, and in a moment we were standing peering into each other's faces.

I caught his hand and drew him into the light of the bedroom. It was the German lieutenant who had winked at me in the lounge, except that now he was clad in a black and scarlet brocaded dressing-gown beneath which I caught a glimpse of blue silk pyjamas. He grinned and smoothed crisp tousled hair. Then he lifted the lapel of his dressing-gown, showed me two diagonally placed safety-pins nestling there, and laughed.

"Good evening," he murmured. "I am an Englishman. I am on the Secret Intelligence in Brussels. There are several of us here. I daresay you were surprised to see me in a German uniform, but personally I was fitted into this job by our War Office before the War got started. We received warning of the

important job you were on, and I was detailed to shadow you."

"You recognised the violets and snowdrops without leaves?"

"Yes," he nodded, and then took out his cigarette case, opened it, but suddenly, as an afterthought, shut it again sadly. "S'pose I'd better not smoke," he decided. "Old Colonel might smell it when he came back. Look here, have you succeeded in getting anything out of him? Tell me, what can I do to assist?"

"So far I have been unable to learn anything, but perhaps I shall know something before to-morrow morning." There was silence between us. "To-night is going to be rather a difficult one for me," I explained a little ruefully. He nodded, looking grave.

"I wish I could help you," he said.

"You couldn't," I assured him. "It would only throw suspicion on both of us if you try to help me actively. I must rely on myself to-night. But here is where you can help. Suppose that I do manage to ascertain the information I want within time to make use of it, I intend to get back to Roulers immediately, as I can transmit the warning quicker direct over the frontier and thence by the regular channel to the Air authorities near the line than you would be able to do from here."

"You may throw suspicion upon yourself by trying to run away," he put in.

"I don't think so," I replied. "Why should he suspect me, and what could he prove even if he did? The line I shall take from now onwards is the frightened and virtuous young girl, and that would be my excuse for running away. In any case, I believe he would be somewhat anxious to keep my disappearance quiet from his friends, especially as he had no right to give me a special pass to Brussels in the first place.—However," I continued, "it is possible that I shall not be able to elude the Colonel. In that case, as a warning to you of this fact, I shall wear green leaves with the bunch of snowdrops and violets at

my collar, and I shall place my message in the ring of the steel bracket which clamps the water-pipe to the wall between our two balconies."

"I understand," he rejoined, and then looked hard at the Colonel's two suitcases which still stood untouched where the soldier had placed them by the bed. "Do those cases belong to your precious Colonel?" he enquired.

"Yes."

"Have you searched them for papers?"

"Not yet." He was down on his knees in a moment.

"Fortunately they are unlocked," he muttered, hastily running his hand through the contents with the hand of an expert, so that he did not disturb them. He drew out a packet of papers and ran through them with swift eagerness. He selected three and pushed the rest back whence they came.

"Nothing of much value," he grinned, removing one scarlet slipper and stuffing them inside. "But better than nothing, all the same."

He had one leg poised in the air as he replaced the slipper, when there sounded a rap on the door.

"The Colonel," I gasped. Then the door-handle began to turn. I choked back a scream. Turning I saw—nothing. The Lieutenant had vanished. But he could not possibly have escaped through the window in time. There were no cupboards for a man of his size. He had taken refuge beneath the bed.

The Colonel smiled a trifle vacantly, and then encircled me in his arms.

"You have not yet undressed, my angel," he chided. "Ah, but I see that you were about to unpack my cases," he said, his gaze falling upon the two open suitcases which the Lieutenant had abandoned. His lips sought mine, while my mind was in a whirl. What could I do? I must play for time. Somehow I must give the Lieutenant a chance to slip over the balcony into his own room.

"I cannot stay here after to-night," I whispered. "I am frightened—besides, what will the Herr Oberartz say at the hospital if I am absent when the All Highest arrives? There are various duties in the hospital which are specially assigned to me and it is essential that I should be present."

"Do not worry," replied the Colonel, "we have two days yet, and your leave can be extended. He arrives on Saturday to review the troops at eleven o'clock, and will afterwards inspect the place. He will not even stay the night, so that he will only take a cursory glance all round. I think that you could perfectly well stay away for the All Highest's visit altogether. What do you say, my sweet?"

So, at least I knew what I had set out to learn! "I promised the Oberartz I would return," I mumbled, hardly aware of what I was saying, for I was thinking feverishly of the man under my bed and what would happen if he were found. My lover held me close and pressed his lips on mine. I did not care, I was thinking, thinking furiously, desperately. In another room down the corridor German voices were singing. Sing—how could anybody in the world sing when such a ghastly dilemma was playing itself out in this bedroom?

Somebody was walking along the passage. Little did they think of what was being enacted in here. Suddenly there came a tremendous crash of glass, and then oaths followed by peals of unsteady laughter. The Colonel relaxed his hold, listening. In a second I was at the door, for whatever it might be it offered some momentary respite. Outside a blear-eyed Saxon officer of middle age swayed gently to and fro in an ecstasy of delight, and aimlessly brandished an empty wine-glass, in admonition of a silent waiter who was collecting heaps of shattered glass upon his tray. Crowded in a near-by doorway and peeping over each other's shoulders were the Saxon's comrades, applauding loudly. I hoped the Colonel would follow me

out of the room, and so I rushed up to the gallant Saxon and asked what was the matter.

The officer stiffened and made an attempt at a bow which nearly overbalanced him, and then said: "Believe me, the explanation is quite simple, Fräulein. This pig-dog and myself tried to pass in the passage, but as you see there was not room for such an intricate manœuvre," and his arm swept the passage, where at least five men could have walked abreast. "Therefore," he concluded, "our momentum was such that we were unable to avoid collision." As he said these last words the Colonel, to my intense relief, looking somewhat surprised and annoyed, came out and joined us.

The Major knew the Colonel, as did several of the others, and after preliminary bows and heel-clicking of a rather unsteady kind, he was hailed cheerily and two full glasses were passed over the heads in the doorway, although not without spilling a good deal upon the said heads, and eventually reached the Colonel and myself. Then everybody was talking, laughing and shouting, and the Colonel, because several of the officers there were senior to himself, had to remain a few minutes out of politeness. When nobody seemed to be looking in my direction I seized the momentary opportunity to slip back to my bedroom.

Here I double-locked the door and rushed to the bed. As I hoped, the Lieutenant had made his escape. One terrible crisis of that night had been got over, anyway. I was not sure what to do next, but I had not long to wait.

The Colonel was knocking on the door and fruitlessly turning the handle.

"Listen, my angel, I am waiting outside. Will you not let me in?" he was urging. "Perhaps it is that you are undressing," he said as an afterthought, "and you would prefer that I wait?"

"Yes, I am undressing," I told him breathlessly.

"Very well, I understand. I will rejoin you later, and go to

my friends for one quarter of an hour. *Au revoir,* my dearest dear. We shall meet again very soon," and I heard his footsteps recede up the corridor.

The drink I had gulped down in the other room must have been strong, for my brain was working with a bell-like clearness. All of a sudden, I knew exactly what I was going to do. I would run from the hotel immediately, while the Colonel was in the other room. I had all the information I had wanted. As for my suitcase with the few spare clothes I had brought with me, that could go hang. There was nothing there which could incriminate me.

With the help of my railway pass I should be able to catch a train before dawn for Roulers, and once I was outside the hotel and in public I did not think the Colonel would pursue and cause a scene for reasons I have mentioned.

I scribbled in pencil on a piece of writing-paper:

"Herr Colonel,

I reserve the right of a woman to change her mind. I was a young and foolish girl; I was carried away by you. Now I am going home, and I hope eventually you will forgive me.

Good-bye,

Martha."

Then, seizing my special railway pass and the key of the door, for I had decided to relock it on the outside and keep the key to perplex the Colonel for a few extra minutes while the distance between us widened as much as possible, I tore open the door and dashed straight into the solid grey form which blocked the way. It was the Colonel.

He smiled down at me and explained a little thickly: "My angel, I have just remembered that when I was holding you in my arms in our bedroom, I heard my cigar case drop to the floor from my breeches pocket. I had come to ask that you would hand it out to me, angel, for I loathe other men's cheap cigars;

but, behold, here you come to meet me!" Suddenly the significance of the fact that I was still fully dressed seemed to penetrate his fuddled senses, and he may have noticed the wild look in my face.

"What is the matter, mein Fräulein?" he interrogated, holding me by the shoulders and gently forcing me back through the door. "Where do you go?"

"Please—let me go," I breathed. "I have changed my mind. I am leaving for home.—Please, please—but forgive me. I am frightened, I ought never to have come. I was mad, crazy, but please let me go!" I tried to slip from his grasp, but he held me firmly, though not unkindly.

"Little one, little one, there is nothing at which to be frightened. Calm yourself. Sit down and I will fetch you a drink." He kissed my forehead tenderly, and I leaned away from him as far as I could as I looked around me wildly, feeling my last chance of escape had gone.

In an alcove of the wall beside the door stood the washhand stand with a basin and ewer of gleaming blue china. I looked up at the Colonel. He was neither intoxicated nor sober. He was not very steady, and I did not think his brain would work quickly. I let my body lie limp against his, with my head resting near his shoulder, then in a flash, I braced my limbs and leaped back with all my strength. I reached the washhand stand, and seizing the blue ewer, launched the whole contents full into the Colonel's eyes before he understood what was happening. He staggered back gasping, and just behind him, as I had calculated, were the two suitcases by the bed-foot. I rushed at him and threw all the weight of my body into a sudden shove. He toppled headlong backwards over the cases and I think his head struck the copper nob of the bed-post.

I turned and catching up my train pass and the door-key which had fallen to the floor, fled from my peacock bedroom, locking the door behind me.

A moment later I was hastening through the darkened and deserted lounge. The night door-keeper wished me a polite good night. It was no business of his, but for all that he must have wondered where a lady guest in the hotel was going at that hour.

One hour and a half later I was lying back in the train, still breathless and incredulous, gliding swiftly through the night towards Roulers.

It was growing late when the train drew into Roulers. A woman passenger on the trains at that time was unusual, but my pass carried me safely through the military police at the barrier. Everybody was still in bed when I reached the café, but presently my mother was embracing me in the doorway. She did not question me as to where I had been. It was enough for her that I had returned safely.

" 'Canteen Ma' called here yesterday and left this," she told me, slipping a cheap pincushion into my hands. The message read: "No. 63 is absent on a special mission until Thursday. If before that day you have urgent news to transmit you must yourself carry the information to the Van Roots' farm-house along the Thourout-Roulers Road. You will knock at the door with two short and three long raps and hand your message to a fat woman (with a florid complexion) within. You will not allude to the message in any way, but will greet all as acquaintances."

I knew of the Van Roots, trustworthy folk who lived at a lonely farmstead among pine-trees lying nearby the highway. But the distance from Roulers was about fifteen miles by road, and as I could not risk using such a conspicuous route, it meant a journey of almost twenty miles by night over rough country-side. I should have to leave Roulers as soon as darkness fell and make all haste for my destination. The Oberartz must not know of my return to Roulers until after I had come back from delivering my message. I should have overstayed my leave,

but I could excuse myself on the grounds of my imaginary grandmother's extreme illness and the fact that I had heard in Brussels that the All Highest would not visit us until Saturday.

I left Roulers at ten o'clock that Wednesday night in a shower of rain and inky blackness. I had only a small torch to guide me and could wear neither coat nor hat, as anyone who had the appearance of having travelled any distance in those days was immediately under suspicion. One always had to look as though one were just running in to see a neighbour, whatever was the real nature of the mission. Food, shelter and if necessary a hiding-place could always be found with Belgians whose homesteads were *en route,* and no questions were ever asked or information ever given to prying German gendarmes, who both in uniform and plain clothes were sometimes to be met with in unexpected places. All along the route to the frontier was a string of farms, private houses, empty ruins and factories which formed a veritable network of relays for the runners with secret and vital information. Here, also, fugitives bound for Holland might lie safely hidden for months. It is when I remember these things, and the unselfish, fearless spirit that was manifested in those War days, that I feel proud of my countrymen.

The old town was only a mile behind me when the moon suddenly glided from behind a cloud, plunging the deserted landscape into a sea of light and shadow. The drizzle ceased and I felt the warmness of the night, but the rain had made the ground slippery and sodden, and the way was wild and strewn with small undulations. I had to break my way through hedges, and sometimes had to crawl through ditches, keeping a watchful eye for prowling figures. It was a terribly tiring business, but I cannot honestly say that I disliked it. Once only I saw human beings, and that was when I was crossing a road. It was at a bend where the hedges were high and the road was dark with trees. As I was in the middle of the road an approaching

light appeared round the bend. I hurled myself into the water-logged ditch as a gendarme bicycle patrol swept round the corner.

It was 6 a. m. by my watch when I came on an old house standing by itself, where a light was flickering in the lower windows. I was not certain of the way, so I called at the door to enquire. The aged woman who answered my knock showed no surprise at my muddy, bedraggled condition. She said not a word, but took my hand and led me in, patting my wrist softly. She gave me steaming hot coffee and bread and butter by the fire and then directed me onwards.

When I had walked three-quarter way up the stone-flagged garden path of the Van Roots' homestead, I suddenly noticed beside the wooden porch two muddy bicycles. They were German military bicycles. My heart stood still, and I thought of retracing my steps. Then it occurred to me that to do so would be indiscreet as I might already have been observed from the windows. I advanced boldly to the door as though it was quite a natural thing to be smothered in mud from head to foot, but I thought it prudent to knock on the door like a chance caller and not to use the preconcerted signal. The red-faced fat woman herself opened the door and I greeted her loudly like an old friend. The passage behind her was empty so I quietly rapped out the signal on the door-panel. She nodded, and I passed the note into her hand.

"It shall go immediately," she said, when she saw the "Urgent" with which I had marked it. She glanced over her shoulder. "Two gendarmes on night patrol called here for food," she told me. "They are washing in the scullery. You must come upstairs before they see you, and hide among the rafters."

I stretched myself in the straw of the loft and fell fast asleep. An hour later she told me I might safely come down. After a square meal, which I took basking at a table in the sun-bathed

garden, she helped me indoors, washed me in a hip-bath like a small child; during which process I several times fell asleep; and having taken my garments to be brushed and dried, she led me to a feather-bed, into which I slipped blissfully, and closed my eyes.

At ten o'clock that night I started for home. I had determined to spend the next day with friends who lived half-way to Roulers, and to complete the journey the following night. Thus I calculated I could be home at 4.30 a. m. on the Saturday morning, and would have ample time to present myself at the hospital at my usual hour of seven o'clock.

As I set out to the hospital that Saturday morning the air was fresh and enlivening, the birds sang merrily and the sun shone in a blue sky. I thought of the All Highest sitting silently in his opera box, and wondered if to-day was to be his last. The streets were festooned with gay flags in honour of his coming.

Alphonse was tinkering with the wheel of an ambulance before the steps in the courtyard as I approached. He looked at me searchingly, for although he could not have known where I had been, he may have had a pretty shrewd idea.

"Good morning, sister," he began. "Have you heard the news; it has just been received. The Kaiser is not coming to visit us after all. For the last few days the 'Seven Sisters' have flown over and bombed us regularly, so they have decided that it will be too dangerous for him."

I said nothing, for there was really nothing to be said.

CHURCH PARADE*

By Marthe McKenna

THE months went by and I carried on the normal routine of my espionage duties. My weekly reports passed regularly over the counter of the little shop; it was unexciting, and had begun to seem just a normal part of the daily round.

One Saturday evening in May, when I came into the back parlour, I found Fashugel and one of his lieutenants gazing in a depressed fashion on the ground, both their hands thrust deep into their pockets.

"Well, what time to-morrow is this blasted church parade, did you say?" Fashugel was asking, as he irritably kicked the leg of a chair with his boot.

"Ten o'clock—but we'll have to be up long before that. No Sunday sleep for us to-morrow. It is going to take about two hours to march to Westroosebeke. We shall have to parade at seven-thirty at the latest." Neither of the men took any notice of me and I pretended to be searching for something in my workbasket. Fashugel blew out a cloud of cigar smoke.

"I wish to the devil they would be content on sending the padre round to visit us, instead of collecting the whole division together at some God-forsaken spot to meet the padre——!"

* From "I Was a Spy!" by Marthe McKenna. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1933.

So a whole division would be collected at Westroosebeke at ten o'clock on Sunday morning.

"I suppose you will be wanting your breakfast early to-morrow morning, Herr Hauptmann," I suggested.

"Yes, if you please, Martha—as if we hadn't got enough work to do without having to spend our Sunday mornings tramping about the country-side—well, all I can say is, it will jolly well serve the Divisional Staff right if the "Seven Sisters" fly over and blow them all to kingdom come——"

"I hope they don't do that," put in the lieutenant with a chuckle, "because after all, you know, as well as blowing up our bloated Staff, who would undoubtedly be the better for it, they might blow us up, too."

"What is the idea of a big church parade like that?" I asked. "It seems to me to be dangerous!"

"Oh, there's some big bug of a bishop coming to tell the licentious soldiery how to look after their souls. I expect it will do us all a lot of good, but I wish they would let me stay in bed, all the same." I took up some sewing and took no further part in the conversation. A whole division was to stand on parade at Westroosebeke at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. They would make a fine mark from the air, for such a large body could not possibly be under cover in my shell-shattered village.

If I passed a warning note immediately, whispering to the grey-haired little chemist in the shop that it was terribly urgent, the message would be over the frontier before dawn on Sunday and from there a code wire could reach the front in ample time for the "Seven Sisters" to pay Westroosebeke a visit. I hoped that Fashugel and several other officers and men with whom I had come in personal contact would not suffer, but this was war and one had to be hard-hearted. I foresaw that the carnage might be ghastly, for the buildings had been practically pounded out of existence, the trees had been blown down or removed

for fuel and the landscape was utterly bare. I suppose the Staff which had arranged the parade considered Westroosebeke a good central gathering spot for the Division, and had thought that by only issuing orders for it late in the day before it was to take place, they would preserve it from the attentions of enemy aircraft. It was one of those still, mellow evenings when all life in the streets seems to go silently, and the fiery red of the setting sun reflected through the chemist's window upon the rows of glass bottles on the shelves as I slipped my note to the polite little chemist, murmuring, "To-night," as I did so. I just could not bring myself to realise what a desperate debacle I was trying to bring about, for it all seemed so remote on that beautiful evening.

I was at the hospital at the usual time on Sunday morning, longing for the distant church parade to take place, desperately eager to hear the result, yet afraid. The troops were about to move off. I could hear hoarse commands, and the crash of military boots echoing from the streets far and near, then came the music of the bands, the steady throb of marching feet, and silence fell on half-deserted Roulers. The ward orderly stood beside me.

"The Oberartz would like to see you in the office, sister," he said.

"Fräulein," began the Oberartz, glancing up as I entered. "The Bishop who is taking this big church parade at Westroosebeke has asked that any wounded men at the hospital who are anxious to attend this service and are fit enough to do so should be given every facility to get there. Twelve men have asked to go, and Brigade are sending round a lorry for them presently. Some of them are still lying-down cases—and you never know, they might suddenly take a turn for the worse, or a wound might burst, so I don't think that it will be really wise to only send an orderly with them. I should like you to go with them in the lorry, Fräulein; you have no objection, I suppose."

"None, Herr Oberartz," I answered closing the door behind me and walking up the passage somewhat dazedly. Gradually the ironic truth began to dawn on me in the full force of its mockery. I had strived to bring about a flaming inferno of agonising death for others, and now I was to be in it myself, taking my chance against disaster of my own making with those others. At first I felt unutterably frightened, and I confess I could think only of myself. I found myself praying that the "Seven Sisters" would not get my warning in time, for if they did I could see in my mind only too plainly the scene that would ensue; the vast, closely packed, grey masses bursting suddenly like the waters of a dam in every direction as the fierce roar of the "Seven Sisters" eclipsed the clashing of the bands and the singing voices, the crash of bomb upon bomb and the horrible screams, the gathering roar as the relentless planes dived down upon desperate streams of fugitives, machine-gunning them down in helpless, struggling swathes.

Bowling along the road towards Westroosebeke with the lorry full of wounded half an hour later, the kiss of the warm sun stirred my spirits. I looked at the blue sky, wondering, in an impersonal way, if this was the last time I should see it. In the background hovered that vague feeling of fear as experienced by someone who is on his way to hospital to undergo a dangerous but inevitable operation. We caught up with the long marching column from Roulers, and as we rumbled past I wondered how many of those men, marching with careless hearts behind the blaring bands, were marching to their death.

There was practically nothing left of Westroosebeke, which I had not seen since that morning I had left it with the other women early in 1915, nothing but low walls and piles of broken bricks and fragments. Already large numbers of troops were waiting formed in close ranks on the outskirts of the village. As the lorry slowed down I could not help thinking of the felon arriving at the place of execution, try as I would. How I hoped

that the "Seven Sisters" would not come! And yet strangely enough, how I wanted them to come!

Soon all the Division had marched on to the ground, and we now formed a dense square, with the Bishop, the officiating padres, the bands and the officers in the middle. The lorry with the twelve wounded was drawn up beside the officers, and the service began. I kept straining my ears for the ominous sound of approaching planes, but nothing broke the sunny stillness but the droning voice from the centre of the square. When the hymns came and it was useless to listen for distant sounds, I gazed fearfully around me, searching for approaching specks on the distant sky-line. The service was drawing to a close, the last hymn was announced: disappointment mingled in me with relief. The bands played the opening strains and the chorus of rough voices joined them. Then suddenly in a flash the "Seven Sisters" seemed to be right over us with a mighty roar. It all happened just as I had pictured—the thundering detonations of the bombs, the quivering earth, the showers of rubble and the acrid smoke, shouting men scattering in all directions, the whirring of angry propellers and the rattle of machine-guns as the "Sisters" swooped down so that their wheels almost decapitated the crouching soldiers who ran from them. The Division had faded away, but where it had been was thickly covered with huddled grey forms, battered band instruments and here and there the jagged rent of a bomb crater.

In every direction the whole country-side was dotted with little hastening groups in twos and threes, anxious to put the danger zone behind them. The "Seven Sisters" were zooming overhead in great sweeping circles, every now and then diving with savage bursts of machine-gun fire to encourage the unfortunates below to fresh efforts to escape. It made me think of a day when I had watched police dispersing industrial strikers. They must have had a good laugh, those airmen. As for the twelve wounded and myself, we were ensconced in comparative

safety beneath the lorry. At the first onset we had been as much exposed as anyone else in the open lorry, and bullets were striking all about us, but fortunately there was no casualty. Then the medical orderly had shouted, "Hey, sister—let's get the men underneath the lorry," and with that we set to work. Four of the men could not use their legs and three needed much help, but with the assistance of the remainder, we quickly had them out of the lorry, only the orderly receiving wounds in the forehead and neck. "Knubs" from the nearby ranks had rushed under the lorry for cover, and at first it looked as though they were not going to give way for us. Then a Gefreiter scrambled out from between the wheels shouting, "Come on, you men, give the wounded a chance—they haven't all got sound legs to save themselves with, like you have," and after that they crawled out cheerfully and took their chance in the open.

The "Seven Sisters" soon grew tired of harassing the fugitives, who were becoming more and more widely scattered, and I think also this sort of slaughter appeared too "easy money" to be greatly to their liking. They could certainly feel content with the damage they had done. At a signal from their leader they swerved into formation and sailed away out of sight.

The N.C.O.'s and officers began to collect their men. Wherever I looked I could see still forms lying in the grass. A senior officer came up breathless.

"Sister," he instructed peremptorily, "you will return to Roulers with the lorry immediately. The Oberartz at the hospital is to send every available ambulance, a lorry-load of dressings and as many doctors and dressers as he can spare. The hospital will prepare to receive heavy casualties." I nodded and climbed into the lorry. Little did that florid Colonel think that the person he had just despatched for aid was she who was responsible for all the trouble!

Slowly the casualties were brought back to Roulers and I was working at the hospital all the rest of that day and all through the night to make them comfortable. Those well enough were immediately evacuated elsewhere to make room for the others. I refused to let myself think.

Crossing the Place on my way home about eight o'clock the next morning, I noticed "Silent Willy" slouching across to his billet on the opposite side with a pannikin of tea. I was glad he was alive, and that made me think of Fashugel. I went upstairs to my room, and noticed with more than gladness that the door of Fashugel's room stood a quarter open and that there was movement inside. A little later, after washing and tidying myself, I went down to see what food we had in the house. When I was half-way down the stairs, I heard a dull thud of some heavy body on the landing, and glancing up saw that Fashugel's batman had just thrown out a large canvas kit-bag through the door of his room. Then the man himself came out carrying a suitcase. I caught my breath.

"Is the Herr Hauptmann going away?" I put tremulously.

"He's gone, Fräulein," he muttered grimly.

"What do you mean?"

"All we could find of the Herr Hauptmann yesterday morning was a split field-boot with a spur on it. I'm taking his gear along to Brigade now so that it can be sent home to his mother. —It's a pity, for we'll not get another company commander like him if this cursed War lasts till the crack of Doom—yes, a bloody fine officer was our Fashugel, and the fellows will miss him!"

Summer passed uneventfully, and the Germans in Roulers became daily more disillusioned with the War. The newspapers, naturally influenced by German agency, kept stressing the slogan, "Our condition may be BAD, but that of the Allies is far WORSE!"—Lavish praise was regularly plastered on "our glo-

rious U-Boats," who according to the accounts were so liberally besprinkling the sea-bed with hostile shipping and through whose efforts ere long the Allies would have to surrender or starve. Notwithstanding this, however, I think the Germans had in their hearts a sneaking distrust of the coming impotence of England, for "God Straffe England" was continuously on German lips, mouthed with virulent fierceness, which sounded like tearful resentment. America just then came in for many sneers and jibes, thanks to the meek and mild policy of President Wilson, and their objections to having their shipping torpedoed and destroyed was regarded by the Germans as being quite outrageously forward for such a retiring nation. Nobody thought the Americans would really come in against Germany.

Towards the autumn, the German General Staff issued orders which had their repercussion behind the lines. One day Alphonse came into my ward and made a signal that he wished to speak to me outside. In the corridor he handed me a buff form, a requisition for medical supplies, and whispered hurriedly:

"This has come from the aerodrome hospital section. You have been waiting to get inside the Rumbeke Aerodrome for a long time. Here is your chance. All these articles requisitioned are small and can be carried in one case. You can call there and leave them with Feldwebel Schweitzer on your way home."—I seized the excuse for entering the aerodrome eagerly and put the requisition in my pocket. Several times during the summer, messages had reached me from over the frontier asking for information about Rumbeke Aerodrome, the enterprising personnel of which had been causing much trouble to the Allies, but had found no excuse to examine it at close quarters, for any unauthorised person prying in its vicinity would have found short shift at the hands of a firing party.—"And here is something special for you," Alphonse went on. "In the Canteen they are talking of the recent successful bombing of London.

Mathy, the Zeppelin commander, is being made a hero. They say he is to lead a colossal raid very soon which will cripple the English and create terror and consternation throughout the country."

He broke off and saluted as one of the staff surgeons came round the corner. I walked behind the officer, giving mechanical replies to his routine questioning. Should I be able to learn anything definite about this raid at the aerodrome? Some hope lay in Feldwebel Schweitzer. I had known him well before he had been drafted to the Aerodrome unit as I had had to work with him in the hospital a good deal. He was a rough boor of a man, with the overbearing mannerisms of the old regular army to which he had belonged, but honest enough at heart. He used to stroke his moustaches and make boisterous love to me in odd corners, seeming childishly pained and surprised at the cold reception he had received. However, he could not take many liberties with me in hospital corridors, so I had not bothered my about him overmuch. The medical hut at the Aerodrome was different and I should have to be more careful. Then I must be extremely cautious what I said in the precincts of the Aerodrome where every one was prone to be suspicious. There were moments when I was horribly afraid of detection and its consequences. At times lately I had felt that I was watched and suspected, yet some queer impulse drove me on. I was caught up in the wheels of the machine and there was no stopping till some grim mechanic put his hand to the lever. Alphonse was right in what he said, now I came to think about it, not only the troops in the Canteen, but the whole administrative staff. who were supposed to really know things, were more noisily optimistic than they had been for months. So this was going to be another case of ending the War, the crushing of the most tenacious and indefatigable foe. And for all I knew this devastating raid might be planned for this week or next.—

Feldwebel Schweitzer lay snoring in his bunk. The dispen-

sary was empty, but through the open door I could see his stockinged feet on the end of the stretcher which he had improvised as a bed. At my knock he roused.

"What the hell——?" he growled. "Didn't I give orders that I wasn't to be disturbed—ah. Fräulein—*wie reizend.*—Thank God for a pretty face! You have brought the medical stores. I thank you, *meine* Fräulein." Red-faced, with his coarse shirt unbuttoned to show a hairy chest, he scrambled to his feet, hunting for his boots.

"Enter, then," he smirked, when he had dressed himself. "This is something of a social occasion. Sit here, so that we cannot be seen and interrupted by others who may also value your company, *meine liebe* Fräulein."

After poking his head round the corner he shut the door and offered me a cigarette. He had all the air of a mischievous conspirator, and I became rather apprehensive. However, I had got to contrive to make him feel that I had somewhat changed my attitude towards him for the better since our last meeting. For a while we chatted like old and tried friends. Presently he said:

"Soon this filthy War will end. I am sick of this business. Already we are dealing those English a damned hot time. Yes—Mathy knows how to catch them on the hop, by God."

"Who is this Mathy from whom you expect such great things?" I put innocently.

"Mathy, you don't know about Mathy? Well, perhaps you wouldn't hear much about him at the hospital. Mathy is our great Zeppelin leader who is making the complaisant Englanders at home understand what War feels like. That's the way to do them in—attack them at the roots.—Well, they've only had a taste as yet of what is coming to them. You ought to have read the accounts in the German papers of his last few raids. And those were just sort of *hors d'hœuvres* while our Mathy was learning his technique, so to speak. I bet there are

quite a lot of people over in England saying their prayers of a night in these days." He chuckled hoarsely. "You're as good as German, meine Fräulein—and prettier than most—so I can speak to you plainly, eh? I have it straight from the batman of the Air Kommandant. Last night the officers feasted on roast hare and sausage, though where the devil they got it from I don't know! Pflugel, the batman, was kept on the run all night, for they were drinking toasts and singing as if they had gone crazy. He helped to carry the Kommandant to bed, and later when he had him safely tucked beneath the sheets he got confidential and started to talk about all sorts of things which we poor soldiers aren't expected to know!" Schweitzer roared with laughter and slapped his leg, and I began to feel afraid that his amusement over the failings of his officers was going to lead him into lengthy reminiscences about them, at the expense of what he had hinted he was about to tell me. But he grew confidential.

"Take it from me," he grinned, "there is going to be no mistake this time. Word has come through from the Higher Command. On the 1st of October—you will see!" He wagged his close-cropped head mysteriously. "It will be the most KOLOSSAL raid of the War, and London will go—puff." He threw up his hands in a dramatic gesture. "It is said Mathy is to lead eleven Zeppelins," he continued. "Two go from Bruges, the rest from the Fatherland. By Christmas we shall be home, *nein?*"

He smiled to himself delightedly, showing tobacco-stained teeth. Then his mood changed.

"Come and sit here, don't be so shy," he urged naïvely, patting his bunk. "Come, what about a kiss?"

Suddenly his long arms were around me, his lips slobbering over my face. I tried to wrench myself away, but he had a hug like a bear. For what seemed hours I struggled. Beads of sweat came out on Schweitzer's red face and he panted like an animal.

Suddenly he hurled me backward so that my knees caught the edge of the stretcher, and gave a grunt of triumph. I screamed, hardly hoping that anyone would hear, for the medical hut was isolated some little distance from the rest of the buildings, but suddenly the door opened. Over the German's shoulder I saw an officer looking down at us.

"What's all this—what the blasted hell is going on here, Schweitzer?" he shouted in a thunderous voice. Schweitzer jumped as if shot, and stood regarding the officer in a hang-dog way, like a man dazed.

"Stand to attention when I speak to you, d'you hear? What are you doing with this woman? Why is there nobody on duty? —Great God, you, Fräulein!" Questions and fury gushed from him, while Schweitzer stood like a ramrod. He was the duty officer for the day at the Aerodrome; and incidentally I knew him; he was one of their crack pilots with a great reputation; not long before he had been badly wounded in an air combat, and had been in the hospital for a month for treatment, where we had become good friends. I explained to him my reason for being at the Aerodrome.

"Well, you have good taste, at any rate, Feldwebel Schweitzer," he said more calmly. "I shall make a report on this and you will be severely dealt with. I am exceedingly sorry that this should have occurred, Fräulein. Follow me, please," and he closed the door behind us, leaving Feldwebel Schweitzer to his thoughts.

"Fräulein," he ventured, "I have not seen you for a long time now. Do me an honour this evening if you are feeling in a gracious mood. Come and dine with me. I am on duty as you see, so to-night I am destined to dine here at the Aerodrome in the duty officer's hut in solitary state; at least I was so destined until I met you." He turned and caught my hands. "You will be kind—eh, *meine* Fräulein?"

"Very well, Herr Lieutenant," I smiled, "I will dine with

you, but I shall not stay late afterwards." Indeed, I could not afford to do so, for Schweitzer's tale had had the ring of truth in it, and in any case, I could afford to take no chances. If this gigantic raid was to take place so very soon, the warning must reach London at the earliest possible opportunity for adequate defences to be prepared. The duty officer's hut was at the opposite end of the broad track through the Aerodrome, and as we went I tried to photograph on my mind a detailed picture of the whole place. Suddenly my eye caught five planes drawn up on the edge of the landing ground, and close by a new wooden hangar was in the course of building. These were single-seater biplanes with little fair round bodies suggestive of speed, of a type I had not seen before. I had noticed that the doors of all the hangars were padlocked, which probably meant that the planes they housed were inside, and as the five strange-looking planes had been put to bed for the night in the open, I decided "to put out a cautious feeler."

"I see you are overflowing here, Herr Lieutenant." I said lightly, beckoning towards the row of biplanes.

"Ah, the little Albatrosses, Fräulein—yes, we have not had time to house them yet. They suddenly appeared out of the sky on the evening of the day before yesterday without any previous warning. They are straight from the factory and we are the first to get them.—The Kommandant handed them over to my flight for service testing out.—I have just been writing my report for him about their behaviour in the air, and I can tell you it is a glowing affair!—Splendid little planes, Fräulein—splendid. They climb like rockets, answer to the slightest touch, and what is even better, go a good twenty miles faster than anything the Allies can put in the air.—The damned Englanders have been doing too well up among the clouds of late, but now they are going to sing a new song, I think!" He had quite obviously had several drinks, but knowing him of old I had recognised that from the first. His eyes were muzzy, and

he had that tired loping gait and meandering manner of speaking which bespeaks the man who is pleasantly oiled with alcohol. At the hospital he had always said that if it was not for alcohol, he would never have had the courage to leave the ground at all. I determined that that night he should drink as much as I could well encourage him to do.

"Well, Fräulein," he encouraged, throwing open the door of the duty officer's hut. "I can't offer you a first-class dinner, I'm afraid, but it's as good as you would find at home I expect in these hard times—and there's plenty to drink at any rate." Selecting a bottle from the little group which clustered on the central table, he poured two kummels.

"Here's your health, *meine* Fräulein.—It is not every day in Belgium one is privileged to have a pretty girl at the dinner-table." He summoned an astonished batman, ordered him to scrape together the best dinner he could possibly manage, and said he didn't care if he stole the food off the Brigadier's table so long as he was quick about it and took care he was not caught. Then we sat and talked while our dinner was preparing. He was as pleased as a boy that he had a lady to dine with him, and during the next half-hour as we sat chatting, I took care he celebrated the event with plenty of kummel. I never asked him a direct question about the Aerodrome, but by casual remarks contrived to set him on the right lines of thought, so that he talked about it spontaneously, and by the time the batman made his reappearance with plates, knives and forks, I knew how many planes there were in the Aerodrome, their capabilities and much other useful information besides.

The airman rose. "Fräulein," he said, "will you excuse me for a moment. I have to finish my report on the Albatross this evening, for the Kommandant will want to see it to-morrow morning. It is only a matter of five minutes." He set to work at a table in the corner fitted up as a writing-table. Lying on the Army blanket which acted for a tablecloth were two squares of

foolscap paper. One was the partially-written report on the new "Albatrosses," and the other I had learnt in our conversation was his application for a much looked-forward to and overdue leave to the Fatherland, which had been signed by his Kommandant and returned to him that evening. I was thinking idly to myself that if only I could get hold of that aeroplane report it would be of great interest to those over the frontier, but had come to the conclusion that I had better be content with what I had learned already, and the batman had left with a look of self-satisfied pride after depositing a savoury smelling stew on the table; quite possibly containing the meat of a cat or a dog pilfered from a nearby householder, for such by no means ill-tasting meat was considered a "nice change" in those days; when my host finished his writing and joined me.

"If you remember, Fräulein, please remind me to tell my batman to put those two envelopes in the orderly room post-box," he said as he helped me to the stew. He had folded up the aeroplane report and also his leave application and placed each in a separate official envelope. I could not understand why he should want to send his leave application away again after leave had been granted, so out of mere curiosity I asked him. "Well, you see, Fräulein, when we have a leave application granted by our Kommandant, we have to send it to Brigade H.Q. for information and filing. They act as administrative centre for the area, and they naturally must know the whereabouts of every officer, at all times."

He had not licked and stuck down the sticky address label on either of the envelopes, presumably leaving that faintly unpleasing task for his faithful batman, and as we ate an idea occurred to me. The envelope in which he had put his leave application must be addressed to the Brigade Major at H.Q., and the one holding the aeroplane report would be addressed to his Kommandant at the Aerodrome orderly room. The two envelopes were still open. Supposing that I could change over

the contents, so that the aeroplane report went to Brigade and vice versa, I believed I might be able to procure a copy of the aeroplane report down to the last detail.

Stephan, the clerk at Brigade, had been made a Gefreiter, and in this capacity was employed as what was known as confidential clerk to the Brigade Major, as such incidentally having handed me much useful information in the past. One of his duties was to open and place in appropriate piles for the Brigade Major's inspection, all official correspondence which was not marked SECRET, and naturally an envelope bearing a supposed leave application would not fall into this category. Now a report on the flying abilities of a new type of aeroplane was no use to Brigade, was not wanted by Brigade, and would be of no more interest to an overworked Brigade Major than a report on the birth-rate in the Congo. I felt quite sure that if Stephan were to say upon opening it, "Here is some sort of report on an aeroplane, Herr Major, addressed to the Aerodrome Kommandant, which must have been sent here by mistake," that the rejoinder would be: "Oh, push it in an envelope, and send it along to the Kommandant with a covering slip explaining we received it in error," and that after that the great man would forget all about it and Stephan would be able to copy and return it at his leisure. If I could only effect the change and warn Stephan, the affair would be simple.

Fortunately my friend helped me himself in this matter. When we had finished eating he discovered that his batman had forgotten to bring across his brandy with his drinks from his billet which was not far distant, and he rushed to the door and angrily throwing it open, stood outside and started to roar for him lustily. And here the good batman helped me also, for he was chatting with the men in the guardroom some distance away and did not hear his master for some time. I made the change like lightning, though my fingers seemed to fumble maddeningly, and I was terrified that he might turn to speak

to me through the door. When he returned grumbling at his batman, I was back in my place. A few minutes later, at his master's order (I had to remind him), the batman had stuck up the envelopes and removed them.

But that evening was not quite over for me. In politeness to my host, I felt bound to stay for a short time. My host had certainly imbibed a great deal by this time. He started by being heroic and telling me about his adventures and exploits, and all the notches he had carved on his joy-stick, then he became maudling in an amorous way. Unexpectedly he pushed his chair back with a mischievous expression on his face, took a key from his pocket and wandered over and locked the door.

"Now nobody can come and interrupt us," he informed me slyly. He fumbled for his pocket to replace the key, but to my inexpressible relief I saw it drop on to the floor. He did not notice this, however, as a new idea had entered his head and was occupying his mind. He drew himself up with a magnificent gesture, and wallowed across to the table with solemn mien.

"I drink to BEAUTY," he announced triumphantly, trying to pour two glasses of brandy into one wine-glass, and raising it on high where most of the liquid upset down his sleeve. He came round slowly to the back of my chair. His hand slipped round my neck, while his lips touched my hair, sending a cold wave through me. His eager face was bent so close over mine that I could see the little hairs on his cheeks above the shaven line. I jumped up and poured myself a drink.

"I think you are altogether too impatient," I told him lightly. "Perhaps you have forgotten, but you were telling me all about yourself when you interrupted your story to behave in this silly way. I was interested, so why don't you tell me some more——?"

He thumped down with sprawled legs and a foolish grin on the seat I had just vacated, and sat opposite. "Well, well, *meine liebe* Fräulein, I am sorry, but you are worth being impatient

about, you see."—Then he began about himself again. He knew he was a very brave man, and short of actually telling me as much, did his best to prove it in a welter of irrelevant anecdotes and repetitions. One thing I did listen to carefully, however, and it was certainly more than I was expecting, and that was that on the Friday of that week he was to lead the light fighters which were to escort the heavy bombers on a night-raid against Poperinghe, the key to the whole British line, the great railhead of the sector. With the usual German optimism he announced that the place was to be bombed out of existence. At last he stopped talking and rose somewhat shakily with that mischievous look coming back to his face again.

"Fräulein—I want a reward for saving you from the clutches of that baboon Schweitzer. Kiss me"—and he blundered towards me. Like a flash I was at the door, had seized the key, and was through, locking it on the outside. When he banged on the door, I said: "Sorry, Herr Lieutenant, you will have to go on being patient. Don't drop the key on the floor next time you dine with one of your lady friends."

"Open that door," he roared like an angry child.

"Now, if you aren't good, Herr Lieutenant," I admonished, "I shall leave you locked in your room and give the key to the sentry, telling him how bad you've been.—And that would be a terribly undignified position for a duty officer of the day to find himself in. Now—will you let me go quietly and be good if I let you out?" There was a pause, then a sulky voice muttered:

"Oh, all right, Fräulein, I'll do as you say. Open the door." It sounded as if the little incident had sobered him up a little. He came out on to the step looking very angry. I took hold of his hand, saying, "Well, thank you ever so much for asking me to dine with you, Herr Lieutenant. I've had a lovely evening. Good night." In spite of himself he could not help smiling.

"You little devil," he murmured. "You've certainly made a nice fool out of me——"

"Don't be silly, you've made a fool out of yourself," I sent back over my shoulder.

"You are right, Fräulein, and I'm sorry. Forgive me, please," was the reply.

"Of course," I told him. "Good night once again, and perhaps I shall see you again some time." I passed the sentry without question, for no doubt he had heard all about the duty officer's lady visitor from his batman.

I decided to call at the chemist's shop immediately, where I could code a message about the Zeppelin raid on London, and the bombing of Poperinghe, for there was no time to be lost. The street was utterly deserted, and I had just rapped hard on the door when a figure appeared out from the shadow of the houses and halted before me. It was a gendarme.

"May I see your pass, sister," he drawled. "I see this gives you permission to go to and from the hospital at any time during curfew hours. There is no mention that you may visit private houses that I can see here."

My head swam. Then I retorted, "It's really quite simple, Corporal. My father suffers from the earache very badly—he is an old man, you know, and to-night a painful attack has come on. I came to the chemist to buy some glycerine." He handed me back my pass. "That will be all right, sister," he said. "Good night," and continued on his way.

I found an excuse to speak with Alphonse as soon as I arrived at the hospital the next morning, and instructed him to get in touch with Stephan over the aeroplane report. That same afternoon Stephan brought the copy he had made round to the back entrance of the café and left it with my mother. It was too large to hand over the counter at the chemist's with any degree of safety, so I had to invent another method of transmission. The report covered three pages of foolscap, and

I cut them into thin strips which I numbered so that they could be easily reassembled in the proper order. These I sewed into the hem of an old skirt, and when Canteen Ma called the following morning with vegetables, my mother ostensibly presented her with an old skirt for herself. On the night scheduled for the bombing of Poperinghe, the British made a counter-raid on Rumbeke Aerodrome, with the idea, I suppose, of killing the German effort before it was born. But the British arrived a trifle too late. They met the German raiders already on their way and passing over Roulers. A furious combat opened above us. The German gunners on the ground could not fire for fear of hitting their own people, and orders were given that the searchlights should cease to play into the sky, for their beams obviously helped friend as much as foe. A British plane descended in flames and trailing smoke. Then another British plane and a German plane spun flaming to the ground simultaneously—a collision. The German was my friend of the Aerodrome, and he was dead when they found him. In the darkness the Germans succeeded in giving the slip to the British and continued on their way towards Poperinghe. The town was ready, and guided by the searchlights, the defensive barrage immediately crashed into life. One German plane fell, and after dropping a few bombs which did no serious damage, the others vanished. This was what I heard from Canteen Ma, who had it from over the frontier.

At last the evening of the 1st October, the appointed time for the Zeppelin raid, arrived. For days I had wondered whether perhaps it had been a mere canard, a soldier rumour. But at five in the evening of October 1st, I heard the drone of Zeppelin engines. It was almost dark, with low clouds, but there was no mistaking that sinister sound. Whether there were one or two, I did not know, but plainly my information had been correct. Maybe the famous Mathy was in the machine going to rendezvous on the unlit English coast, ready to rain

death and ruin on helpless non-combatants. I did not know whether I should ever hear the result of that grim night's work, but as I stared up into the darkening sky I prayed that for Mathy and his companions it would be a failure.

I was fated not to hear what took place when the raiders came over London on that memorable night till years later, after the Armistice. Meanwhile Mathy had gone to his doom. It is a matter of history how well prepared the defenses of London were, and how Lieutenant Tempest shot down the L31 over Potter's Bar till it crumpled into a blazing ruin. Such was the end of a brave man and one of the foremost of German Air Commanders.

GAS CYLINDERS*

By Marthe McKenna

DURING the first week in October Canteen Ma failed to call for the first time since I had been associated with her; nor did she come the following week. Stephan told me that at the canteen they were buying their fruit from a new source. Another week passed, then my mother told me that the driver of the contractor's dray that brought our supplies of liquor to the café was asking to see me. He was standing just inside the back door when I came down.

"Good evening, Mademoiselle," he began in a gruff voice. "Here are the goods waiting outside. Will you check the voucher, please." As I took the voucher I was aware that with it he had placed in my hands a small paper cylinder, and I looked up startled. He said nothing but raised his coat lapel and I saw two diagonally placed saftey pins.

"What has happened to Canteen Ma?" I put as I handed back the voucher.

"I don't know, but I suppose her luck deserted her. I doubt if you'll ever buy any fruit from her again. At any rate, I am in future to be the receiver of the instructions that are to be carried out by you." He touched his cap and was gone. So I

* From "I Was a Spy!" by Marthe McKenna. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1934.

should see poor, cheerful old Canteen Ma with her creaking cart no more. Perhaps she had already faced a firing-squad in the dawn.

About the end of October the Germans began to accumulate a large dump of supplies and rifle ammunition in the grounds of a house near the centre of the town. By that time the Allies had lost the supremacy in the air owing to the production of the fast German "fighter" of the Albatross and similar types, and as the vicinity of the dump was strongly defended with anti-aircraft guns, I thought it unlikely that a successful raid could be conducted on this dump. I still had the two sticks of dynamite which I had taken from the pocket of Edmund No. 8, and the thought occurred to me that some use might be made of these if only the ring of sentries which patrolled the outside of the walls around the grounds could be penetrated. The explosion of two dynamite sticks among the stores would quickly turn the whole place into a raging furnace. I told Alphonse of my idea, but he shook his head and said it was madness, for it would be quite impossible to evade the sentries. Several evenings afterwards, however, I found Alphonse awaiting me in the back-parlour. There was an eager look in his face, so that involuntarily I asked, "What is it?"——

"I have had a brain wave," he said. "It is over this question of the stores dump in the town.—To do what I am thinking about would certainly be a great risk, and into the bargain it might turn out a failure in the end—but then, of course, it might not!—And in that case it would give the Germans something to rack their brains about for several weeks afterwards." He sat down and lit a cigarette. "Yes—it is without doubt an *idea* that I have in mind, Martha," he mused, with a thoughtful smile on his face.

"Tell me, please, Alphonse," I begged.

"Well, it is this way.—In 1914 a good many shells landed in the vicinity of Roulers, and one of them left a crater in the

hospital grounds. But there was something more than just a crater there. At the bottom of that crater there was a round black hole which had apparently been pierced through stonework. It looked as if the shell had unearthed an old secret passage and several of us went down with torches. It seemed to lead for miles and miles under the town, but to get nowhere in particular."

"I don't remember ever having heard anybody mention such a place at the hospital," I put in.

"No—because I think everybody has forgotten about its existence. The men who explored the place with me have all been transferred to other units, and besides not long afterwards the present wooden staff hut was built over the spot."

"Exactly what is it you have in mind that we should do?"

"To continue my story, Martha—I had always been interested in antiquities, and my historical sense was intrigued over that passage and the reasons for it being made. In a second-hand book-shop I found an old history of Roulers. I learnt that at one time, as in so many mediæval towns, an open sewer ran through the middle of the main street and crossed the fields to the river, and I came to the conclusion that what we had taken to be a secret passage was really this sewer. Having found out that much, I was satisfied, and forgot that the sewer existed——"

"You mean that we might in some way use this sewer to gain an entrance to the grounds where the stores are?"

"Yes—I first thought of it one night when I came across the old book in my kit, although at first it was just idle speculation. But there was a town plan in the front of the history, and working things out by the Church, the beginnings of the Grand Place and several other landmarks which still exist, I formed the conclusion that the main thoroughfare of that time, with the sewer, passed across ground where the dump is now located. —If we could make our way along the sewer until we are be-

neath the dump, we might 'come to ground' within the ring of sentries, do our work and vanish, leaving it to burn to its heart's content——"

"That sounds splendid, but suppose we misjudge the distance we have to go along the sewer and stick our heads out of the ground after curfew hour in the middle of the Grand Place or even at the feet of one of the sentries——"

"Well, Martha, I told you that there was a risk, and that is where that risk comes in!" said Alphonse with a shrug. "You are perfectly right, it is possible even that we might appear through the floor of the Town-Kommandant's office, but if we are careful and use our common-sense I don't think we should do so.—Up to a point it is possible to make calculations. Throughout its course the sewer runs straight, and measuring on a large scale-map of the town and district which was hanging in the hospital, I have estimated that from the hospital to a point in Roulers which would roughly mark the centre of the grounds where the dump has been collected, is a distance of three kilometres."

"It is not going to be so easy to calculate how far along the sewer you have gone underground."

Alphonse lit another cigarette and flicked the burnt match with a fine gesture into the fire. "I had even thought about that, Martha, and it is fairly simple, really—I have a length of string 100 metres long, to each end of which I have tied a small peg. There are 3000 metres in 3 kilometres, which is the distance we have to cover, and therefore thirty times the length of my string would bring me 3000 metres from my starting-point, in other words to the spot where I wished to come up in the centre of the dump.—Now, let us suppose you do agree to help me in this, Martha, then upon descending into the sewer at the hospital we shall proceed in this way. You will hold the peg at one end of the string and I grasping the other peg shall walk along the sewer until the string is stretched taut between

us, signifying that I have covered 100 metres. I shall then remain stationary and you will pass me and continue until the string is again taut. After repeating this rather tedious process thirty times we shall find ourselves as near to being beneath the centre of the dump as we can ever hope to be." Alphonse finished his second cigarette in silence. "Well, Martha," he demanded at last, "what do you say?"

"We'll have a try at it," I decided. "When do you suggest we start, as it looks as if this little job is going to occupy a night or two?"

"To-morrow night seems to me to be as good as any, provided I don't get sent up the front with my ambulance. Find an excuse to work late at the hospital, and at nine o'clock meet me at the right end of the civilians' hut.—I can tell you, Martha, we are going to have an evening of hard toil!"

The following evening I slipped out of the back entrance of the hospital as the distant church clock struck nine, and made my way to the civilians' hut. Except for those who were on duty in the wards, the hospital was generally deserted at that hour. A dim figure was waiting at the right end of the long wooden hut.

"Alphonse?" I ventured in a nervous whisper.

"Good evening, Martha, you are on time. Sit down for a minute and we will talk."

"Well?"

"Since seeing you last night I did some reconnoitring and there are certain things which combine to help us.—As you know, this hut is raised off the ground so as to avoid the damp and rats. Well—this end, owing to the downward slope of the ground, leaves sufficient space under the flooring for us to crawl beneath and slip into the hole, which is better than having to raise half a dozen floor-boards and replace them when we get out—the second piece of good fortune is that when the workmen had completed their job they found that they had

about a dozen good stout boards to spare, and to save carrying them away pushed them underneath the hut." I enquired what was in the half-filled sack which lay beside him. "Cement, a padded hammer, a saw, a strong chisel, a mortar and plenty of long nails. I'll not be able to visit the canteen for at least a month, for all my pay is pledged to various shop-keepers in the town for these blasted things," came the impressive reply.

Alphonse stood up and beckoning me to follow, went to the door of the hut, and producing a key from his pocket, led me into the dark interior.

"First," he said, dropping his sack on the floor, "we have got to cover all the windows facing toward the hospital with newspapers to hide our light." He took from the sack some newspapers, and by means of drawing-pins, we covered the windows as best we could in the dark. "For to-night we shall have to raise two of the floor boards in the right half of the hut," Alphonse explained, "because we have got to get those loose planks of the workmen down into the sewer, and the only way to do that is to lift them upright and drop them perpendicularly down into the hole. They can then be manipulated until we have them lying flat inside the sewer."

After a hard quarter of an hour's work with the tools we had the two narrow sections of boarding removed. Below, near the middle of the hut, the light of the lantern showed part of a gap in the ground, and nearer the end of the hut lay the loose plank.

"How deep is the shaft?" I asked, as we collected the planks before inserting them in the gap.

"Altogether about 2¾ metres (*circa* 9 ft.), the sewer itself is about 2 metres. This is going to be something of a messy job. I hope that cloak of yours is an old one, Martha."

"Wriggling oneself down that hole underneath is likely to be rather a tricky business," I remarked, "and once we are down I don't see how we are ever going to get out again."

"I will scrape away the earth underneath the boards so that it shelves down to the hole. Then if you go feet first, it won't be so bad. As for climbing out, that is one of the occasions in which the planks are coming in useful——"

As one end of the planks was sticking up through the floor and we could not replace the floor-boards until we had pulled those into the sewer, which necessitated climbing down ourselves, we extinguished the light and went outside to the right end of the hut. There was no moon to be seen that night and I was glad! Dragging the sack with him Alphonse crept beneath, and then I heard him scraping away the ground with some metal instrument and the faint rustle of showering earth and pebbles. There was a sound of scrambling, followed by silence. Peering below, I saw the gleam of a light from the depths, and a hollow voice in the distance boomed: "Well, Martha, I'm down in the sewer, and my mouth is full of dirt; remember to keep yours shut tightly." Drawing my cloak tightly around me, I edged under the floor feet first, keeping my head well down to prevent bruises. My feet were over space and I wriggled my legs into the hole pressing my face into the ground. Alphonse caught my waist and a few moments later I was standing on the loose rubble in the musty sewer.

At each side of us yawned a black passage-way with walls and ceiling paved with large flat stones. We were shut away from the world in cold, damp stillness. After rummaging in his sack Alphonse produced the two pegs and the cord.

"We may as well be moving," he muttered, turning up the collar of his great-coat, and with that handed me a peg and set off into the darkness, holding the other peg in one hand and the lantern in the other. I stood watching the disc of light from the lantern travelling along the roof and listening to the faint hissing of the cord unwind along the ground. I turned my head for an instant and a thick mesh of cobwebs brushed my

forehead, making me shiver. The dust-impregnated atmosphere caught in the throat and nostrils.

I felt a sharp jerk on my peg. The distant ball of light had ceased moving and the cord stretched taut. The voice of Alphonse rolled eerily down the tunnel towards me. I had switched my torch upon the floor ahead and had started to move forward when there came a fierce and prolonged rustling in the opening above. I stopped, frozen with terror. I thought I detected quick breathing. I knew that something was looking down at me, but all was as quiet as the grave. When I flashed my torch upwards two black, beady eyes met mine. Peering down the mouth of the crater was the sleek head of a black rat. Alphonse laughed when I told him, saying he had seen numbers of them scuttling away as he advanced with the light. It was the same throughout the whole of that dismal hour of subterranean walking—one heard nothing but the ever-fleeing rats.

At last the cord had been stretched to its length for the thirtieth time, and copying Alphonse, I sat down beside the lantern and contemplated the stone slab above our heads, of about 65 centimetres square (¾ sq. yard).

"That slab has got to come out," pronounced Alphonse, handing me a cigarette and lighting it, after which he scraped up a little mound of dirt with his hands to mark the spot and rising on tiptoe drew a cross with white chalk on the doomed stone.

"The whole roof about here may fall in on top of us when we pull away that stone," I suggested.

"Well, I'm not a miner, Martha, but I was brought up in a district of miners. Do you know what a miner would do if he had to remove that stone and he wanted to preserve an unbroken head?—He would put props against the surrounding portions of roof before he started to pick at the mortar to loosen it."

"So that's where those planks are coming in useful?"

"Exactly; that is to say, when we have taken the measurements and cut them to the correct length. We shall also need some kind of ladder to help us to get out both at this end and at the other, and there are several things besides. Consequently we are going to spend the whole of to-morrow evening at carpentry, in this delightful old-world sewer, if you are agreeable, Martha!" When his cigarette was finished he suggested that by the time we had returned to starting point, pulled all the planks from the hole down into the sewer, manufactured a rough-step-ladder to help us out, after the manner of the grooved run into a fowl-house, and replaced the two boards in the civilians' hut, it would be time to knock off work until nine o'clock on the following evening. It was absolutely essential that he should be in his barrack-room by midnight each night as otherwise he could be crimed as absent without leave, which might lead to awkward questions.

We were standing at the end of the staff hut the next evening discussing our plans before we made our way into the sewer when suddenly Alphonse seized me in his arms kissing me passionately! I was too amazed to resist, at first,—Alphonse the one-time theological student, was the last man I had expected to act in this way—but then the sound of footfalls on the turf close behind us reached me. Three soldiers passed walking in the direction of the hospital. They must have taken a short cut across the grounds. I heard them chuckling among themselves as they disappeared in the darkness.—So the Fräulein at the hospital had a soldier lover!—I did not think that they would be able to see that it was Alphonse.

"That just shows how careful we've got to be, Martha," he said. Then he added, perhaps a trifle sadly, "Do you know, Martha, that, quite unforeseen, to-night has made itself into an epoch in my life. For the kiss which I gave you to-night is

the last kiss I shall ever give a woman. As soon as this War is over I shall become a priest."

We made our way below in silence. Here we sawed the planks to the right length to make four strong props, our manœuvres being watched by several curious rats, who hastily disappeared when we flashed the light on them. We also made a second rough step ladder, to be used at the dump opening, like the one we had made to climb out by the night before. Finally Alphonse nailed together a kind of wooden lid, which puzzled me somewhat. Then he sat down and drew a rough diagram, explaining what he proposed to do.

The wooden lid was for the purpose of camouflaging the hole after the hoped-for explosions and fire took place. The remains of the burnt dump were bound to be salvaged by the Germans, and if they were to come upon a gaping hole in the ground leading to an unsuspected passage-way which possessed a further opening at the hospital their suspicions would be pointed in the right direction. The lid was to be covered with a layer of wet cement and earth. When the slab in the roof was removed the earth above would fall in with a little coaxing from below, and as this would almost certainly drop, leaving a bigger opening at the ground level than the actual size of the slab aperture through which it fell, the lid had to be formed so as to conceal this larger hole, and at the same time to be capable of being passed up complete from the sewer. The wooden lid therefore was longer than the slab, but slightly narrower, so that it could pass through the opening, the deficiency in width being made up for by a fringe of sacking along each side covered with glue and earth, which could be stretched laterally with pieces of wire when the contrivance had been raised from the sewer. While the fuses were being lighted the camouflage lid would be lifted at one end by a prop, as in the diagram, but as soon as this was cut away it would fall flat with the ground, where it could be walked over without danger

of giving way, and was unlikely to attract any but the closest observer.

Having completed our work, we decided that we would spend the next evening in carrying the manufactured articles to beneath the dump, and fitting in position the four roof props,—an affair of several journeys. On the evening after that I should bring the dynamite sticks with me and we would make the great attempt. We calculated that the two explosions would occur about 10.30 p.m., as until that time we should be occupied in unpicking the slab, laying the bombs and fuses and fixing the lid.

During the day on which we were to make our attempt a question was uppermost in my mind which had hardly worried me at all before.—Suppose that we did not emerge from the sewer in the centre of the dump, but that instead we burrowed our way from the ground to find a sentry leaning on his rifle and watching us?—The thought became a positive fear, as having returned to the café for the dynamite, I was making my way towards the hut by cutting across the hospital grounds. The moon reminded me that it would make things all the easier for a watcher.

When I met Alphonse we hardly addressed a word to each other, but crept into the sewer and hurried through the shadows preceded by our vanguard of frightened rats. Arrived under the stone with the white cross around where we had placed the four props on the previous night, Alphonse and I set to work, gingerly picking away the mortar holding the slab with pick-axes of which we had cut the handles short. We placed a temporary prop up against the stone while we were loosening it, so that it should not unexpectedly crash on our heads. Dust and dirt poured into our upturned faces, half blinding us; the unusual position made my arms and neck and shoulders a burning agony; the perspiration trickled down my back. Half an hour had passed and all the mortar appeared to have gone

from around the marked slab. Alphonse said, "Stand well back, Martha,"—and removed the prop. The slab remained in position. Taking a small crowbar from his sack, he attacked the open cracks with vigour. The slab began to move, and I thought to myself that our fate might be mixed up with the events of the next few minutes. Alphonse leaped back and down crashed the slab, sending a thunderous echo resounding through the bowels of the earth. An avalanche of earth and stones roared the echo out of existence, then there was an utter silence. For a moment we stood breathless, as if waiting for something to happen, then I peered upward to see through a ring in the yawning earth a pale radiance which must be the moonlight. Much of the earth overhead had clung together, but after a little work with the crowbar a wide gap lay open above us. We placed the ladder in position silently. Alphonse ascended, and barely raising his eyes above the ground, gazed about.

"Martha, our luck is in. We have struck a good position!" the whisper reached me. Then he disappeared over the top. A few minutes later his face appeared at the gap.

"Hand up the camouflaged lid, Martha," he hissed. "Then come yourself with the dynamite. We are everywhere protected from the sentries by piles of stores."

On my knees in the open I surveyed my surroundings. The hole was in the shadow of a great stack of tools, and in every direction was a billowing sea of tarpaulin-covered mounds.

"Stay here, I am going to reconnoitre for a good spot to place the bombs," warned Alphonse, and vanished among impediments of the dump. Several times I could hear the measured pacing of the sentries as they passed close to us on their beats. Climbing up on to a pile of casks, I could see here and there the glint of a moving bayonet, and below me, perhaps one hundred yards distant, two shadowy casqued figures met, exchanged a few words, and retired on their beats. A gentle

breeze was blowing, sufficient to fan the flames from one pile to another.

There was a sound of scraping behind me and I started, but it was only Alphonse who had joined me.

"Look to your right, Martha," he ordered. "Do you see that dump with a hump-back in the middle two places away. It consists of tins of petrol. Go and wedge one of the dynamite sticks among the tins, and lead the fuse to our hole.—Give me the other stick. I am going to put it in that big stack of rifle ammunition boxes in the rear."

Keeping in the cover of the other stacks, I slipped toward my objective. I was reaching to lift the tarpaulin when my foot struck a stray petrol tin on the ground which emitted a dull tonk, at the same time grating against the tins at the foot of the stack. It sounded to me like the crack of doom. After a minute's pause a gruff voice not far distant challenged. I shrunk petrified against the stack. The voice challenged again. Hearing no sound the man apparently concluded that the noise could have been nothing of importance, for he made no further investigations. I let two minutes go by without making any move, then, feeling my way with great caution, I raised the tarpaulin and pushed the stick between two tins.

I found Alphonse waiting by the hole. He told me that he had not heard a sound, so the noise I had made could not have been so great after all. We fixed the camouflaged lid at an angle with the prop to facilitate a hasty exit from the upper world, and then we were ready. Alphonse drew the ends of the two fuses together, chuckling, "Well, well, it strikes me that somebody is going to feel surprised in a few minutes.—What a devil of a shame it is we can't watch those sentries hop." He took a box of matches from his pocket, and I stood behind him, looking round anxiously as he struck a match and shielded the flame with his hand.—"Now, Martha, down into the sewer with

you," came the command, "and as soon as my head comes below the parapet knock away the prop—but not before, mind, for I don't want a bump on the head."

I saw him bend and touch the flame to the fuses as my eyes were on a level with the ground, then I heard the fierce fizzling. He paused for a moment to see that they were burning properly, and putting his feet on the rough ladder descended slowly as if he was afraid to leave the fate of his precious scheme at the mercy of the fuses. I struck the prop sharply with a crowbar and the lid fell with a dull thud. It seemed as though we were safe in another world, miles beneath the earth, but I was soon awakened from that dream. Grasping the lantern and the sack and catching my wrist, Alphonse breathed, "Come, Martha, run, the concussion may possibly bring down some of the roof in this part of the sewer." We had not gone far when a loud rumbling reverberated after us, followed by a second outbreak which seemed to swallow the first. Involuntarily our hands went up to shield our heads, for everything was rocking about us. Nothing fell, but we had had enough of the sewer, and hastened without a word towards the place of egress at the hospital.

When we emerged from beneath the hut our eyes at once turned in the direction of Roulers. A great yellow glow coloured the darkness over the town.

"I hope everything is destroyed and that they manage to put the fire out," exclaimed Alphonse cheerfully. "I shall have to go to my barrack-room," he went on with a sigh, "but you are more lucky, Martha. You will be able to see some of the fun in Roulers on your way home. Good night, Martha—and many thanks." He slipped away, and hearing voices which came from a little group of men gathered outside the hospital evidently attracted by the unusual brilliance of the town, I pulled my dark cloak closely around me, and taking off my white coif, set off across the grounds where I was unlikely to be seen.

Once the hospital area was behind me I was safe, for I could always say in Roulers that I had been on late duty at the hospital.

When I reached the Grand Place it was almost as bright as day, for away beyond the buildings on the opposite side the flames were leaping high, spitting fountains of crackling sparks into the air. There was a continual din of shouting mingled with the popping of exploding rifle cartridges. The whole garrison of Roulers had been turned out to quell the fire, men were running to and fro, and leaky hose-pipes twined their way across the Place. Not a civilian was in the streets, of course, for they dared not disobey the curfew regulations, but many a curious head peered from the dark windows.

Presently I joined my mother in her room, for the windows faced toward the conflagration. She was watching by the open sill.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"I don't know, Martha, how it started, but suddenly about half-past ten we heard two explosions, then we saw that the big supply dump was on fire. I think that someone in Roulers, who is not a German, could tell an interesting story about this," she opined with a laugh. "But I hope he has not been caught."

"Your hope has been granted, mother," I told her. "The person who did it, or rather took a half-share, is going to sit down and enjoy the sight quite as much as Nero enjoyed the burning of Rome. Only I think perhaps it would be as well if I don't play any musical instrument with this window open, because it might annoy the men who are trying to put out the fire quite a lot."

"I am proud, Martha. But sometimes I feel that one day your luck will leave you," she said after a little silence.

Towards the morning the fire died down, leaving the dump a mass of charred rubbish which smoked and smouldered throughout the whole of the day. I made a disquieting dis-

covery that morning. My gold wrist-watch was missing. I could not remember the last time I had seen it on my wrist. The clasp of the band had been loose for several days, and I had meant to have it mended but kept postponing this from day to day. It might have dropped off in the hospital before we attempted last night's attempt, it might be somewhere in the tunnel, under the hut, on the site of the wrecked dump, or safer, from my point of view, in the hospital grounds. It was certainly disturbing for it meant that somewhere there might perhaps exist a piece of evidence which if found would cause some very embarrassing questions to be put to me. But I could do nothing, except hope for the best.

The Oberartz sent for me a week later. He had a somewhat grave look on his face, and I felt frightened as I had sometimes done before when I thought there were some possible grounds for suspicion against me. But what he said to me had an entirely different bearing on my future. A matron and a number of German nurses had at last been detailed to the hospital. The Oberartz assured me that he wished me to carry on with my work as before, but added that he thought I might find it hard to work with them and be friendly, and that he and the other surgeons would be always ready to help me and he sincerely hoped that if I cared to remain at my work all would go well. I had got to remain at the hospital, for my espionage work would become far more difficult if I had to leave. Besides I had grown genuinely attached to my nursing duties and the men who were around me. Eight nurses and a matron duly arrived. Apart from the matron they were young volunteers with little training and no experience. At times they were more nuisance than they were worth, and I think they realised that themselves, for unconsciously the surgeons and orderlies often behaved towards them in an abrupt and impatient manner.

I became the victim of what I am sure was jealousy rather

than any outbreak of national indignation. My manner with the patients was confident through long practice, which theirs was not; I was treated with respect. The matron disliked me instinctively, because she and I were just the types of women who invariably do dislike each other. She was thin and bony, with spectacles, and a disappointed look about her. After three days she came up and told me that I talked a great deal too much with the men, but I did not take her very seriously. Once or twice we should have had furious arguments if I had not given way. At first the younger nurses treated me with condescension, but I tried to be friendly and not to notice it. When they realised that as far as the male staff and the wounded were concerned they were at a discount, the result was inevitable. They refused to speak to me at all, avoided me whenever they could, and when anything had gone wrong which could by any means be blamed on my shoulders tales were told to the doctors behind my back.

At the end of a week the Oberartz summoned me. The matron had reported to him that I was far too friendly with three wounded prisoners. She had also suggested that I should not be permitted to talk to German troops except when this was absolutely necessary in dressing their wounds. The Oberartz had talked her out of such extreme measures, but he urged upon me to be more discreet. A few days later Alphonse beckoned me aside to tell me that he had overheard some of the sisters discussing me in shrill voices in the dispensary. One of them was recounting that Matron told her that if the Oberartz refused to dismiss me she intended to make a complaint to the Town-Kommandant. This might not have the result she desired, but it was bound to centre the interest of the local authorities temporarily upon me. Awkward questions might be put to me, and the very last thing a spy desires is to be the centre of interest. Alphonse advised me to leave of my own free will. It would be a handicap to my activities to lose my present

privileges, but I was on good terms with many Germans in the town by then and he believed I could carry on well enough on those lines. I decided to do as he said. Alphonse also told me of the findings of the Court of Enquiry over the destruction of the dump, which he had heard about from Stephan. The authorities were utterly nonplussed. None of the sentries had been injured by the explosions and they had all been found at their posts. Not a man had anything to report. The orderly officer who had visited them that night, incidentally not long before the explosions, gave it in evidence that in his opinion the sentries were posted in such a way that it was impossible for a person to pass through them unseen, especially on a moonlit night. They were forced to conclude somewhat incredulously, that explosive had been accidentally packed among the stocks in the dump and that for some reason unknown it had exploded.

When it became know that I was leaving the hospital everybody except the new nurses was exceedingly nice to me. The Oberartz thanked me for all I had done almost with tears in his eyes. His position was a difficult one, for although I knew he sympathised with me he had to stand by his own countrywomen. I promised that if at any time the hospital staff was overworked and extra assistance was needed I would come back. Then I went round the wards saying good-bye to the doctors and all the men I had known. Farewells are always an unpleasant business, and the matter having gone so far, I felt relieved when I had shaken hands with the man at the gates and was walking down the road towards Roulers for the last time. I should still know what was going on in the hospital to some extent, for Alphonse was to come to see me one evening a week.

It was the end of November, and one afternoon I was passing the Town-Kommandant's office in the Place when I happened to glance at the big notice-board by the door, where

orders and regulations for the civilians were pinned. One caught my eye:

LOST PROPERTY

"A soldier of the Army of Würtemberg has been apprehended by the military police for theft. A number of articles found in his possession, from their character appear to belong to civilians of the town. Will any person thinking he recognises any of the following articles please report at this office between the hours of 10 a.m. and 12 noon."——

Fourth on the list which appeared below I read: "a gold wristlet watch with the initials M.C. engraved inside the cover at the back." That was almost certainly my watch. Presumably either the thief himself had picked it up, or he had stolen it from some civilian who had done so. At all events, it seemed to clear me. I was anxious to get the little watch back, for it had a sentimental value for me. If only I had thought of that early warning of Lucelle: "and if you are caught it will probably be your own fault," I might have given the matter more thought before I made any move.

I called at the office next morning at 10 o'clock. I knew the Town-Kommandant well and he wished me a smiling "Good morning." When I explained my business he looked rather taken aback, and then muttered: "Oh, yes, would this happen to be yours Mademoiselle Cnockaert?" taking an envelope from an empty drawer and tipping my wrist-watch out upon his desk. I wonder now that the fact it was not among a pile of other articles did not strike me at the time.

"Well, I am glad you have found it all right," he said, as I thanked him and put it in my purse. When I came home after doing the shopping I found my mother looking worried.

"The gendarmes were here this morning," she told me.

"Well, they haven't been here for a long time now. Looking for hoarded food, I suppose?"

"So they said, but from the way they went about their task it didn't seem to me that they were entirely interested in food."

"Did they mention my name?"

"Not directly, but it came up several times."

"There is nothing to worry about, mother."

Perhaps an hour later Bertha came to tell me that a big roughly dressed man had called at the back door, asking if my letter for Mademoiselle Van Eurne was ready? I had never heard of Mademoiselle Van Eurne and was puzzled. The man I found waiting at the door was a complete stranger to me. He was dressed roughly enough but somehow he carried the appearance of anything but a toiler. His Flemish was entirely fluent but held a harsh tone, which faintly suggested a German accent.

"Monsieur, I think you have made some mistake. You have been directed to the wrong house perhaps. I do not know who Madame Van Eurne is."

"Think carefully, Mademoiselle, you can trust me," he murmured.

"I have no idea what you are talking about. I dare say Monsieur Molendorp in the shop over there would know of the Van Eurnes." I thought I caught a look of disappointment on his face but, he went with a muttered apology. I left the kitchen feeling vaguely frightened. I was certain the man was a German, but why was he trying to test me? I told myself that he had probably been detailed to do this throughout the town, in hopes some one might give themselves away, and that there was no cause for anxiety. At three o'clock a girl friend, Agnes Verbrey, hurried in with an agitated look. Detectives had just left her house after closely questioning every member of the family as to what they knew about myself. I could not

understand it; then the thought that the matron at the hospital might perhaps spread some tale about me brought with it a little comfort.

Deepening shadows had begun to close on the room. It was the part of the day when the café was quiet. But suddenly a sound came from the front room; a sound that sent shivering fears through my heart. I was used to hearing rifle-butts clattering on the boards of the café as their owners dropped them carelessly in a corner, but this was different. It was the clean-cut crack made by rifle-butts when they met the ground from the slope to the attention—and in our café. I composed my features as best I could, and went to meet whatever terror awaited me. Standing in the café was an officer of the Brigade Staff and two soldiers with a Gefreiter in full marching order with fixed bayonets.

"To what reason are we indebted for this second intrusion to-day?" I asked, as calmly and quietly as I could make myself. The officer did not bother to salute.

"I have orders to make a thorough search of these premises, Fräulein," he said roughly. "Gefreiter," he went on, "you will place your men so that no one can leave or enter while we are here, then come with me." Looking again at me he began: "Fräulein, please hand me all your keys, it will save time and also," he added with a hard little smile, "your property."

"A search will yield you nothing, Herr," I assured him. "I have nothing to be afraid of, and I hope in future you will leave me in peace." He bowed when I handed him the keys and forthwith descended to the cellar with the Gefreiter, for that was where the search was to begin. I was ordered to wait in the back parlour. Both my mother and father were out. From the noises that reached me I could tell that the search was of the most ruthless character, walls being tapped and every receptacle being ransacked.

We can all look back to some moment in our lives, or some

glaring oversight, and hardly believe ourselves capable of committing such a *faux pas*. Such human failings are apt to alter the whole course of our lives. I cannot for the life of me account for the neglect unless it was due to the fact that I had become so accustomed to depend on myself doing the obvious right thing at the right moment, but even as I heard the two men mounting the stairs, it flashed on my brain with a sickening sense of horror that that very morning I had placed two tiny scrolls of code message under a strip of loose wallpaper behind the washstand in my bedroom. I had expected the drayman to call that day. Bertha, who had been upstairs, crept in, looking frightened, and told me that they were ripping open the mattresses and sorting the stuffing. The heavy footsteps upstairs seemed to wander from side to side of the room interminably, the suspense became unbearable. I waited white-faced and motionless, hoping against hope that after searching in the mattresses they would be satisfied.

Suddenly the noise upstairs stopped. Then hurried footsteps scurried across the room, and I heard them thundering down the stairs. The officer burst in. His whole demeanour had changed. With an air of savage, bullying triumph, he ground out: "You see what I have found behind the washstand, Fräulein. You will come with me immediately to the Kommandant's office, where you will be formally charged. We have enough evidence now to put you in front of a firing-squad any time we please.—Gefreiter, call the two men." Bertha burst out weeping, but now that the worst had happened I was fiercely determined to keep my head, notwithstanding the numbing horror of this crushing turn of events.

Presently I was marching through the streets bareheaded between my guards with the officer in front and the Gefreiter in the rear. The rumour quickly spread, and men and women came running to watch us pass. "Knubs" congregated outside their billets swore and spat on the ground. At the Town-Kom-

mandant's office I was formally charged as a spy, although the detailed charges were not specified, and I was not allowed to speak a word myself. To reach the prison our little party had to pass the tram terminus. As we approached a tram arrived, discharging crowds of rough and ready civilian labourers who were employed on making concrete dugouts in the German reserve line. A growl of disapproval and sympathy swept through the crowd of pushing, jostling humanity. I thought an attempt at rescue, which would have been worse than useless, might be made, but the escort marched quickly and steadily with set faces.

Somewhere behind me a man shouted: "Courage, little sister!" and it came to me as in a dream. We met a body of troops on their way to pack themselves into the cars of "Ca-na-faitrien" to be rattled up front. They were singing with cheerful faces. All knew that certain of their number would never return to Roulers, and that others would return on stretchers, but why worry? — every one stood an equal chance of pulling through, and anyway, you didn't know what was going to happen to you until it did happen. I was not so lucky as they. I knew what was going to happen to me. There could be no doubt about that. A firing party in the dawn.

We reached the military prison, old Feldwebel Richter stood at the door, his tunic unbuttoned, smoking his curly Bavarian pipe. He took it from his mouth and stared in amazement. The light of pity showed in his eyes, then they hardened in bestial resentment—so friend Fräulein Cnockaert was a spy, then I saw pity again. He wiped his moustache, sprang to attention and saluted, then preceded us silently into the prison. A cell door clashed to and the drum of military boots receded down that corridor.

I sat down on my coarse bed. This was the end of my spying —a firing party in the dawn.—I heard their heels crash to attention, I heard the rattle as the rifles went up. I could not

think how they had detected me—but what did it matter?—I had served my counry to the best of my ability—and the Germans—I had done my duty by them, too—they could not deny that—but what did that matter?—what did that matter?—"If you are caught, it will probably be your own fault!"—It will probably be your own fault!" The sound of a sentry pacing in the corridor came to me, slow, steady paces. It was cold and lonely and dark.—A firing party in the dawn.—I burst into tears.

CANTEEN MA, THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL*

By Marthe McKenna

Any great cataclysm throws to the surface certain individuals whose genius would normally be hidden under a mask of mediocrity. Such an individual certainly was Romany Rondeel, known to friend and foe alike as Canteen Ma. If the Great War had not come, Romany would have been known to a few dozen neighbors in the tiny village of Swevezeele as a cheerful soul who ran her household well, and spanked her numerous children when they needed it. She would also have been a picturesque figure on market days in Roulers and in several of the neighboring villages, the type of woman that tourists sketch surreptitiously on their little pads. The war brought out her superlative genius and she became the superspy of our whole area, the life nerve of one of the most extraordinary underground "postal" systems of modern times.

What a woman was Romany! I admired her as I admired the imperturbable Alphonse. I loved her for her spirit as I loved Stephan before tragedy broke him. For four years—think of it, forty-eight dreadful months!—amid the most ferocious and determined drives of the German counter-espionage agents

* From "Spies I Knew," by Marthe McKenna. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1933.

Canteen Ma filled her dangerous rôle undetected. Phenomenal luck was with her but I always felt that her luck was part of her genius.

A little more than a year before the outbreak of the war, Jules Rondeel, Romany's husband, fell ill with an incurable disease. He had labored as a "voerman" (a carrier). At dawn every day from his native village of Swevezeele, with his horses shackled up to a long carrier cart, he commenced his rounds to the town of Roulers and its environs, collecting and delivering all kinds of merchandise for the small traders and the farmers. The work was hard, but to live on the meager returns was still harder, for they had a large, hungry family. For each of them this was the second venture into matrimony. Jules from his first venture contributed three children and Romany from her first brought two. And thereafter Romany regularly presented the ever-complacent Jules with fresh additions. In speaking of her large brood she was wont to say "mine," "his," and "our"!—three different kinds. For nearly twenty years the great-hearted Romany did financial juggling with the family budget which would have been the envy and despair of our present-day European chancellors.

A good-natured, happy couple were Jules and Romany. They thought the world of each other. So the collapse of Jules into hopeless invalidism was a sore blow to Romany. For the rest of his life he would be reduced to sitting by the stove and sucking his everlasting pipe. At a time in life when most women of her class are completely worn out, Romany cheerfully and without a word of complaint shouldered this fresh burden. The roof must be kept over the Rondeel family, so the "voerman's" cart continued to rumble over the roads, and Romany's white elfin locks and rosy cheeks became a familiar sight on market days throughout the district. Dawn saw her on her way, dusk saw her return.

By the time the Gray Wave had reached her village two of

Romany's sons had joined the Belgian Army and she at once found means to communicate with her two boys. Had it not been for this fortunate chance, the Allies might not have discovered a dangerous and clever spy for their cause.

The Rondeel house stood alone on the outskirts of Swevezeele, within a score of yards of the broad highway from Bruges to Courtrai. The building was low and rambling, with the usual cart and store sheds. The large kitchen opened direct on to the roadway. The tramp, tramp of countless feet and the rumble of transport wagons past his door strangely excited the invalid Jules. On the approach of troops he would rise painfully from his seat by the stove and shuffle across to the door, standing in the opening, supporting himself with two sticks as he watched the passing hordes. First it was the Allied troops going back—forever going back. Then later came the invaders, a never-ending stream of singing, victorious men. It was all a strange inexplicable pageant to Jules and on the slightest sound he was drawn to the doorway as if by a magnet.

The family became so accustomed to this habit of his that in the end no attempt was made to stop him. Over by Ypres, as the war progressed, the invaders were being held as if in a vise, with the result that the immediate back-area commands became somewhat panic-stricken, and local commandants gave strict orders that after dusk all doors must be closed and windows shuttered, so that no lights should show.

One evening early in October (1914) old Jules heard the now familiar sounds of the rumble-rumble of gun carriages in the distance. He rose from his seat near the stove, shuffled over to the door and stood in the opening awaiting the passing of the oncoming troops. Two of the youngest children were playing in the kitchen, and it may have been that one of them moved the lid for a moment from the stove so that a slight glow shone out into the thickening gloom (certainly no light was burning in the room) but whatever the "provocation" a shot

rang out and Jules, with a gentle sigh, sagged slowly to the ground and lay still on his own doorstep.

As the troops passed a guttural voice called over in Flemish, "Close that door!" One of the children hurriedly tried to obey but the form of the prostrate father would allow it to be only half closed. This must have been sufficient to hide the glow from the roadway, as no further command was heard. When Romany returned shortly afterwards she discovered one of the children still trying to close the door and another trying to "waken" father. It would be interesting to know what that stray shot cost the invaders, for it woke into life an unsuspected genius sustained by a cold implacable hatred. Romany wept a bit, for she adored poor Jules. He was her mate. Then, after dragging the body to a couch, she prepared supper for the children, hers, his and theirs.

Times became hard for Romany and her family after Jules' death. Freight got exceedingly scarce, and worse still, the two beautiful cart horses which had been the pride of their life were requisitioned by the invaders and Romany was reduced to a sorry-looking pony and a light cart.

Then she took the plunge. Food of every description was getting scarce in the towns and prices were forever rising. She determined to be a peddler of produce. She would buy vegetables and fruit from the local farmers and retail the stuff in the towns and villages. From the first this happy change was crowned with success. Not only did the civilians welcome the bluff, rosy-cheeked vendor, but the invading troops also bought from her. The soldiers were delighted with her rough and ready wit and her atrocious German. She gave them the impression of being just an ordinary ignorant hawker of fruit and vegetables yet even at this early stage she was the center and live wire of our "postage" system. Letters were collected and delivered not only locally but back and forth over the frontier. She had chosen her runners with the same care and

insight with which a general chooses his staff. She had many bold and daring spirits to draw upon but she took only those in whom she could place implicit trust, and when it is remembered that never once during four years was she "let down" it will be seen that behind the cheery and seemingly illiterate exterior there lay an exceedingly shrewd and calculating brain. To the invaders she could neither read nor write, and she even went so far as to pretend that she could not reckon, leaving the soldiers to add up the amount they had to pay. But it must be put on record as a tribute to her popularity that no attempt was ever made to swindle her.

At length a soldier in Roulers came in contact with Romany, and from the first he must have divined her cleverness and her possibilities. He was the Q.M.S. of the Roulers canteen. Naturally, he was forced to make the first overtures. He worked his way into her good graces by ordering whole consignments of merchandise, *and promptly paying for them.* At the beginning there was a considerable amount of fencing between the pair, in which honors were evenly divided, but the astute Q.M.S. in a joking manner belittled the Germans and managed to convey to Romany his contempt for them. Furthermore, he showed his genuine sympathy at her story of the increasing difficulties she was experiencing in purchasing and collecting supplies from the farmers. Her venture was becoming hedged in by all manner of restrictions imposed by the invaders. When the Q.M.S. had come to the conclusion that Romany had sufficient trust in him, he said guardedly: "Romany, I'm going to ask you something. I've a young lady in Holland and I want to communicate with her. I don't want those prying fellows in the orderly room reading what *I'm* writing. As a special favor to me, could you get the letter sent over?"

The mask dropped from Romany's face and a penetrating look of response swept over the features of the smart-looking Q.M.S. Satisfied that he was on her side, Romany answered

slowly, "Well, I might try; but remember I'm not responsible if it's found during its passage."

"It's nothing important," he said lightly, "just an ordinary inquiry. You can read it, if you care to."

"Read it?" said Canteen Ma with twinkling eyes that told worlds. "You ought to know I can't read a line."

"All right, Romany," he laughed, "but don't forget to arrange for the answer. I'm rather anxious to know how my friend is faring, as I haven't heard from her since I joined the regiment."

Romany nodded and took the letter. Within four days the Q.M.S. received his answer, and Romany remarked as she gave it to him: "She seems almost as anxious about you as you are about her. Oh, these young folks!"

The Q.M.S. at once took Romany into his complete confidence. He disclosed that he was an officer in the British Intelligence and the innocently worded letter he had handed to Romany was a feeler to his headquarters. The answer had approved the method of transmission and at the same time urgently requested precise data on the forces in our area. He told Canteen Ma that his next communication would be of the utmost importance, as it would comprise probably the first authentic account from a trained observer of the real numbers the German Army had in that sector, and he added: "This will be the first time my headquarters will know for certain that Germany has something like seven men to our one. Our people will have a few sleepless nights, I'm afraid."

Romany said quietly: "Put it in duplicate, and I'll send two of my best men. They'll have it over there inside of twenty-four hours."

The astute British officer found in Romany Rondeel his ideal intermediary and from thenceforth he built around the shrewd old woman an elastic organization which was to give untold trouble to the invaders. He started in by taking her to the town

commandant's office, where he explained that Madame Rondeel was the chief medium whereby the canteen obtained the supplies of vegetables and fruit so necessary for the officers' messes. A pass was accordingly made out giving Romany the greatest freedom of movement throughout the whole area.

Sure now of a ready market in Roulers, Romany launched out with great energy. Almost every day her cart was loaded until it groaned. Swevezeele was in the vicinity of Thielt, the headquarters of the Württemberg Army, so the Q.M.S. at Roulers lost no time in introducing the woman to the Q.M.S. at Thielt. Romany took this new broadening of her activities with enormous zest. She used to boast to the grinning troops surrounding her cart that she had sold vegetables and fruit to most of the crowned heads of the German Reich. Even the All Highest himself, she claimed, had eaten of her wares. It was at this time and because of her frequent visits to the two canteens that the troops first nicknamed her "Canteen Ma."

THE COMING OF JEAN NESTOR*

By Marthe McKenna

SEPTEMBER 1915 was a hot, dry month, the end of a hot summer. Troops were flooding back from the Russian front. The Muscovite, though not definitely crushed, was beaten to his knees, his armies, a discredited and disorderly rabble, driven well back into the marshes of his own forlorn country. Now had arrived the precise moment for "Shining Michael" to deliver the *coup de grâce* to the Allies on the western front. Russia was done for, for at least two years if not for good, so hordes of victorious troops flooded our sector together with endless guns flaunting notices of a hundred different battles gloriously won on the eastern front. Hardly had the celebrations in Germany died down and the children returned to school when the victorious staff officers came swaggering in from the eastern front, dashing about in all directions to show their importance. Perhaps even the godlike figure of the Victor of Tannenberg would come to the West. Then Heaven help the stubborn Allies. Von Hindenburg would show them what was what!

Great preparations were afoot. In a few short days pygmy ammunition dumps and collections of forage material were

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transformed into huge stores spread all over the countryside. Rough roads and light railways were run hit or miss across fields ready for the plow and other fields where corn was ripe. Wherever a contour of ground or a clump of trees gave a little cover, there ammunition dumps and forage stores were formed with transport lines leading to them. The districts of Thielt and Roulers became veritable beehives of activity.

Hurry and rush! Make ready for the advance. *Nach Paris! Nach London!* These rallying cries became again familiar. The hooters on cars dashing about with important-looking staff officers called out the musical prophecy. *Ber-lin—Par-is! Nach Paris* before the Russian bear had time to regain his breath and marshal his millions for a second charge.

These were the conditions in our sector and, indeed, it seemed more than likely that the sudden improvement in the morale of the German Armies owing to the successes on the eastern front might bode ill for the Allies. Amid all this hullabaloo Canteen Ma, notwithstanding the restrictions placed on every kind of merchandise, went her serene way. She still managed to secure her cartload of fruit and vegetables, and every other day saw her on her customary route to the Roulers canteen. In the town soldiers eagerly waylaid her to buy her produce.

"It's a pity you don't have a victory like that every day," she said to the grinning soldiers. "We could all do with it. It loosens the purse-strings and makes everybody happy. Why, I've sold out every day this week and they're still shouting for more."

"Well, I'll tell you this, old girl, you'll have to come a long way to sell us apples next week. We're booked for Ypres," said a young, serious-faced soldier.

"And the week after we're for Paris," spoke up another through a mouthful of apple.

"Ho, ho," smiled Canteen Ma. "Paris, I grant, you might

get with a little bit of fighting and a lot of luck, but Ypres, my son, is different. You'll never see the inside of it. Our Lady of the Palisades sits there."

Now this was a firm and unshakable belief of Romany's. An old Flemish legend asserts that no invader can capture Ypres, because of the Lady of the Palisades.

"You can capture all the Russian generals that exist, but don't count on Ypres, you won't get *there,*" repeated Romany, with an emphatic shake of her head.

"Well, mother," called out one of the soldiers as she drove her cart away, "we'll just see if your old woman of the Palisades can stop us."

Romany shook her head, muttering, "There you'll never get, only as a prisoner."

As the old hawker was driving down a side street to the rear of the canteen building a soldier emerged to meet her and announced that the Q.M.S. was in a hurry to see her about getting some more supplies.

"Well, tell him I'm here, my cherub, if he's in such a hurry. I hope he doesn't want me to do the impossible. Gar-r. You men are all alike. Grub is all you think of," she mocked, as the grinning soldier disappeared into the building.

The Q.M.S. obediently came out into the street. He was immaculately dressed, and was bareheaded, his hair cut in the approved German Army fashion.

"Good day, Frau," he said in German. "I would like you to get as many provisions as possible. Here are the requisition notes," and he handed her two colored sheets of paper and continued in Flemish: "I don't seem able to secure from headquarters the quantities I require, so I depend upon you to help. It's very important that you do your utmost to deliver the order in these notes."

Romany nodded, well knowing that his real meaning had nothing to do with the provisions. "Very well, Herr. I'll do my

best but the farmers are mighty close these days and the prices they're asking would shock a millionaire."

The Q.M.S. likewise understood Romany's hidden meaning. The hawker was telling him that it was getting increasingly difficult to pass information. He bent down to flick a speck of dust from his shiny field boots and murmured, "The note underneath is the important one. Take great care with that."

Canteen Ma nodded, maneuvered the pony round in the narrow street and commenced her journey home. As she made her way over the dreadful roadways she received nods and, in some cases, laughing winks from Feld-gendarme patrols, with all of whom she was a favorite. Occasionally she singled out a Secret Service man bent on his difficult mission of spy-catching. Canteen Ma well knew all the detectives by sight, and they would have been truly amazed had they known that their every movement and activity was like an open book to her twinkling eyes. She was thankful for the German system of retaining the personnel of the Intelligence Bureau almost unchanged, for that made her dangerous activities far easier. During the entire period of the occupation few changes were made at Thielt. Units might come and divisional headquarters might go, but the Intelligence unit stayed on. Once Romany had been held up and searched by a new and young agent, one whom she had not marked down as a hunter, but luckily that day she was carrying nothing that mattered. The incident taught her to be doubly careful where new men were concerned. The very fact that they were new made them eager to show how smart they were. So when she heard of a newcomer she made it her business to be noticed by him as quickly as possible. The result was that she was hardly ever stopped for search and she roamed the area practically unmolested, picking up all manner of vital information.

Arriving at home that September night she called to her youngest son, Pierre, to unshackle the pony and lead him to the

stable. Pierre was a precocious youth of fourteen, far wiser than his years as a result of being left fatherless and of living at the hub of the world's frightful struggle. Fortunately his energies were all directed to helping his mother and he had long ago elected himself the man of the house. He was intensely loyal.

Following her regular evening routine Canteen Ma reigned for two hours in her own personal kingdom. There was the cooking to be done and the small children to be sent to bed. When all this had been taken care of she finally sat down by a covered lamp and read the important message handed to her by the Q.M.S. It was no doubt the answer to an urgent message she had handed to him the day before, a message which had come from Holland. Romany had made a special journey to Roulers to deliver it.

Her face became grave and set as she slowly read on. The request amounted to this: The British Intelligence were somewhat alarmed at the heavy German preparations in the district and felt that something must be done, and done quickly, to delay any threatened German attack. If the fine weather held, such an attack was almost certain to be attempted and a serious German advance now might spoil altogether the Allied offensive planned for the following spring. To assist in delaying and harassing the invader a proved and determined British agent would be dropped by aëroplane, conditions permitting, at dusk the very next evening. Minute details of the proposed landing-spot were given, but the Q.M.S. had translated the map references and had indicated the place in simple language as the meadow of Mayers' farm. He had at the same time requested Canteen Ma to be on hand and give what aid she could to the new British agent.

Romany knew the landing-place well. It was in the grounds of an extensive farmstead and was a place where she purchased most of her potatoes. For secrecy a better spot could not have

been chosen. The owner, with his family, had fled the country on the approach of the invaders, and the farm was run by one of his old employees, a man most friendly to Romany and one who, if asked for help, would readily give it. Romany, however, decided to let events unravel before approaching the farmer. In any case she could easily make it her business to be near when the aëroplane should land. From prowling patrols she had no fear, for her well-known figure and her pass to purchase from the farmers in the district would offer enough excuse should she be stopped and questioned. To be seen passing a lonely spot at such a time would not create the least suspicion, as her search for food to supply the hungry and grumbling messes took her to the most out-of-the-way places.

The next morning Canteen Ma made all her preparations for the reception of the British agent. The house and outbuildings had been constantly used as a sanctuary for passing fugitives, and at times German troops had been billeted in the sheds. She knew that the agent, no matter what disguise he came in, would be provided with passport and papers all in order, but she had no idea what form his activities would take. However, with a grim smile to herself, she thought, "He'll find plenty of trouble wherever he goes."

At this point unexpected complications developed, but Romany's *sang-froid* never deserted her. Just after the children had been sent off to school a wizened old man, carrying a bundle of umbrellas stuck into a hemp bag slung across his shoulders, shuffled into her kitchen.

"Good morning, Phil," greeted Canteen Ma. "How's business with the covers?"

The man shook his head despondently. "Awful, Romany, awful; no rain, no purchasers. It wouldn't be so bad if the soldiers would get the habit of usin' 'em. I *have* heard as how the Chinks use 'em going into a fight and it must make a roarin' funny sight, but here, Romany, they only use the silk for sand-

bags and the girls strip the covers for making blouses. An umbrella comes in handy-like for all manner of things if only folks would buy 'em."

This innocent chatter was indulged in for the benefit of Pierre, who was at the table finishing his breakfast, but as the boy left the kitchen the sharp eyes of Umbrella Phil flashed Canteen Ma a meaning look.

"All right, Phil, pass it over quickly." The man pulled out a dilapidated umbrella and fumbled with the catch. Giving the handle a sudden twist he pulled forth a thin cylindrical piece of paper and quickly handed it to the woman. "It's for 'Q' in Roulers, and it's urgent," he whispered.

"Well, Phil, it'll have to wait until tomorrow, I'm busy today," she returned as she folded the paper and hid it away in her voluminous dress. Phil, with great care, filled and lighted a pipe. The woman set a cup before him, and as she commenced to pour out the coffee a loud rap came on the door, followed immediately by a dusty and tired-looking Feldwebel.

Glancing at Canteen Ma, the Feldwebel asked, "You the Frau here?"

She nodded.

"Well, old mother, a platoon will be billeted here, thirty men, and they're coming in this morning."

Romany protested violently. "You can't bring them here. The house is full of young children, and I need my sheds for the stuff that I supply to the officers' messes. No, my cherub, no thieving troops are going to hang around my place."

Mention of the officers' messes somewhat impressed the Feldwebel, but he replied, "You can talk all day, mother, but it won't alter the fact that thirty men will stay here in your outhouses, for I see there's tons of room."

"Now look, Feldwebel," said Canteen Ma in a voice of finality, "you're only wasting your time. All I have to do is walk to Thielt and the town major will give me an order for

your removal. Don't bring them here, for you'll only have to find them another billet tomorrow."

The Feldwebel shrugged his shoulders. "Can't help that, mother. If I have to move them tomorrow, why, I'll move 'em, but tonight here they'll stay."

Romany, for once, was at a loss what to say. An expression of disgust clouded her ruddy face. She looked appealingly at the umbrella merchant but he went on smoking his rank tobacco without venturing a word. Before the Feldwebel left Phil finally spoke, trying to soothe the angry woman: "They won't give you much trouble, mother. Since they're men from a labor battalion they'll be away most of the day working at the forage stores and the ammunition dump on the Wynghene Road."

This thought did placate Canteen Ma, as she knew the soldiers would be marched away early in the morning and would return fairly late in the evening very tired. They would be quite unlike the blustering machine-gunners she had had to contend with on a previous occasion. The old woman could hardly suppress a smile as she recalled this. Pierre had been wrapped up with many shawls and a doctor friend of Romany's hastily summoned from Thielt. The doctor had promptly diagnosed the illness as scarlet fever and the machine-gun company had departed in a hurry, whereupon Pierre recovered with remarkable speed.

"So you're going to have vistors," said Phil with twinkling eyes, after the Feldwebel had left. "I'd let 'em stay. There's nothing like a few nice fat inoffensive German knubs around the house. Takes away suspicion and, provided they're not too inquisitive, they're really a godsend."

Romany looked into Phil's shrewed eyes and smiled. "Yes, you're right, I hadn't thought of that, but there's something in it. Might be worse. Labor knubs are not so bad."

She immediately busied herself and young Pierre helped in preparing one of the sheds for the labor platoon. The prepara-

tion consisted of removing everything from the shed, leaving the building absolutely bare.

"Now, Pierre, my lad," said his mother, "harness Bill to the cart. I'm late already," but before she could get away on her purchasing rounds the tired platoon marched into the yard.

"Pierre," she admonished, "keep your eyes well skinned and don't let those knubs roam about the house."

As Canteen Ma trudged along the road old Phil quietly joined her. "I've nothing to go back, Phil. Where are you making for now?" the woman asked.

"Thourout," answered Phil tersely.

"Well, go to Manton Devany and tell him I've work for him"; and as they strode along, she added, "Dangerous work, Phil."

The old man hitched up his bundle of umbrellas by a sudden jerk of his shoulders and with a "God be with you, Romany" left the woman as she turned into a side road. Fortified with a large bundle of dirty mark-notes hidden well away in her dress, Romany commenced her usual purchasing rounds. The route was carefully mapped out. It would take her not only to numberless farms but into villages and hamlets where artillery units, machine-gun companies, storm troops and all the panoply of attack preparations revealed themselves. All changes and additions she would carefully note and later report. Nothing ever escaped Romany's watchful eyes, and in practically every case it was the troops themselves who supplied the best bits of information. A joking inquiry, for instance, about the welfare of some German wag, and the bluff hawker would have the answer: "Oh, him. He's gone to throw a few of his jokes to the Tommies at Passchendaele." And thus Romany would learn that a crack machine-gun company had moved up the line.

It was a relief after her long routine to arrive at last an hour before dusk at the Mayers' farmstead. Here was a cheerful welcome and Canteen Ma always received everything that could

be spared. "Sit down, Romany, and drink a cup of coffee," was the hearty invitation of Odil Vreak. Odil was working the farm for Farmer Mayer, the owner, and was a genuine friend to Romany, although he had not the slightest suspicion of her spying activities. Romany settled herself comfortably in a chair, tired from the heat and the dust. She had still more than an hour to wait.

"Well, Romany, what good news today?" asked Odil cheerfully.

"Nothing much, but I hear that the knubs expect thousands of tons of foodstuff from the East."

"Well, the sooner it comes down here the better I'll like it," said the farmer, "for on the latest requisition the knubs have sent in I'm forced to deliver to them seventy per cent of my total produce. It's heartbreaking. I'm to deliver it without any draft horses and when I ask for payment the prices they give me don't even cover the labor. It would be a godsend if what they get from Russia alters that state of things."

Without any comment Romany sipped her coffee, and Odil continued his tale of woe.

"Engineers came two days ago, surveyed one of my best crop fields and now they've cooly informed me that they're going to run a light railway straight across the farm, to link up with the ammunition dump on the Wynghene Road. At that rate they'll throw me out of the farm altogether in another few months."

They chatted for some minutes but Romany was nervous. She could not keep her attention on potatoes and cabbages with a strange and perhaps dangerous adventure immediately ahead of her. The shadows were deepening as she took her leave of the kind-hearted Odil and started jolting along the quiet country lane. She could not bring herself to trust these newfangled air ideas, and this would be the first time she had come in close contact with an air machine. She almost hoped that

the thing would not appear. In the haze of a sinking sun she heard the rumbling roar of the distant guns, but suddenly came another noise, the faint but unmistakable purr of an aëroplane. It made every nerve in her body tingle. She halted the docile pony and anxiously gazed around the landscape, but could see nothing of the plane. The purring sound gradually became a roar. Haze and deepening dusk were now enveloping the countryside and it was difficult to make things out, but the old woman finally saw a moving blot in the sky. Suddenly the noise of the aëroplane engine stopped abruptly and the listening woman, every faculty taut, heard the whistling swish of the propeller and one startling burst of the engine. Then all was silence again as the small aëroplane swooped and landed with the swiftness and precision of a bird. For a distance it glided along the ground and Canteen Ma, with a gasp of horror, saw its rear end heave up and almost topple over on the occupants. But by some miracle it righted itself.

A dark form, which she rightly took for the pilot, hurriedly scrambled from the cockpit and gave a vigorous swing to the propeller. A roar, which Romany thought would bring the whole of the countryside running to investigate, announced the restarting of the engine. The dark form hastily rushed back into the machine and swung it around towards the hedge where the excited woman was waiting. Gradually the plane lifted and with a sweeping turn accompanied by an ever-increasing roar it climbed toward the skies. With a deafening vibration it passed a few yards above the fascinated Romany. Although she saw it not, she knew that the moment the plane had landed a second figure had left the machine. This figure would now be lying flat in the open field, every nerve alert, anxiously watching for any inquisitive enemy or even any civilian who might have observed the secret landing. Canteen Ma herself just as anxiously glanced around for a few tense seconds; then

seeing that the coast was clear, she called out in a loud voice to the startled Bill—"There, my beauty, get along." Moving down the country lane the rackety cart made a considerable noise on the hard, dry, bumpy surface and at the same time, much to the astonishment of the docile Bill, she commenced to complain very loudly of his laziness. The pony, with ears pricked back as though a little hurt at his owner's ungratefulness, broke into a jogtrot and on suddenly rounding a bend in the lane, nearly ran over a man who was just scrambling through the wayside hedge.

Canteen Ma pulled sharply at the reins and slowed down. "Watch out, mister," she called banteringly. "My steed has tender feet and it hurts him to step on strangers." The man grinned and Romany added, "Fine evening for a stroll."

"And not so bad for a drive either, mother," replied the stranger composedly in perfect Flemish, for all the world thought the excited woman, as if dropping out of aëroplanes were a daily business. Silently the man walked by the side of the cart, eager to put as much distance as possible behind him and the meadow lest anyone had noticed the secret landing. They had turned into the main Bruges road before another word was spoken, and meanwhile Romany, out of the corner of her eye, tried to examine the well-knit stranger. She could not see much of his face owing to the falling darkness and a cap which he had pulled well over his eyes, but she saw that he was dressed as a laborer and wore a black muffler around his neck. He was carrying a small bundle.

Although both were certain of each other, precautions had to be observed. In a casual tone Canteen Ma asked, "Which direction are you taking, my cherub?"

"Courtrai way," he answered, "but I've a call to make on a relative of mine who lives in these parts."

"Yes?" said Romany, as if prompted only by polite curiosity.

"Unfortunately," continued the stranger, "I don't know the house very well, for I was only a toddler when I last visited my aunt."

"Your aunt, eh?" encouraged Romany, beginning to enjoy herself.

"Perhaps you might happen to know the people, mother? The name is Rondeel—Romany Rondeel!" he exclaimed brightly.

"Well, of all the coincidences!" returned Canteen Ma with such a degree of surprise that the stranger laughed aloud. "That beats safety pins and flying laborers! Why, that's my name."

The new-found relative was suitably surprised and gratified.

"You must be young Pierre," went on Romany, "my sister Marie's boy. You know I have a boy myself named after you."

"No, I'm not Pierre, I'm the eldest, Jean," corrected the stranger.

"Well, well, and how is my poor sister Marie Houpline now, Jean?"

"Oh, so-so," answered Jean; "but her name, aunt, is not Houpline, it's Nestor."

"Ha, Nestor? Of course. My memory plays stupid tricks with me in my old age. So Jean Nestor, my nephew, has dropped in on a surprise visit to his old Aunt Romany. Little Jean that I haven't seen these twenty years!"

Troops and army wagons and motors were passing the pair as they went rapidly along the highway. In the darkness Canteen Ma suddenly dropped her bantering manner and her keen young-looking eyes seemed to bore through the obscurity.

"Show me," she commanded curtly.

The man stopped and muttered, "Just a moment, mother." He rapidly took from his pocket a pipe and a box of matches. He struck a match, leaned towards Canteen Ma, shielding the tiny glare to light his pipe. As his cupped hands went up to his

face his thumb for a fleeting moment lifted the flap of his rough coat and Romany glimpsed two shining safety pins. "That's the name, is it?" she said reassured. "Jean Nestor, and you're to be my nephew. But I'm afraid it's going to be awkward to put you up. I've just had a platoon of labor soldiers foisted on to me. But at least they're harmless, Jean, and a domesticated soldier or two around the house does away with a world of suspicion."

"Hm," ventured the stranger; "that does complicate matters a little, but as you say, aunt, there's safety in numbers sometimes."

"Yes, but where am I going to put you?"

"Oh, any old nook will suit me for a few days. I knew Aunt Romany would put up with me for a while, just until I have a look around. I hope it doesn't worry you, aunt."

"Not at all, not at all, my dear boy, but you'd better tell me all about my poor sister Marie and her dear children. I've something like a hundred and fifty relations living and I get mixed up in our family tree!"

Jean laughed heartily at the manner in which Canteen Ma was entering into the grim adventure. The old woman's courage warmed his heart, and a glow of admiration swept him. "Tell me quickly," urged Romany. "We're nearly home, and I've a very inquisitive son."

"Well then, your sister Marie, my mother, fled to France when the Germans entered Belgium, taking most of her family with her. Unwisely I stayed in Courtrai, but I've earned good money on the Lys retting flax and, being a thrifty kind of fellow, I've saved up a bit, so I've come along to pay a short visit to my old Aunt Romany, and to stay with her a few days before I return to Courtrai to, er—ret some more flax. Quite simple, isn't it? To satisfy the inquisitive I possess a perfectly good permit signed in the handwriting of the commandant of Courtrai himself."

In the darkness Canteen Ma smiled. "You'll be a great help to your old aunt during your stay, Nephew Jean, a great help. Your little cousin Pierre is willing but he's young and not too strong, so I keep him out of the work."

"Well, I'm strong enough, aunt. Retting flax develops the muscles. Keep young Pierre out of it by all means."

This explanatory conversation brought the pair outside Romany's home. Canteen Ma expertly piloted the tired pony into the open yard and halted him by one of the sheds, whereupon Pierre came out and his mother said to him, "Put Bill in his stall, son. There's nothing to unload tonight. All the stuff has to go to Roulers first thing tomorrow morning."

She turned to the stranger and asked: "Jean, help me push the cart into that shed, will you?" The shed was a lean-to, built against the side of the house. She unlocked the door, and as Pierre led away the pony, the woman and Jean pushed the loaded cart into the shed. Two soldiers standing idly in the yard, their cigarette-ends glowing in the darkness, were interested spectators of the arrival. No lights were allowed, so Jean Nestor had small opportunity to observe his surroundings, but he had noticed that behind the two soldiers a faint light was allowed to shine dimly into the yard. That must be the platoon shed, he thought.

"Come in," whispered Romany. "We can get into the house this way." Jean entered the lean-to, which had a powerful smell of vegetables. As Romany fumbled with a heavy wooden crossbar on the door, she said, "Strike a match, Jean. You'll find a lamp near the wall. I'm fixing up this door. Those thieves have seen us come in with this load of stuff, but they're not going to get a chance at it. It's all right, Jean. You can turn up the light. The holes are well covered."

Jean looked around, and Canteen Ma pointed to a door let into the side wall of the house. "That leads into my kitchen. Come, I'm tired and hungry."

Jean followed the woman through the door into the kitchen. On the table a lamp burned low. Three small girls were sitting near a long Flemish stove, for the night had turned chilly. One girl, older than the rest, was washing up after the evening meal. "Ha, you've eaten, then," said Romany cheerfully. "What hungry wolves I've got. Look, children, I've brought a new cousin for you. This is your cousin Jean from Courtrai."

Cousin Jean from Courtrai gravely shook hands with the wide-eyed sisters and said pleasantly, "If I'd known I was to meet so many pretty cousins I'd have certainly brought something with me."

"Tut, tut!" returned Romany. "You mustn't spoil them, Jean. They're too conceited already. Now, children, off you go to bed," and obediently the children went up to their mother, pecked at her cheek and with shy glances at their new-found cousin, disappeared up a short flight of rough wooden stairs.

The front door opened cautiously and Pierre, anxious not to let the feeble beam of the lamp throw a light on to the roadway, slid into the kitchen.

"This is your cousin Jean from Courtrai," said Canteen Ma to Pierre, who was standing awkwardly staring at the British agent. They shook hands and Jean immediately won the boy's heart by asking "man-to-man" for a cigarette. Pierre proudly produced a highly colored packet of German cigarettes, gave one to his new-found cousin, lit a match, applied the light to Jean's cigarette and then manfully lit his own. Canteen Ma had meanwhile prepared supper for the stranger and herself.

"How many times have I told you not to smoke?" she scolded as she caught sight of the boy puffing away with great enjoyment. Pierre looked at Jean and shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "These women. They're the plague of a man's life."

"Come, nephew, the supper is ready," said Romany in a surprisingly short time, and Jean, nothing loath, sat down at the table.

"What are the knubs like?" questioned Canteen Ma of her son.

"They're all old 'uns," returned the boy in disgust. "One of them tried to talk to me, but I couldn't get what he was saying. Treasa knows their jargon and it seems he wanted boiling water, so I gave it to him. He gave me these cigarettes. The knubs are all right enough but they had to go to work this afternoon, and when they came back you should have heard the language. They were all dead beat, and how they did swear!" Pierre took another puff. "Twenty of 'em work at the ammunition dump and the other ten at the forage stores."

"Ha," exclaimed Canteen Ma with sudden interest, glancing at Jean, "working at the dump, eh?" Jean thought: "Smart lad this. Keeps his eyes open."

"Now, Pierre, off to bed!" commanded his mother briskly. The boy quietly went up to his mother, gave her a hug, turned and shook hands gravely with his cousin. "Till tomorrow, Cousin Jean," said the boy.

"Till tomorrow, Cousin Pierre," answered Jean with equal gravity. "Pleasant dreams!"

Romany silently cleared the supper things from the table and then sat down and gazed frankly at the agent. She saw a fresh-complexioned man with a keen stern face when in repose, but when he smiled the corners of his mouth disclosed quiet humor. He spoke with an extraordinarily soft musical voice which fascinated Romany. She loved the very sound of it regardless of the agent's words. To complete his disguise as a laborer he wore several days' growth of beard, but the remarkable thing was that this did not seem to make his appearance in any way untidy.

"What line are you taking?" asked Canteen Ma in a low voice.

"Don't know yet, but the ammunition dump seems the likeliest if I can get into it," he answered.

"Forget it," returned the woman, shaking her head vigorously. "Forget it, Jean. You might get in by a trick but you'd never get out. It's guarded closely night and day, and although there's a deal of loose stuff lying about, the knubs are pretty methodical. As soon as a compound is finished they run tons of barbed wire around it so as to keep out inquisitive—er—agents."

"In any case I'll have a look around," he said, and then after a pause: "The dump still seems to me the thing. I've got to take risks whatever I tackle. I suppose it's constructed as all ammunition depots are, the high-explosives material in the center compounds with the other stuff outside." Then striking out at a tangent, he asked: "Does Cousin Pierre know anything of what goes on?"

"If he does," was the answer, "he says nothing. He keeps his own counsel, but now and again he has surprised me with little bits of information which have turned out to be more than useful."

"Hm. Mark my words, aunt, he and I will become great comrades."

During the conversation the agent had several times taken from his pocket an old metal watch, the sort a Flemish laborer might carry, and Canteen Ma noticed—for nothing escaped her sharp eyes—that his attitude became tense, as if listening for something or someone. She looked at his set face but asked irrelevantly, "Where did you pick up your perfect Flemish?"

"Quite simple," he answered, with a smile. "My father, an Englishman of course, was a large buyer of your Lys flax. He bought for several large textile houses in Scotland and the North of Ireland. Eight months of each year he spent in Courtrai. For a long time before the war I stayed with him picking up the rudiments of the business, which, strange to say, I really took a fancy to. Not knowing Flemish himself, my father was always at a big disadvantage with your hard-

bargaining countrymen. So the first thing he did was to give his son and presumable successor a good grounding in the language by installing me in the office of a friend of his. Hence my Flemish. I took over the business in June nineteen-fourteen and I was in Courtrai when the Germans entered the town. I managed to get away, however, and when I went to join up in London a quiet-spoken gentleman, well known in England, happened by sheer chance to get into conversation with me. Englishmen who can speak Flemish are as scarce as hens' teeth, so instead of pigging it in the trenches here I am on my third secret visit to good old Flanders. I've got away twice through Holland and once I returned to England by the route you saw today. Here endeth the history of 'Nestor, Jean,' aunt," he finished in a bantering tone, "and now that we have the opportunity, I'd like to ask you a question or two. Firstly, where do I sleep?"

"You'll have to take the loft above the vegetable shed, I'm afraid. The vegetables smell like all-get-out but you'll soon grow accustomed to it; furthermore, the shed has many advantages. You can hear anyone who comes into the kitchen and if you find it necessary to get away quickly, there's a window let into the roof. You've only to lift your arm and the window opens without noise. You can climb to the roof, slide down into the yard and in a few steps you're on the road to Courtrai."

"Is the shed far from the platoon's billet?" Jean questioned.

"No. If you should crawl to the farther end of the roof I think you could hear the knubs whispering. But do you understand German?"

"I don't speak it too well," he returned, "but I understand pretty much every word. Now one thing more before I go up to the roof to investigate. Can I get messages and reports away quickly from this quarter?"

"Well, that depends," said Canteen Ma a little dubiously. "I've a few good dependable runners but sometimes I can't get

them just when I want 'em, so when there's something very special I take the message into Roulers. There, at the moment, we have a fine system working."

"Roulers, eh?" said Jean. "I've been told that if I find it necessary I'm to get into touch with 'Laura.' Do you know who she is?"

"Yes, I do," answered Romany slowly, "but there's one thing I must impress upon you. Whatever you do, don't make it too obvious that the trouble comes from this area. There are ways and means of throwing dust in the eyes of the knubs. You understand me, don't you, Jean? If anything is attempted around here or in these parts I don't want the affair pointing with ten fingers to the civilians, for we've had enough of these terrible spy scares and drives, and don't forget I've got small ones depending upon me, besides a lot of big ones."

"I wouldn't dream of doing anything without consulting you first," Jean returned seriously, "and anything that might affect your safety and usefulness would certainly not get my vote."

As Jean finished he stood up, for suddenly they both heard the purring noise of cruising night raiders. Jean quickly took his bundle from underneath the table and extracted a powerful-looking electric torch. He fitted a cardboard cover on to the globe end. The cover was in the form of a cylinder and would shield the side gleams from any chance passer-by so that the flash could be seen only from the air. "I'm going to the roof to investigate," he said, "and at the same time I shall give the 'All's well' signal to a friend of mine who is nosing around above. Just three flashes—so." He held the flash-lamp toward the ground and Canteen Ma saw a powerful dot-dash-dot of light leap out of the cardboard cylinder.

Jean walked into the shed and the stench of vegetables was almost overpowering. In the darkness he smiled grimly to himself, as he thought, "This time existence among the cabbages; last time life in a palace—I wonder what next," and

hurried over to the ladder which led to the loft. On gaining the roof he listened with close attention to the humming of the aëroplanes, trying to identify them, but he heard also the sound of a powerful motor car being driven with great speed from the direction of Bruges on the Bruges-Courtrai road. This last bothered him, as he could not distinguish to a nicety the engine sound of the cruising aëroplanes.

"Anyway, here goes," he said to himself as he flashed out his message to the aviators above. "If they're Germans they won't understand, and if it's my fellows they'll be away in a few seconds. With that confounded car making such a racket it's impossible to make out who's up there."

The hum of the approaching car had developed into a roar, and as it reached the Swevezeele road it swung the right-hand turn with a tearing screech of brakes, careered madly down the road and crashed within a few yards of the Rondeel homestead. Then came deathly stillness, for even the sounds of the aëroplanes had diminished almost to nothing.

The whole thing happened so quickly that Jean had not moved from his position on the roof. He nodded his head toward the skies and said, "Well, that's that"; and turning toward the roadway, where he could make out nothing nor hear any sound, he added, "and that certainly looks like that, too—a nice big crash with only the pieces to pick up! I wonder if my new-found aunt will let me investigate?"

COLONEL MAX WILD

COLONEL MAX WILD began as a liaison officer between Hindenburg and Mackensen on the Eastern Front. Promoted to the control of the German Intelligence Service, he first formed a vast espionage network against Russia, and then developed a counter-espionage system, by means of which he brought disaster upon many Russian spies operating behind the German lines.

Because of his numerous coups and captures, his name became a by-word with his enemies. Since it was known that his duties sometimes caused him to visit Russian territory, every effort was made to catch him. Finally, just before the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, the German colonel was invited to attend a "conference" of malcontents and revolutionary conspirators behind the Russian lines. This was a trap. Wild was arrested and brought before the terrible Schuschkin, chief of the Czar's military secret service on that front. Though he gave a false name, the German was shown a photograph of himself and offered his freedom and a handsome price if he would own that he was Max Wild and reveal the secrets of the German Intelligence. This offer he declined.

He was finally confronted with one of his own agents, Golba, a Russian peasant under sentence of death, who was promised

his life if he would identify the prisoner as the noted enemy espionage officer. The man refused; and next day, as Wild was led out to his firing party, he saw Golba hanging from a gallows. His own life was spared a few moments later only because a technical irregularity was discovered in the death warrant.

Wild has written a clear and compelling account of his dramatic experiences in espionage and counter-espionage. The selections that follow are typical of his day to day adventures in the subterranean combat of the Eastern Front.

SECRET SERVICE AT THE FRONT*

By Colonel Max Wild

Translated by Anthony Haigh

LUX, THE HERO

AT ABOUT four o'clock in the morning I had returned from this expedition and was just going to lie down for some well-earned rest, when I was sent for urgently from Plozk. The matter really did not seem to me very important. A Russian deserter had found his way into our barbed-wire entanglements, and as the lieutenant who had found him took him for some unknown reason to be a spy, they wanted to hand him over with all speed to the Intelligence Department. What could I do? My car rumbled across the great pontoon-bridge, while in the meantime a thick fog had settled on the Vistula.

The Russian deserter, a sturdy young fellow whose terror could be seen in his face, sat there with his hands bound looking the picture of misery. He had imagined that, as a German from Lodz, we should receive him with open arms. He related that he had been on patrol duty, and his two companions had been killed. He himself had gone on and allowed himself to be taken prisoner. He belonged to the Seventh Regiment of Guards. That fitted all right, as I knew.

"First you must show me the two who were killed, or I shan't believe you." At this moment an idea occurred to me,

* From "On the Russian Front," by Max Wild. Used by special permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; copyright, 1932.

rather dreadful perhaps, but natural enough in time of war. For some days now two Russian batteries had made their presence painfully evident, and we had not been able to silence them. I was to ascertain their position through my agents; and here before me was the very man to do it.

"Listen, Lux," that was his name, "you must go back to the Russians."

He almost died of fright when he heard that.

"For God's sake, sir, don't send me back, or the Russians will kill me."

"Nothing will happen to you. Just let me arrange things my own way. You'll be acclaimed as a courageous soldier, a hero. Early tomorrow morning I'll take you in front of your outposts, fire a few shots behind you, and you'll reach your trenches. You have simply been captured while on patrol duty, and like a brave man you have escaped. In case they ask you, I'll give you a little information about our position. But now for your principal task: behind your lines there are two heavy batteries whose exact position—exact, mind you—we must know. Can you read a map? . . . Good, here is one. On this map you must draw their positions very accurately. How can you get there?" After a little reflection he said there was a sort of canteen behind there, he could go to that.

"Splendid. When you have discovered the batteries, back you come. Report to the patrol again. If you can't fulfil your mission, don't let us see you again, or you'll be shot as a spy." I cut his cords and gave him a cigarette.

It was still dark when I started out with Lux the following morning. Our advance patrols had been warned. A shallow trench made our approach to the Russians an easy matter. Our lines were about eight or nine hundred yards behind us, when suddenly there was a shot on our left.

Lux was in front of me.

"Back!" I cried. "Quick! . . . Quick!" A number of shots followed.

"I've been thot! . . . I've been thot!" he groaned.

"Run, man, you're all right!" I grabbed him by the arm and dragged him along with me.

"Thot! . . . thot!" he had a curious way of talking, like a child of three. He held both hands tight to his stomach. We stopped at a small, isolated barn between the two front lines, which served as a vantage spot to the Russian outposts and ours. One of our patrols came up to us and gave me time to examine the wound. True enough it was a shot in the stomach, but very little blood flowed from the wound. Lux was taken to the surgeon, who promptly pronounced that it was not in the least dangerous, although Lux carried on as if he was going to die. It was a remarkable wound. The bullet had only pierced a layer of fat and the skin over it. He had been running doubled up when it hit him, and it had done no more than penetrate a fold of flesh, for he was a stoutish man.

When Lux, who apparently seemed pretty comfortable now lying there, asked me if he need still go over to the Russians, I had to disappoint him cruelly. I had already made them put a Russian bandage on him, so as to deceive the Russians when he got back to them.

"Now you'll be a real hero. By this evening you'll be well and strong again, and then we'll go to another place, where the Vistula offers a better protection. You'll only have a slightly further journey from there to your company, but you can have a look at the batteries on your way."

Lux groaned a few times more, and then accepted his lot. He made only one request, that I should again be his guide. I promised.

First of all I explored the place, and made the necessary arrangements with the detachment. No patrols were to be sent

out through No Man's Land, and no one at all need know of my intentions besides the battalion commander. He himself was there punctually when I appeared by the Vistula the next morning while it was still dark with my man. We sat on the bank and talked, smoking our cigarettes and watching the thick fog being carried inland in dense clouds by a gentle wind. The captain seemed to put little faith in the enterprise which was hardly surprising, since we could hear our hero's teeth chattering all the time.

At last I thought it was about time. I turned to Lux:

"Old friend, don't forget your mission and don't talk any nonsense when you get back to the other side. If you hear shots behind you, don't be afraid. They'll come from me. And now just get into the water and duck yourself. Right over your head. Deeper! Deeper! The water won't bite you. . . . And now come out again!"

There was still a thick, white fog over the river and its banks. At present it served as a cloak of invisibility for us, but later on we should run the risk of stumbling unexpectedly on a patrol. I whispered to Lux that in that case he should either stick close to me or jump into the river. Our goal was a little thicket of young pines, in which I intended to let Lux go. I could not see anything suspicious, so I called out: "Off you go, Lux, over there!" And I pointed out the direction.

"No, sir, I won't go alone. You said you would bring me to the wood. I won't go alone!"

"Come along, you coward, be off!"

Lux stuck close behind me, I couldn't persuade him to walk by my side. At last I lost patience, drew my revolver and said softly but firmly: "Off you go, or else . . . !"

Finally he crept away, then stopped for a moment. Slowly, slowly on again. . . . Ah, at last. . . . But it was time for me too to make myself scarce, for on the left, though still at some distance, a mounted patrol appeared, making for the wood. I

fired four times in quick succession, and then took to my heels. Everything had gone according to plan. Lux would certainly be found whether he wished or not, for further on there was no fog. I myself disappeared into the cloud of river mist which extended a little way inland, looking as if it had been cut off with a knife.

The next day but one, just as I was to question some prisoners, a telephone message informed me that Lux was back again. Two hours later I was with him, not in prison this time but in the presence of the Staff.

"Whatever have you got there? Why, it's a St. George's Cross!"

"Yes, sir, they praised me a lot, and as I was wounded too, they gave me this medal. But it really belongs to you." He was going to have taken it off and handed it to me.

"Keep it, Lux, bravery must be rewarded. And the batteries . . . ? You are more thorough than I thought."

Lux had done his work well. The Russian batteries were silenced that very day. As a reward Lux was allowed to pay a visit to his family in Lodz, after which he awaited the end of the war in a prisoners' camp.

AN EXECUTION

Among the spies caught at Baranowitschi, there were some quite young fellows, complete novices to espionage, who had only entered the Russian Intelligence Officer's service in the hope of using this means to reach their homes. I was glad to be able to deal leniently with the youngest, a boy of seventeen, although he was the one whom his companions tried to use as a scapegoat. He was made to look after everything they had in the way of written instructions, so that nothing incriminating was found on any of the others. A document of that kind might well have cost him his life. When I told him this, he fell on

his knees and clasped his hands and stared at me in horror.

Another of them, the son of a schoolmaster in Bielostok, turned out to be equally harmless, so that I was able to send these two off to a prisoners' camp in their own part of the country. Two others, who accepted my terms, I took into my own service. They became useful agents, but a few months later they fell into the hands of the Russians, presumably through treachery, and were hanged. The four who remained, including the man who had betrayed his father and brother, were shot.

I had been ordered to be present at the execution. The four poor sinners were sitting in a room talking in lowered voices when I arrived. Through a hole in the wall I was able to overhear something of their conversation. Not one spoke of what lay before them. They talked about—their boots.

They spoke automatically, taking refuge in conversation. One of them was loud in his praises of his bootmaker, and then each of them had something to say about his boots: that they were better still, or at any rate just as good, or perhaps not quite so good. It was a ridiculous, stupid conversation, just for the sake of saying something so as to fritter away the endless minutes.

When the warder unlocked the door to let me in, they started up in terror. I shall never forget the hour I spent with them. There was something uncanny in the feeling that I was talking with people who in another hour would be no more breathing, seeing, speaking, or hearing. Were they spies, criminals? At this moment such ideas were wiped out of my consciousness. I saw before me human beings, unhappy, suffering creatures dying for very fright.

Strangely enough, I soon began to talk to them just as stupidly as I had heard them talking before, about all sorts of ridiculous, meaningless things. They were just vocal sounds which neither they nor I properly took in, but they broke the

silence, they shortened the time before the end about which none of them wanted to speak or think.

The four condemned spies had been stood up in a row in the courtyard. Unsteadily they groped about with their hands, each feeling for the one next to him; they found an arm, or a shoulder, and leant against one another, and propped one another up. Short words of command, a single sharp explosion —and one was seen to sink on to his knees and then fall forwards, another toppled over in front, straight as a felled tree, a third collapsed like an empty sack, and the fourth remained upright for an instant as though he had not been hit, and then fell down sideways. They were all stone dead. I struggled against a strong feeling of nausea.

This was the last execution scene that I was to attend, apart from my own. Even though my military calling made the catching and convicting of spies a duty and the nervous tension and grim romance of this occupation were alluring to me, I still felt an indescribable repugnance to the bloody end of this dangerous game. Not that I was on principle opposed to the death penalty; this problem was as remote from me as it is from many other people. But I could not see how it was justifiable in this particular case.

Why do we shoot spies captured in war, when in time of peace we put them in prison? Most spies are people on military duty who have got to serve their country in wartime one way or another. Why is the crew of a bombing aëroplane, which drops its deadly missiles far behind the fighting-lines and kills women and children, imprisoned honourably if it is captured, while the spy who is taken in the same place where the bombing-machine came to earth is shot or hanged? I myself have often been behind the enemy lines in civilian dress and would certainly have been put to death if I had been caught. Why? For trying to serve my country in the way for which I was best fitted? Or for using civilian dress to deceive the enemy,

when uniformed soldiers have never hesitated to deceive them in thousands of ways?

There is one thing more to be said in this plea against the death-penalty for spies: even without the threat of death spying is the most dangerous and exacting form of war service. It is just as necessary as the use of any other weapon, and it is as old as war itself. But in spite of this a spy is regarded as a sort of outcast from humanity, without regard to his person, his services, or his motives. And yet it seems to me that there are important differences.

I myself should divide spies into three classes: the international spy, who will serve any power that pays him; the spy who is only working for his own country; and the dual spy, who acts for two parties, a fact of which one at least must be in ignorance. In my opinion, the spy who is engaged on espionage for his country when at war should be treated exactly like any other soldier. International and dual spies deserve less compassion, for dual spies in particular can be such a danger that their annihilation might be regarded as an act of self-defence by any army. And yet it was these who rendered us the most valuable service in the war against Russia and did incalculable harm to the Russians who employed them.

You may ask perhaps what assurance I had that such talented dual spies as O 1 and O 2 did not betray us as well as the Russians and in particular that they might not have induced some of my own people to turn traitor. Naturally these possibilities existed. But even so the yield of really valuable information would have been very slight for the Russians, since I myself arranged all important matters with the greatest care and had each one of my agents secretly shadowed all the time. I learned only some time later that I too was watched, though unfortunately in a completely ingenuous and harmless manner. I say unfortunately because I should have considered it proper for a much keener watch to be kept over the Intelligence

Officer. It is a fundamental rule in espionage never to trust anybody, for the temptation is tremendous. No one could have stopped me from being in league with a dual spy. In addition to our own positions which I visited so often, there was any amount of other information that I could have transmitted to the enemy. The classic example of Colonel Redel had shown well enough that the Espionage Officer can himself be a spy, and naturally the most dangerous of all. And there were other instances of officers' treachery known to me. My occupation itself ended by making me unusually suspicious.

BEHIND THE RUSSIAN LINES

Whether because in my continual intercourse with the spies I had absorbed some of their superstitions, or whether the execution of the four had shaken my nerve—the necessity of taking Mazur over to the Russians the very next night weighed more heavily on me than usual. I had received a very special commission for him. He had to travel along a whole sector of the front and was to start in the north, where there was a means of crossing by a lake which I had exactly ascertained. After days of work I had with great difficulty discovered a way in the thick marshes which I had partly marked out with alder branches. For the rest I was counting on the carelessness of the Russians pickets, who consider the marshes impassable. As I always took my agents across in person and alone, I had to make each journey beforehand, also unaccompanied, so as not to lose my way in the dark. I had grown accustomed to expeditions at night. For me the darkness held no ghosts. In fact I rather preferred it, because it protected me and was often my best and only ally.

When I went to fetch Mazur, he was sitting in front of a roughly made cage of pine-branches playing with a leveret and a young raven which had hurt its wing. This was his dis-

traction during his many hours of solitude. When he was not asleep or playing chess with me, as often as my limited time allowed, he was studying the map of the front until every line was engraved in his memory, or he was playing with his fellow-captives, the hare and the raven, to which he was very much attached.

A thick fog hung over the lake. The two of us propelled a shallow boat with a couple of long poles. Now and then light gusts of wind blew aside the fog; in the deep silence only the murmuring rustle of the reeds could be heard. Sometimes ducks rose out of the tall rushes and streaked off in fright.

After a time we reached a spot where the poles no longer touched bottom. Beyond that we entered a dense patch of reeds through which the boat could only force its way with difficulty. Now and then the sickle moon gleamed through the passing clouds. At last the fog lifted, the alder bush that I knew appeared, and the enemy shore lay before us.

We continued our journey on yielding marshy ground. Brackish water lay between patches of grass and reeds. Often both of us sank into the mud right over the tops of our boots. Finally we stood at the edge of the meadow. We had to put on mosquito-nets and gloves as a protection against the swamp's millions of blood-sucking insects.

It had taken us an hour to cross the marsh, and the worst part of the journey was still to come. I gave Mazur my hand and drew him along after me. There was a squelching sound underneath us at every step. I had marked out this short distance, the most dangerous part, with small twigs, for a single step off the path would have brought us up to our necks into the bog.

"Good God, what a dreadful way you're taking me!" groaned Mazur.

"Keep calm, Mazur, keep calm!" And I gripped his hand.

At last we reached the way out. We stopped behind an alder

bush. I wet my finger to test the direction of the wind. It came from the north. That was what we wanted.

Not until I had sighted the outlines of a great birch tree through my night-glasses did we continue. In front of us lay the zone patrolled by the Russians. Two or three times a deer started up, and made us pause another ten minutes. Mazur grew rather anxious. Next we went through tall, damp grass towards a thickly wooded knoll, then through a stream that was knee-deep, and now to the last patch of bog. This lay between two hillocks through which the Russians passed constantly during the night. We could not skirt it, so we had to crawl once more.

Mazur twitched my tunic and tapped his nose a few times with the back of his hand. I had smelt it too, the faint, burning smell of dying embers. I raised my glasses and looked at the knoll that lay to windward. Then I indicated silently to Mazur that I could see nothing.

We crept on, bending low. At the edge of the bog-hole I examined the knoll again with my glasses. Then, without my saying a word to Mazur, we went on at the double over a meadow to the next bog-hole. A short pause to take breath, and then the last meadow. We shook hands, and Mazur disappeared into the thicket of young pines.

For a moment I stood there irresolute. Should I go back, or hadn't I better wait in the copse until the following night? A vague sense of insecurity, of isolation assailed me. And there was good reason for it. When I had recently told Mazur that I had seen nothing on the knoll, that had not been true. I had quite distinctly made out a small, dying fire and a few dark figures wrapped in cloaks. A Russian outpost, without a doubt. Probably the men had been asleep. But if they had woken up meanwhile, then how was I going to retrace my path through wide meadows and across the stream without being seen? There was no other way.

A long pull at my flask, and then I ran as if the devil was behind me. I arrived breathless at the second bog-hole, and raised my glasses. One of the Russians was just standing up stretching himself, still bemused with sleep. My heart pounded as I crept on. There was the stream . . . and now quickly to the great birch tree . . . there . . . ping, the first shot. Immediately after it the second and third. I ran for my life. . . . Air, air. . . . I clawed undone my uniform collar. . . . Straight for the birch. . . . Bathed in sweat and gasping for breath. I leant against the tree.

Now there was a shot on my right. The Russian who had fired ran towards the lake, so as to cut me off. Others followed some way behind.

The thought flashed into my mind, he mustn't get there before you, or it's all up. The sights of my rifle danced all round the Russian, a hammer seemed to be knocking inside my breast. I took aim . . . drew a deep breath . . . and then. . . .

The shot went off. I ran on. I had to pass the Russian. He was sitting on the ground, groaning, his head sunk right on to his chest.

"Don't shoot!" I heard someone shout behind me. "Catch him alive! He can't get through!"

I disappeared into the wall of rushes much as a hounded animal plunges into a thicket. There was no more running here. I could only make my way forward slowly, pushing the thick reeds to one side, and I was breast deep into the water now. My boat was a long way off. I could not reach it.

Loud voices sounded over the water. They called to one another how to cut me off. Soon after they found my boat too, and a few men got into it. I was so weak and tired that I had difficulty in remaining upright.

"You go left, we'll take the right," I heard someone shout. "He must be in there!"

I did not dare to move, and all the time I was sinking in deeper. The water was already up to my mouth. My pursuers were only ten paces away.

"The swine must be in there, if he isn't drowned yet!"

I heard the boat forcing its way laboriously through the reeds, straight towards me. A pole was already pressing the reeds down. A deep breath, and I ducked under, as far and as long as I could. My head buzzed, and my lungs felt as if they were bursting. I had to come up again, or I should have choked.

"He isn't here . . . we've searched the whole place. . . . "

The voices were again only a few paces from me, but on the other side. The boat had passed close beside me.

"Then he must be nearer the shore. We can't get any further here." Again I disappeared under water.

The boats drew away. Automatically I drew my handkerchief out of my tunic in order to wipe the water and little bits of weed out of my face. For all the misery of my plight I couldn't help laughing; the handkerchief was wetter than my face. Then I moved on again. I was trying to reach the opposite side, come what might. Step by step I had to fight my way forwards. And all the time I could hear the Russians talking. They were debating now how soon a drowned man comes to the surface again.

Someone whistled. An officer climbed into one of the boats and took charge.

"What sort of man was he?" he asked.

Some said an officer, others an infantryman, one clever fellow was certain that he had recognised me as an airman! I took advantage of this lively discussion to swim some distance across an open space, close against the rushes. Now for the first time I regained some hope of escaping.

If only the water hadn't been so dreadfully cold! My limbs

grew numb. And why must the fellows go on whistling? A dog barked. That into the bargain! I pushed on through the rushes till I could go no further, and then hung on to them in despair. But this patch of reeds, too, came to an end, and with it my strength as well. The Russians were still searching in the old place. Again I saw a boat at the edge of the great patch of water. If I wanted to get to the other shore, I had still to swim across an open stretch ten yards wide. I dived, and putting out all my remaining strength reached the other side.

I was really at the end of my strength. I could scarcely raise my flask to my lips. The rum ran through my veins like a warming fire. A final effort, one or two steps, and I was lying on the shore, with my feet still in the water. I should not have had the strength to take a single step further.

I lay there for a long time, shivering with cold at every gust of wind that blew over the reeds. Only when the sun peeped for brief intervals through the clouds were my spirits revived a little by its warmth. I dragged my feet out of the water. The Russians continued their steady search. They even came close to me, but they thought it so unlikely that I could have come in this direction that they always turned back again some little way off.

The sun was already low in the west when it looked as if they had given up the search. I saw some of them return across the meadow, and the dog was with them too. A guard remained by the lake. Meanwhile I kept on rubbing my arms and legs, so as not to be overcome in the end by the cold. Then twilight fell on the lake, and the mists rose again.

I got up, weak and unsteady, and crept up the bank and on with great difficulty as far as the next patch of brushwood. There I proposed to remain until it was quite dark, so as to take no more risks. In my present condition a child could have captured me. I sat there with my arms clasped about my knees, and with chattering teeth I tried again and again to get up.

It was no use. Gradually it grew quite dark between the bushes. Finally I summoned up enough determination to start moving. Some men came towards me, and I heard German spoken. It was one of our patrols. Slowly I went towards our lines, while the soldiers fetched my rifle and my glasses, which I had left on the bank.

The following morning I woke up in a dug-out with a dreadful cold. Apart from that, my expedition into Russian territory had no ill consequences. But this excellent passage had to be given up.

THE LADY VISITOR

The renewed activity of the Russians suggested the idea of putting out of action such sources of supply as they had in the country. We knew that the Russian munition factories in B—— and P—— and other places were working at full pressure. Our next task was to demolish these factories, or at least to cripple their activity for the time being. The big railway bridge near Molodetschno had also to be destroyed if possible.

The destruction of the factories in B—— was entrusted to Mazur. Well supplied with money, we drove on the following night to the spot on the Beresina which seemed safest to me at the moment. It was what we called a "good" night—that is to say, it was pitch dark and pouring with rain.

I had already sent my men in the evening as far as the first Russian trench. From this point I went on alone with Mazur. There was hammering in the second trench, and the sound of regular blows came to our ears. We crept carefully past, and on until we reached the wood. It was so dark that we walked on at random for another half-hour. In the thick wood we failed to notice that it had grown increasingly lighter meanwhile. Mazur disappeared. But when I turned round, I saw the enemy lines close behind me on both sides, a number of

patrols, and little columns of smoke rising up out of the field-kitchens. There was no getting back for me, for to cross the wide clearing without being seen was out of the question. My mind was soon made up: I looked for the stoutest spruce I could find and climbed right up to the top. Only chance could lead to my discovery here.

There I sat the whole day until late at night, dripping with wet. When all was quiet I started on my return journey. I skirted the two trenches in a wide circle, and reached our own unharmed.

By this time the business of spying seemed to have grown more and more dangerous. The loss of agents was most sinister. When four weeks passed without a spy returning, I put a cross against his number in my spy-book. A terrible array of crosses met my eyes. I had lost nearly two-thirds of the total number. Not all had been caught, some I knew had given up their dangerous service in time. It was the wisest thing they could have done.

During the time when I was eagerly awaiting Mazur's return, my No. O 4 came back with an important piece of news. He told me quite casually he had heard that the bridge near Molodetschno had been blown up. I pretended that I was not much interested, but in reality I was extremely excited. So our gang of dynamiters was at work. Soon I read in Russian papers of the German exploit. I was all the more eager for the return of Mazur and of Golba, who was already overdue. Every night found me at the Russian trench by the Beresina, where they were to come over.

Once more I was sitting with Hector under a bush, when six people appeared out of the dark, one after another, and passed by me in single file. What a pity I was alone, I thought. The Russians had to pass a spot known only to me, which I could reach unnoticed. After a time the patrol halted, and I could hear the soldiers talking quietly together. Then five of

them went back to the Russian lines, and only one remained. He listened for any sounds in front of him without moving for quite half an hour before he made up his mind to go on. At last he moved forwards in the direction of a dense thicket beside the Beresina. I saw now that the Russian had no rifle. I could not let him disappear into the thicket, and ran after him with long strides. When I was close behind him he turned round, stood there petrified for a moment, and then ran off with surprisingly short steps. Hector had soon caught him up and seized him by the seat of his breeches. The soldier stood still and looked at me, so I just indicated the direction of the river without a word. He stepped into the boat obediently and rowed me across to the opposite bank. To all my questions the man replied only with a nod or a shake of the head.

"Can't you speak? Answer, when I ask you a question!"

"Yes, sir," replied a thin treble voice. I thought it must be a eunuch.

"Where are you from?"

"From Minsk," came the answer in a most unsoldierly voice. Meanwhile it had grown lighter. I looked at my prisoner a little more closely. Two large, dark eyes stared at me anxiously out of a small, beardless face. The tunic sat remarkably tightly about the rounded hips.

"Why, you must be a girl?" At this question the soldier's mouth quivered; then came the reply in sobs:

"Yes, sir, I am a woman."

"But who sent you over here?"

"An officer in Minsk." Then there was a fresh storm of tears. It was some hours before a reasonable interrogation became possible. Finally the girl handed over to me written instructions to an agent who had already done a lot of harm in our rear. I was puzzled, though, why they should have chosen to send over a girl, and one who had no idea of espionage. She explained to me in tears that she had been the mis-

tress of an Intelligence Officer who had wanted to get rid of her in this way. I had a good mind to send her back with my compliments to this gallant colleague on the other side. As she was caught at her first appearance, she was treated very leniently and only imprisoned for a short time. I had to have her taken away quickly, too, because everybody at the front wanted to see the beautiful spy.

What a shock I had when I was told that Mazur had turned up at last!

"It didn't come off," were the words with which he prefaced his report. "It's quite different from what we thought. Do you know what the factories at B—— look like? A building like a shed a mile and a quarter long. Where are you going to blow that up? I can only set off one explosion, after that I've got to disappear. And it won't be possible a second time."

This was a great disappointment. Then the idea dawned on me in a flash.

"The machinery, Mazur! . . . What drives all the machinery?" At first he didn't understand, then he cried out in great excitement:

"Now, why didn't I think of that myself! Of course! The power house! The plant is of German manufacture, what's more, Siemens or Schuckert, I believe! Then there's an auxiliary station too."

"You must go over again quickly! The power house has got to be destroyed! Then the whole work will stop and it'll take some time to start it again! Have you got anyone over there to help you?"

"The very man—an engineer who wants to help. He's asking twenty-five thousand roubles!"

The very next night I took Mazur across the Beresina once more.

SIR PAUL DUKES

SIR PAUL DUKES, K. B. E., was Chief of the British Secret Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia at a time when Great Britain and the Bolshevist Government were virtually at war. His was an exceptionally difficult and hazardous mission, and he was honored with a knighthood because of the exceptional quality and thoroughness of his work as a secret agent. Dukes even managed to serve in a regiment of the Red Army. He helped many refugees to escape without jeopardizing his own intelligence duties. He constantly kept on the move, never slept two nights in succession in the same house if he could help it, disguised himself with masterly skill and repeatedly changed that disguise.

He was so able and efficient in secret service, however, that he contrived to avoid hairbreadth escapes and thrilling encounters with the *Cheka,* or Soviet counter-espionage agencies. Dukes' principal hazard came in entering or leaving the country, and this he did many times. The account given here of his being enlisted in Secret Intelligence and of his initial entry into Russia as a spy provides an ample picture of the origin and earliest problems of his mission.

A British staff officer remarked at the outbreak of the World War that his country would probably repeat the experience of the Napoleonic Wars: begin the war with the worst Intelli-

gence Service in Europe and end with the best. It is widely conceded that Britain did "end with the best," and no wonder, if young amateurs having the secret service capacity of a Paul Dukes could be recruited with a telegram.

ONE OF THE CROWD*

By Sir Paul Dukes

THE snow glittered brilliantly in the frosty sunshine on the afternoon of March 11, 1917. The Nevsky Prospect was almost deserted. The air was tense with excitement and it seemed as if from the girdling faubourgs of the beautiful city of Peter the Great rose a low, muffled rumbling as of many voices. Angry, passionate voices, rolling like distant thunder, while in the heart of the city all was still and quiet. A mounted patrol stood here or there, or paced the street with measured step. There were bloodstains on the white snow, and from the upper end of the Prospect still resounded the intermittent crack of rifles.

How still those corpses lay over there! Their teeth grinned ghastlily. Who were they and how did they die? Who knew or cared? Perhaps a mother, a wife. . . . The fighting was in the early morning. A crowd—a cry—a command—a volley—panic—an empty street—silence—and a little group of corpses, hideous, motionless in the cold sunshine!

Stretched across the wide roadway lay a cordon of police disguised as soldiers, prostrate, firing at intervals. The disguise was an attempt to deceive, for it was known that the soldiers sided with the people. "It is coming," I found myself

* From "Red Dusk and the Morrow," by Sir Paul Dukes. Used by special permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran & Company, New York; copyright, 1922.

repeating mechanically, over and over again, and picturing a great cataclysm, terrible and overwhelming, yet passionately hoped for. "It is coming, any time now—to-morrow—the day after——"

What a day the morrow was! I saw the first revolutionary regiments come out and witnessed the sacking of the arsenal by the infuriated mob. Over the river the soldiers were breaking into the Kresty Prison. Crushing throngs surged round the Duma building at the Tauride Palace, and toward evening, after the Tsarist police had been scattered in the Nevsky Prospect, there rose a mighty murmur, whispered in awe on a million lips: *"Revolution!"* A new era was to open. The revolution, so thought I, would be the Declaration of Independence of Russia! In my imagination I figured to myself a huge pendulum, weighted with the pent-up miseries and woes of a hundred and eighty millions of people, which had suddenly been set in motion. How far would it swing? How many times? When and where would it come to rest, its vast, hidden store of energy expended?

Late that night I stood outside the Tauride Palace, which had become the centre of the revolution. No one was admitted through the great gates without a pass. I sought a place midway between the gates and, when no one was looking, scrambled up, dropped over the railings, and ran through the bushes straight to the main porch. Here I soon met folk I knew—comrades of student days, revolutionists. What a spectacle within the palace, lately so still and dignified! Tired soldiers lay sleeping in heaps in every hall and corridor. The vaulted lobby, where Duma members had flitted silently, was packed almost to the roof with all manner of truck, baggage, arms, and ammunition. All night long and the next I laboured with the revolutionists to turn the Tauride Palace into a revolutionary arsenal.

Thus began the revolution. And after? Everyone knows now how the hopes of freedom were blighted. Truly had Russia's

foe, Germany, who despatched the proletarian dictator Lenin and his satellites to Russia, discovered the Achilles' heel of the Russian revolution. Everyone now knows how the flowers of the revolution withered under the blast of the Class War, and how Russia was replunged into starvation and serfdom. I will not dwell on these things. My story relates to the time when they were already cruel realities.

My reminiscences of the first year of Bolshevist administration are jumbled into a kaleidoscopic panorama of impressions gained while journeying from city to city, sometimes crouched in the corner of crowded box-cars, sometimes travelling in comfort, sometimes riding on the steps, and sometimes on the roofs or buffers. I was nominally in the service of the British Foreign Office, but the Anglo-Russian Commission (of which I was a member) having quit Russia, I attached myself to the American Y. M. C. A., doing relief work. A year after the revolution I found myself in the eastern city of Samara, training a detachment of boy scouts. As the snows of winter melted and the spring sunshine shed joy and cheerfulness around, I held my parades and together with my American colleagues organized outings and sports. The new proletarian lawgivers eyed our manœuvres askance but were too preoccupied in dispossessing the "bourgeoisie" to devote serious attention to the "counter revolutionary" scouts, however pronounced the anti-Bolshevik sympathies of the latter. "Be prepared!" the scouts would cry, greeting each other in the street. And the answer, "Always prepared!", had a deep significance, intensified by their boyish enthusiasm.

Then one day, when in Moscow, I was handed an unexpected telegram. "Urgent"—from the British Foreign Office. "You are wanted at once in London," it ran. I set out for Archangel without delay. Moscow, with its turbulences, its political wranglings, its increasing hunger, its counter-revolutionary conspiracies, with Count Mirbach and his German designs, was left

behind. Like a bombshell followed the news that Mirbach was murdered. Leaning over the side of the White Sea steamer, a thousand kilometers from Moscow, I cursed my luck that I was not in the capital. I stood and watched the sun dip low to the horizon; hover, an oval mass of fire, on the edge of the blazing sea; merge with the water; and, without disappearing, mount again to celebrate the triumph over darkness of the nightless Arctic summer. Then, Murmansk and perpetual day, a destroyer to Petchenga, a tug to the Norwegian frontier, a ten-day journey round the North Cape and by the fairy-land of Norwegian fjords to Bergen, with finally a zigzag course across the North Sea, dodging submarines, to Scotland.

At Aberdeen the control officer had received orders to pass me through by the first train to London. At Kings Cross a car was waiting, and knowing neither my destination nor the cause of my recall I was driven to a building in a side street in the vicinity of Trafalgar Square. "This way," said the chauffeur, leaving the car. The chauffeur had a face like a mask. We entered the building and the elevator whisked us to the top floor, above which additional superstructures had been built for war-emergency offices.

I had always associated rabbit-warrens with subterranean abodes, but here in this building I discovered a maze of rabbit-burrow-like passages, corridors, nooks, and alcoves, piled higgledy-piggledy on the roof. Leaving the elevator my guide led me up one flight of steps so narrow that a corpulent man would have stuck tight, then down a similar flight on the other side, under wooden archways so low that we had to stoop, round unexpected corners, and again up a flight of steps which brought us out on the roof. Crossing a short iron bridge we entered another maze, until just as I was beginning to feel dizzy I was shown into a tiny room about ten feet square where sat an officer in the uniform of a British colonel. The impassive chauffeur announced me and withdrew.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Dukes," said the colonel, rising and greeting me with a warm handshake. "I am glad to see you. You doubtless wonder that no explanation has been given you as to why you should return to England. Well, I have to inform you, confidentially, that it has been proposed to offer you a somewhat responsible post in the Secret Intelligence Service."

I gasped. "But," I stammered, "I have never——May I ask what it implies?"

"Certainly," he replied. "We have reason to believe that Russia will not long continue to be open to foreigners. We wish someone to remain there to keep us informed of the march of events."

"But," I put in, "my present work? It is important, and if I drop it——"

"We foresaw that objection," replied the colonel, "and I must tell you that under war regulations we have the right to requisition your services if need be. You have been attached to the Foreign Office. This office also works in conjunction with the Foreign Office, which has been consulted on this question. Of course," he added, bitingly, "if the risk or danger alarms you——"

I forget what I said but he did not continue.

"Very well," he proceeded, "consider the matter and return at 4:30 to-morrow. If you have no valid reason for not accepting this post we will consider you as in our service and I will tell you further details." He rang a bell. A young lady appeared and escorted me out, threading her way with what seemed to me marvellous dexterity through the maze of passages.

Burning with curiosity and fascinated already by the mystery of this elevated labyrinth I ventured a query to my young female guide. "What sort of establishment is this?" I said. I detected a twinkle in her eye. She shrugged her shoulders and without replying pressed the button for the elevator. "Good afternoon," was all she said as I passed in.

Next day another young lady escorted me up and down the narrow stairways and ushered me into the presence of the colonel. I found him in a fair-sized apartment with easy chairs and walls hidden by bookcases. He seemed to take it for granted that I had nothing to say. "I will tell you briefly what we desire," he said. "Then you may make any comments you wish, and I will take you up to interview—er—the Chief. Briefly, we want you to return to Soviet Russia and to send reports on the situation there. We wish to be accurately informed as to the attitude of every section of the community, the degree of support enjoyed by the Bolshevist Government, the development and modification of its policy, what possibility there may be for an alteration of régime or for a counter-revolution, and what part Germany is playing. As to the means whereby you gain access to the country, under what cover you will live there, and how you will send out reports, we shall leave it to you, being best informed as to conditions, to make suggestions."

He expounded his views on Russia, asking for my corroboration or correction, and also mentioned the names of a few English people I might come into contact with. "I will see if—er—the Chief is ready," he said finally, rising, "I will be back in a moment."

The apartment appeared to be an office but there were no papers on the desk. I rose and stared at the books on the bookshelves. My attention was arrested by an edition of Thackeray's works in a decorative binding of what looked like green morocco. I used at one time to dabble in bookbinding and am always interested in an artistically bound book. I took down *Henry Esmond* from the shelf. To my bewilderment the cover did not open, until, passing my finger accidentally along what I thought was the edge of the pages, the front suddenly flew open of itself, disclosing a box! In my astonishment I almost dropped the volume and a sheet of paper slipped out on to the floor. I picked it up hastily and glanced at it. It was headed

Kriegsministerium, Berlin, had the German Imperial arms imprinted on it, and was covered with minute handwriting in German. I had barely slipped it back into the box and replaced the volume on the shelf when the colonel returned.

"A—the—er—Chief is not in," he said, "but you may see him to-morrow. You are interested in books?" he added, seeing me looking at the shelves. "I collect them. That is an interesting old volume on Cardinal Richelieu, if you care to look at it. I picked it up in Charing Cross Road for a shilling." The volume mentioned was immediately above *Henry Esmond.* I took it down warily, expecting something uncommon to occur, but it was only a musty old volume in French with torn leaves and soiled pages. I pretended to be interested. "There is not much else there worth looking at, I think," said the colonel casually. "Well, good-bye. Come in to-morrow."

I wondered mightily who "the Chief" of this establishment could be and what he would be like. The young lady smiled enigmatically as she showed me to the elevator. I returned again next day after thinking overnight how I should get back to Russia—and deciding on nothing. My mind seemed to be a complete blank on the subject in hand and I was entirely absorbed in the mysteries of the roof-labyrinth.

Again I was shown into the colonel's sitting room. My eyes fell instinctively on the bookshelf. The colonel was in a genial mood. "I see you like my collection," he said. "That, by the way, is a fine edition of Thackeray." My heart leaped! "It is the most luxurious binding I have ever yet found. Would you not like to look at it?"

I looked at the colonel very hard, but his face was a mask. My immediate conclusion was that he wished to initiate me into the secrets of the department. I rose quickly and took down *Henry Esmond,* which was in exactly the same place as it had been the day before. To my utter confusion it opened quite naturally and I found in my hands nothing more than

an *edition de luxe* printed on Indian paper and profusely illustrated! I stared bewildered at the shelf. There was no other *Henry Esmond*. Immediately over the vacant space stood the life of Cardinal Richelieu as it had stood yesterday. I replaced the volume, and trying not to look disconcerted turned to the colonel. His expression was quite impassive, even bored. "It is a beautiful edition," he repeated, as if wearily. "Now if you are ready we will go and see—er—the Chief."

Feeling very foolish I stuttered assent and followed. As we proceeded through the maze of stairways and unexpected passages which seemed to me like a miniature House of Usher, I caught glimpses of treetops, of the Embankment Gardens, the Thames, the Tower Bridge, and Westminster. From the suddenness with which the angle of view changed I concluded that in reality we were simply gyrating in one very limited space, and when suddenly we entered a spacious study—the sanctum of "—er—the Chief"—I had an irresistible sentiment that we had moved only a few yards and that this study was immediately above the colonel's office.

It was a low, dark chamber at the extreme top of the building. The colonel knocked, entered, and stood at attention. Nervous and confused I followed, painfully conscious that at that moment I could not have expressed a sane opinion on any subject under the sun. From the threshold the room seemed bathed in semi-obscurity. The writing desk was so placed with the window behind it that on entering everything appeared only in silhouette. It was some seconds before I could clearly distinguish things. A row of half-a-dozen extending telephones stood at the left of a big desk littered with papers. On a side table were numerous maps and drawings, with models of aeroplanes, submarines, and mechanical devices, while a row of bottles of various colours and a distilling outfit with a rack of test tubes bore witness to chemical experiments and operations. These evidences of scientific investigation only served to in-

tensify an already overpowering atmosphere of strangeness and mystery.

But it was not these things that engaged my attention as I stood nervously waiting. It was not the bottles or the machinery that attracted my gaze. My eyes fixed themselves on the figure at the writing table. In the capacious swing desk-chair, his shoulders hunched, with his head supported on one hand, busily writing, there sat in his shirt sleeves——

Alas, no! Pardon me, reader, I was forgetting! There are still things I may not divulge. There are things that must still remain shrouded in secrecy. And one of them is—who was the figure in the swing desk-chair in the darkened room at the top of the roof-labyrinth near Trafalgar Square on this August day in 1918. I may not describe him, nor mention even one of his twenty-odd names. Suffice it to say that, awe-inspired as I was at this first encounter, I soon learned to regard "the Chief" with feelings of the deepest personal regard and admiration. He was a British officer and an English gentleman of the finest stamp, absolutely fearless and gifted with limitless resources of subtle ingenuity, and I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been brought within the circle of his acquaintanceship.

In silhouette I saw myself motioned to a chair. The Chief wrote for a moment and then suddenly turned with the unexpected remark. "So I understand you want to go back to Soviet Russia, do you?" as if it had been my own suggestion. The conversation was brief and precise. The words Archangel, Stockholm, Riga, Helsingfors recurred frequently, and the names were mentioned of English people in those places and in Petrograd. It was finally decided that I alone should determine how and by what route I should regain access to Russia and how I should despatch reports.

"Don't go and get killed," said the Chief in conclusion smiling. "You will put him through the ciphers," he added to the

colonel, "and take him to the laboratory to learn inks and all that."

We left the Chief and arrived by a single flight of steps at the door of the colonel's room. The colonel laughed. "You will find your way about in course of time," he said. "Let us go to the laboratory at once . . . "

And here I draw a veil over the roof-labyrinth. Three weeks later I set out for Russia, into the unknown.

I resolved to make my first attempt at entry from the north, and travelled up to Archangel on a troopship of American soldiers, most of whom hailed from Detroit. But I found the difficulties at Archangel to be much greater than I had anticipated. It was 600 miles to Petrograd and most of this distance would have to be done on foot through unknown moorland and forest. The roads were closely watched, and before my plans were ready autumn storms broke and made the moors and marshes impassable. But at Archangel, realizing that to return to Russia as an Englishman was impossible, I let my beard grow and assumed an appearance entirely Russian.

Failing in Archangel I travelled down to Helsingfors to try my luck from the direction of Finland. Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, is a busy little city bristling with life and intrigue. At the time of which I am writing it was a sort of dumping-ground for every variety of conceivable and inconceivable rumour, slander, and scandal, repudiated elsewhere but swallowed by the gullible scandalmongers, especially German and *ancien régime* Russian, who found in this city a haven of rest. Helsingfors was one of the unhealthiest spots in Europe. Whenever mischance brought me there I lay low, avoided society, and made it a rule to tell everybody the direct contrary of my real intentions, even in trivial matters.

In Helsingfors I was introduced at the British Consulate to an agent of the American Secret Service who had recently

escaped from Russia. This gentleman gave me a letter to a Russian officer in Viborg, by name Melnikoff. The little town of Viborg, being the nearest place of importance to the Russian frontier, was a hornet's nest of Russian refugees, counter-revolutionary conspirators, German agents, and Bolshevist spies, worse if anything than Helsingfors. Disguised now as a middle-class commercial traveller I journeyed on to Viborg, took a room at the same hotel as I had been told Melnikoff stayed at, looked him up, and presented my note of introduction. I found him to be a Russian naval officer of the finest stamp and intuitively conceived an immediate liking for him. His real name, I discovered, was not Melnikoff, but in those parts many people had a variety of names to suit different occasions. My meeting with him was providential, for it appeared that he had worked with Captain Crombie, late British Naval Attaché at Petrograd. In September, 1918, Captain Crombie was murdered by the Bolsheviks at the British Embassy and it was the threads of his shattered organization that I hoped to pick up upon arrival in Petrograd. Melnikoff was slim, dark, with stubbly hair, blue eyes, short and muscular. He was deeply religious and was imbued with an intense hatred of the Bolsheviks—not without reason, since both his father and his mother had been brutally shot by them, and he himself had only escaped by a miracle. "The searchers came at night," he related the story to me. "I had some papers referring to the insurrection at Yaroslavl which my mother kept for me. They demanded access to my mother's room. My father barred the way, saying she was dressing. A sailor tried to push past, and my father angrily struck him aside. Suddenly a shot rang out and my father fell dead on the threshold of my mother's bedroom. I was in the kitchen when the Reds came and through the door I fired and killed two of them. A volley of shots was directed at me. I was wounded in the hand and only just

escaped by the back stairway. Two weeks later my mother was executed on account of the discovery of my papers."

Melnikoff had but one sole object left in life—to avenge his parent's blood. This was all he lived for. As far as Russia was concerned he was frankly a monarchist, so I avoided talking politics with him. But we were friends from the moment we met, and I had the peculiar feeling that somewhere, long, long ago, we had met before although I knew this was not so.

Melnikoff was overjoyed to learn of my desire to return to Soviet Russia. He undertook not only to make the arrangements with the Finnish frontier patrols for me to be put across the frontier at night secretly, but also to precede me to Petrograd and make arrangements there for me to find shelter. Great hostility still existed between Finland and Soviet Russia. Skirmishes frequently occurred, and the frontier was guarded jealously by both sides. Melnikoff gave me two addresses in Petrograd where I might find him, one at a hospital where he had formerly lived, and the other of a small café which still existed in a private flat unknown to the Bolshevist authorities.

Perhaps it was a pardonable sin in Melnikoff that he was a toper. We spent three days together in Viborg making plans for Petrograd while he drank up all my whiskey except a small medicine bottle full which I hid away. When he had satisfied himself that my stock was really exhausted he announced himself ready to start. It was a Friday and we arranged that I should follow two days later on Sunday night, the 24th of November. Melnikoff wrote out a password on a slip of paper. "Give that to the Finnish patrols," he said, "at the third house, the wooden one with the white porch, on the left of the frontier bridge."

At six o'clock he went into his room, returning in a few minutes so transformed that I hardly recognized him. He wore a sort of seaman's cap that came right down over his eyes.

He had dirtied his face, and this, added to the three-days-old hirsute stubble on his chin, gave him a truly demoniacal appearance. He wore a shabby coat and trousers of a dark colour, and a muffler was tied closely round his neck. He looked a perfect *apache* as he stowed away a big Colt revolver inside his trousers.

"Good-bye," he said, simply, extending his hand; then stopped and added, "let us observe the good old Russian custom and sit down for a minute together." According to a beautiful custom that used to be observed in Russia in the olden days, friends sit down at the moment of parting and maintain a moment's complete silence while each wishes the others a safe journey and prosperity. Melnikoff and I sat down opposite each other. With what fervour I wished him success on the dangerous journey he was undertaking for me! Suppose he were shot in crossing the frontier? Neither I nor would any one know! He would just vanish—one more good man gone to swell the toll of victims of the revolution. And I! Well, I might follow! 'Twas a question of luck, and 'twas all in the game!

We rose. "Good-bye," said Melnikoff again. He turned, crossed himself, and passed out of the room. On the threshold he looked back. "Sunday evening," he added, "without fail." I had a curious feeling I ought to say something, I knew not what, but no words came. I followed him quickly down the stairs. He did not look round again. At the street door he glanced rapidly in every direction, pulled his cap still further over his eyes, and passed away into the darkness—to an adventure that was to cost him his life. I only saw him once more after that, for a brief moment in Petrograd, under dramatic circumstances—but that comes later in my story.

I slept little that night. My thoughts were all of Melnikoff, somewhere or other at dead of night risking his life, outwitting the Red outposts. He would *laugh* away danger, I was sure, if

caught in a tight corner. His laugh would be a devilish one—the sort to allay all Bolshevist suspicions! Then, in the last resort, was there not always his Colt? I thought of his past, of his mother and father, of the story he had related to me. How his fingers would itch to handle that Colt!

I rose early next day but there was not much for me to do. Being Saturday the Jewish booths in the usually busy little market-place were shut and only the Finnish ones were open. Most articles of the costume which I had decided on were already procured, but I made one or two slight additions on this day and on Sunday morning when the Jewish booths opened. My outfit consisted of a Russian shirt, black leather breeches, black knee boots, a shabby tunic, and an old leather cap with a fur brim and a little tassel on top, of the style worn by the Finns in the district north of Petrograd. With my shaggy black beard, which by now was quite profuse, and long unkempt hair dangling over my ears I looked a sight indeed, and in England or America should doubtless have been regarded as a thoroughly undesirable alien!

On Sunday an officer friend of Melnikoff's came to see me and make sure I was ready. I knew him by the Christian name and patronymic of Ivan Sergeievitch. He was a pleasant fellow, kind and considerate. Like many other refugees from Russia he had no financial resources and was trying to make a living for himself, his wife, and his children by smuggling Finnish money and butter into Petrograd, where both were sold at a high premium. Thus he was on good terms with the Finnish patrols who also practised this trade and whose friendship he cultivated.

"Have you any passport yet, Pavel Pavlovitch?" Ivan Sergeievitch asked me.

"No," I replied, "Melnikoff said the patrols would furnish me with one."

"Yes, that is best," he said; "they have the Bolshevist stamps.

But we also collect the passports of all refugees from Petrograd, for they often come in handy. And if anything happens remember you are a 'speculator'."

All were stigmatized by the Bolsheviks as speculators who indulged in the private sale or purchase of foodstuffs or clothing. They suffered severely, but it was better to be a speculator than what I was.

When darkness fell Ivan Sergeievitch accompanied me to the station and part of the way in the train, though we sat separately so that it should not be seen that I was travelling with one who was known to be a Russian officer.

"And remember, Pavel Pavlovitch," said Ivan Sergeievitch, "go to my flat whenever you are in need. There is an old housekeeper there who will admit you if you say I sent you. But do not let the house porter see you—he is a Bolshevik—and be careful the house committee do not know, for they will ask who is visiting the house."

I was grateful for this offer which turned out to be very valuable.

We boarded the train at Viborg and sat at opposite ends of the compartment, pretending not to know each other. When Ivan Sergeievitch got out at his destination he cast one glance at me but we made no sign of recognition. I sat huddled up gloomily in my corner, obsessed with the inevitable feeling that everybody was watching me. The very walls and seats seemed possessed of eyes! That man over there, did he not look at me—twice? And that woman, spying constantly (I thought) out of the corner of her eye! They would let me get as far as the frontier, then they would send word over to the Reds that I was coming! I shivered and was ready to curse myself for my fool adventure. But there was no turning back! *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit,* wrote Virgil. (I used to write that on my Latin books at school—I hated Latin.) "Perhaps some day it will amuse you to remember even these things"—cold

comfort, though, in a scrape and with your neck in a noose. Yet these escapades *are* amusing—afterward.

At last the train stopped at Rajajoki, the last station on the Finnish side of the frontier. It was a pitch-dark night with no moon. Half a mile remained to the frontier, and I made my way along the rails in the direction of Russia and down to the wooden bridge over the little frontier river Sestro. I looked curiously across at the gloomy buildings and the dull, twinkling lights on the other bank. That was my Promised Land over there, but it was flowing not with milk and honey but with blood. The Finnish sentry stood at his post at the bar of the frontier bridge and twenty paces away, on the other side, was the Red sentry. I left the bridge on my right and turned to look for the house of the Finnish patrols to whom I had been directed.

Finding the little wooden villa with the white porch I knocked timidly. The door opened, and I handed in the slip of paper on which Melnikoff had written the password. The Finn who opened the door examined the paper by the light of a greasy oil lamp, then held the lamp to my face, peered closely at me, and finally signalled to me to enter.

"Come in," he said, "We were expecting you. How are you feeling?" I did not tell him how I was really feeling, but replied cheerily that I was feeling splendid.

"That's right," he said. "You are lucky in having a dark night for it. A week ago one of our fellows was shot as we put him over the river. His body fell into the water and we have not yet fished it out."

This, I suppose, was the Finnish way of cheering me up. "Has any one been over since?" I queried, affecting a tone of indifference. "Only Melnikoff." "Safely?" The Finn shrugged his shoulders. "We put him across all right—*a dalshe ne znayu* . . . what happened to him after that I don't know."

The Finn was a lean, cadaverous looking fellow. He led me into a tiny eating-room, where three men sat round a smoking oil lamp. The window was closely curtained and the room was intolerably stuffy. The table was covered with a filthy cloth on which a few broken lumps of black bread, some fish, and a samovar were placed. All four men were shabbily dressed and very rough in appearance. They spoke Russian well, but conversed in Finnish amongst themselves. One of them said something to the cadaverous man and appeared to be remonstrating with him for telling me of the accident that had happened to their colleague a week before. The cadaverous Finn answered with some heat. "Melnikoff is a chuckle-headed scatterbrain," persisted the cadaverous man, who appeared to be the leader of the party. "We told him not to be such a fool as to go into Petrograd again. The Redskins are searching for him everywhere and every detail of his appearance is known. But he *would* go. I suppose he loves to have his neck in a noose. With you, I suppose, it is different. Melnikoff says you are somebody important—but that's none of our business. But the Redskins don't like the English. If I were you I wouldn't go for anything. But it's your affair, of course."

We sat down to the loaves and fishes. The samovar was boiling and while we swilled copious supplies of weak tea out of dirty glasses the Finns retailed the latest news from Petrograd. The cost of bread, they said, had risen to about 800 or 1000 times its former price. People hacked dead horses to pieces in the streets. All the warm clothing had been taken and given to the red army. The *Tchrezvichaika* (The Extraordinary Commission) was arresting and shooting workmen as well as the educated people. Zinoviev threatened to exterminate all the bourgeoisie if any further attempt were made to molest the Soviet Government. When the Jewish Commissar Uritzky was murdered Zinoviev shot more than 500 at a stroke; nobles, professors, officers, journalists, teachers, men and women, and

a list of a further 500 was published who would be shot at the next attempt on a Commissar's life. I listened patiently, regarding the bulk of these stories as the product of Finnish imagination. "You will be held up frequently to be examined," the cadaverous man warned me, "and do not carry parcels—they will be taken from you in the street."

After supper we sat down to discuss the plans of crossing. The cadaverous Finn took a pencil and paper and drew a rough sketch of the frontier.

"We will put you over in a boat at the same place as Melnikoff," he said. "Here is the river with woods on either bank. Here, about a mile up, is an open meadow on the Russian side. It is now 10 o'clock. About 3 we will go out quietly and follow the road that skirts the river on this side till we get opposite the meadow. That is where you will cross."

"Why at the open spot?" I queried, surprised. "Shall I not be seen there most easily of all? Why not put me across into the woods?"

"Because the woods are patrolled, and the outposts change their place every night. We cannot follow their movements. Several people have tried to cross into the woods. A few succeeded, but most were either caught or had to fight their way back. But this meadow is a most unlikely place for any one to cross, so the Redskins don't watch it. Besides, being open we can see if there is any one on the other side. We will put you across just here," he said, indicating a narrow place in the stream at the middle of the meadow. "At these narrows the water runs faster, making a noise, so we are less likely to be heard. When you get over run up the slope slightly to the left. There is a path which leads up to the road. Be careful of this cottage, though," he added, making a cross on the paper at the extreme northern end of the meadow. "The Red patrol lives in that cottage, but at 3 o'clock they will probably be asleep."

There remained only the preparation of "certificates of identi-

fication" which should serve as passport in Soviet Russia. Melnikoff had told me I might safely leave this matter to the Finns who kept themselves well informed of the kind of papers it was best to carry to allay the suspicions of red guards and Bolshevist police officials. We rose and passed into another of the three tiny rooms which the villa contained. It was a sort of office, with paper, ink, pens, and a typewriter on the table.

"What name do you want to have?" asked the cadaverous man.

"Oh, any," I replied. "Better, perhaps, let it have a slightly non-Russian smack. My accent——"

"They won't notice it," he said, "but if you prefer——"

"Give him an Ukrainian name," suggested one of the other Finns, "he talks rather like a Little Russian." Ukrainia, or Little Russia, is the southwest district of European Russia, where a dialect with an admixture of Polish is talked.

The cadaverous man thought for a moment. "'Afirenko, Joseph Ilitch,'" he suggested, "that smacks of Ukrainia."

I agreed. One of the men sat down to the typewriter and carefully choosing a certain sort of paper began to write. The cadaverous man went to a small cupboard, unlocked it, and took out a box full of rubber stamps of various sizes and shapes with black handles.

"Soviet seals," he said, laughing at my amazement. "We keep ourselves up to date, you see. Some of them were stolen, some we made ourselves, and this one," he pressed it on a sheet of paper leaving the imprint *Commissar of the Frontier Station Bielo'ostrof,* "we bought from over the river for a bottle of vodka." Bielo'ostrof was the Russian frontier village just across the stream.

I had had ample experience earlier in the year of the magical effect upon the rudimentary intelligence of Bolshevist authorities of official "documents" with prominent seals or stamps. Multitudinous stamped papers of any description were a great

asset in travelling, but a big coloured seal was a talisman that levelled all obstacles. The wording and even language of the document were of secondary importance. A friend of mine once travelled from Petrograd to Moscow with no other passport than a receipted English tailor's bill. This "certificate of identification" had a big printed heading with the name of the tailor, some English postage stamps attached, and a flourishing signature in red ink. He flaunted the document in the face of the officials, assuring them it was a diplomatic passport issued by the British Embassy! This, however, was in the early days of Bolshevism. The Bolsheviks gradually removed illiterates from service and in the course of time restrictions became very severe. But seals were as essential as ever.

When the Finn had finished writing he pulled the paper out of the typewriter and handed it to me for perusal. In the top left-hand corner it had this heading:

Extraordinary Commissar of the Central Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Red Armymen's Deputies.

Then followed the text:

CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that Joseph Afirenko is in the service of the Extraordinary Commisar of the Central Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Red Armymen's Deputies in the capacity of office clerk, as the accompanying signatures and seal attest.

"In the service of the Extraordinary Commission?" I gasped, taken aback by the amazing audacity of the thing.

"Why not?" said the cadaverous man coolly, "what could be safer?"

What, indeed? What could be safer than to purport to be in the service of the institution whose duty it was to hound down all—old or young, rich or poor, educated or illiterate—

who ventured to oppose and sought to expose the pseudo-proletarian Bolshevist administration? Nothing, of course, could be safer! *S volkami zhitj, po voltchi vitj,* as the Russians say. "If you must live amongst wolves, then howl, too, as the wolves do!"

"Now for the signatures and seal," said the Finn. "Tihonov and Friedmann used to sign these papers, though it don't matter much, it's only the seal that counts." From some Soviet papers on the table he selected one with two signatures from which to copy. Choosing a suitable pen he scrawled beneath the text of my passport in an almost illegible slanting hand, "Tihonov." This was the signature of a proxy of the Extraordinary Commissar. The paper must also be signed by a secretary, or his proxy. "Sign for your own secretary," said the Finn, laughing and pushing the paper to me. "Write upright this time, like this. Here is the original. 'Friedmann' is the name." Glancing at the original I made an irregular scrawl, resembling in some way the signature of the Bolshevist official.

"Have you a photograph?" asked the cadaverous man. I gave him a photograph I had had taken at Viborg. Cutting it down small he stuck it at the side of the paper. Then, taking a round rubber seal, he made two imprints over the photograph. The seal was a red one, with the same inscription inside the periphery as was at the head of the paper. The inner space of the seal consisted of the five-pointed Bolshevist star with a mallet and a plow in the centre.

"That is your certificate of service," said the Finn, "we will give you a second one of personal identification." Another paper was quickly printed off with the words, "The holder of this is the Soviet employee, Joseph Ilitch Afirenko, aged 36 years." This paper was unnecessary in itself, but two "documents" were always better than one.

It was now after midnight and the leader of the Finnish patrol ordered us to lie down for a short rest. He threw him-

self on a couch in the eating-room. There were only two beds for the remaining four of us and I lay down on one of them with one of the Finns. I tried to sleep but couldn't. I thought of all sorts of things—of Russia in the past, of the life of adventure I had elected to lead for the present, of the morrow, of friends still in Petrograd who must not know of my return —if I got there. I was nervous, but the dejection that had overcome me in the train was gone. I saw the essential humour of my situation. The whole adventure was really one big exclamation mark; *Forsan et hacc olim. . . .*

The two hours of repose seemed interminable. I was afraid of 3 o'clock and yet I wanted it to come quicker, to get it over. At last a shuffling noise approached from the neighbouring room and the cadaverous Finn prodded each of us with the butt of his rifle. "Wake up," he whispered, "we'll leave in a quarter of an hour. No noise. The people in the next cottage mustn't hear us."

We were ready in a few minutes. My entire baggage was a small parcel that went into my pocket, containing a pair of socks, one or two handkerchiefs, and some dry biscuits. In another pocket I had the medicine bottle of whiskey I had hidden from Melnikoff, and some bread, while I hid my money inside my shirt. One of the four Finns remained behind. The other three were to accompany me to the river. It was a raw and frosty November night, and pitch-dark. Nature was still as death. We issued silently from the house, the cadaverous man leading. One of the men followed up behind, and all carried their rifles ready for use.

We walked stealthily along the road the Finn had pointed out to me on paper overnight, bending low where no trees sheltered us from the Russian bank. A few yards below on the right I heard the trickling of the river stream. We soon arrived at a ramshackle villa standing on the river surrounded by trees and thickets. Here we stood stock-still for a moment

to listen for any unexpected sounds. The silence was absolute. But for the trickling there was not a rustle.

We descended to the water under cover of the tumbledown villa and the bushes. The stream was about twenty paces wide at this point. Along both banks there was an edging of ice. I looked across at the opposite side. It was open meadow, but the trees loomed darkly a hundred paces away on either hand in the background. On the left I could just see the cottage of the Red patrol against which the Finns had warned me.

The cadaverous man took up his station at a slight break in the thickets. A moment later he returned and announced that all was well. "Remember," he enjoined me once in an undertone, "run slightly to the left, but—keep an eye on that cottage." He made a sign to the other two and from the bushes they dragged out a boat. Working noiselessly they attached a long rope to the stern and laid a pole in it. Then they slid it down the bank into the water.

"Get into the boat," whispered the leader, "and push yourself across with the pole. And good luck!"

I shook hands with my companions, pulled at my little bottle of whiskey, and got into the boat. I started pushing, but with the rope trailing behind, it was no easy task to put the little bark straight across the running stream. I was sure I should be heard, and had amidstreams the sort of feeling I should imagine a man has as he walks his last walk to the gallows. At length I was at the farther side, but it was impossible to hold the boat steady while I landed. In jumping ashore I crashed through the thin layer of ice. I scrambled out and up the bank. And the boat was hastily pulled back to Finland behind me.

"Run hard!" I heard a low call from over the water.

Damn it, the noise of my splash had reached the Red patrol! I was already running hard when I saw a light emerge from the cottage on the left. I forgot the injunctions as to direction and simply bolted away from that lantern. Halfway across the

sloping meadow I dropped and lay still. The light moved rapidly along the river bank. There was shouting, and then suddenly shots, but there was no reply from the Finnish side. Then the light began to move slowly back toward the cottage of the Red patrol, and finally all was silent again.

I lay motionless for some time, then rose and proceeded cautiously. Having missed the right direction I found I had to negotiate another small stream that ran obliquely down the slope of the meadow. Being already wet I did not suffer by wading through it. Then I reached some garden fences over which I climbed and found myself in the road.

Convincing myself that the road was deserted I crossed it and came out on to the moors where I found a half-built house. Here I sat down to await the dawn—blessing the man who invented whiskey, for I was very cold. It began to snow, and half-frozen I got up to walk about and study the locality as well as I could in the dark. At the cross-roads near the station I discovered some soldiers sitting round a bivouac fire, so I retreated quickly to my half-built house and waited till it was light. Then I approached the station with other passengers. At the gate a soldier was examining passports. I was not a little nervous when showing mine for the first time, but the examination was a very cursory one. The soldier seemed only to be assuring himself the paper had a proper seal. He passed me through and I went to the ticket office and demanded a ticket.

"One first class to Petrograd," I said, boldly.

"There is no first class by this train, only second and third."

"No first? Then give me a second." I had asked the Finns what class I ought to travel, expecting them to say, third. But they replied, First of course, for it would be strange to see an employee of the Extraordinary Commission travelling other than first class. Third class was for workers and peasants.

The journey to Petrograd was about twenty-five miles, and

stopping at every station the train took nearly two hours. As we approached the city the coaches filled up until people were standing in the aisles and on the platforms. There was a crush on the Finland Station at which we arrived. The examination of papers was again merely cursory. I pushed out with the throng and looking around me on the dirty, rubbish-strewn station I felt a curious mixture of relief and apprehension. A flood of strange thoughts and recollections rushed through my mind. I saw my whole life in a new and hitherto undreamt-of perspective. Days of wandering in Europe, student days in Russia, life amongst the Russian peasantry, and three years of apparently aimless war work all at once assumed symmetrical proportions and appeared like the sides of a prism leading to a common apex at which I stood. Yes, my life, I suddenly realized, *had* had an aim—it was to stand here on the threshold of the city that was my home, homeless, helpless, and friendless, one of the common crowd. That was it—*one of the common crowd!* I wanted not the theories of theorists, nor the doctrines of doctrinaires, but to see what the greatest social experiment the world has ever witnessed did for the common crowd. And strangely buoyant, I stepped lightly out of the station into the familiar streets.

DR. ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES

DOCTOR ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES as a rather mysterious young man of marked intellectual capacity emerged from the shadows of international intrigue and secret service in 1914 and caused an immense commotion. His allegedly intimate revelations of the methods and plots of Wilhelmstrasse were furiously debated—and an outstanding "best seller"—in the troubled days of the summer and autumn of 1914.

Graves was a diplomatic agent rather than a professional spy or operative of military intelligence. His type of plotter flourished luxuriantly in the more glittering capitals and fashionable resorts of Europe and Asia prior to the World War. There was then no grave risk attached to the game they were playing, and its rewards of excitement, a sense of subtle importance and a generous expense account were considerable. Today all that is at an end. Spies of every variety are hotly pursued and, if caught, they go to prison. Many of them are executed, just as in the midst of armed hostilities.

The chapters selected here disclose Graves' training and initiation into the secrets of his subterranean yet glamorous profession. Because of the difficulties which beset him in exile after the outbreak of the World War, there developed a public tendency to discredit all that he had written. There is, however,

no doubt about Graves having been enlisted and employed as an Imperial German secret agent. And it is perhaps significant to recall that the completed manuscript of his first book, *The Secrets of the German War Office,* had been delivered to his American publishers on June 1st, 1914, or more than three weeks before the tragic event at Serajevo which signalled the oncoming calamity of a general European war.

HOW I BECAME A SECRET AGENT*

By Dr. A. K. Graves

HALF-PAST THREE was heard booming from some clock tower on the twelfth day of June, 1913, when Mr. King, the Liberal representative from Somerset, was given the floor in the House of Commons. Mr. King proceeded to make a sensation.

He demanded that McKinnon Wood, the House Secretary for Scotland, reveal to the House the secrets of the strange case of Armgaard Karl Graves, German spy.

A brief word of explanation may be necessary. Supposed to be serving a political sentence in a Scotch prison, I had amazed the English press and people by publicly announcing my presence in New York City.

Mr. King asked if I was still undergoing imprisonment for espionage; if not, when and why I was released and whether I had been or would be deported at the end of my term of imprisonment as an undesirable alien.

Permit me to quote verbatim from the Edinburgh *Scotsman* of June 12, 1913:

THE SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND replied—Graves was released in December last. It would not be in accordance with precedent to state reasons for the exercise of the prerogative.

* From "The Secrets of the German War Office," by Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1914.

I have no official knowledge of his nationality. The sentence did not include any recommendation in favor of deportation.

Mr. King—Was he released because of the state of his health?

The Secretary for Scotland—I believe he was in bad health, but I cannot give any other answer.

Mr. King—Were any conditions imposed at the time of his release?

The Secretary for Scotland—I think I have dealt with that in my answer. (Cries of "No.")

Mr. King—Can the right hon. gentleman be a little more explicit? (Laughter.) We are anxious to have the truth. Unless the right hon. gentleman can give me an explicit answer as to whether any conditions were imposed I will put down the question again. (Laughter.)

The Speaker intervened at this stage, and the subject dropped.

Heckling began at this point; word was quickly sent to the Speaker, and he intervened, ruling the subject closed.

Now consider the Secretary for Scotland's statement. "It would not be in accordance with precedent to state reasons for the exercise of prerogative." In other words, high officials in England had found it advisable secretly to release me from Barlinney Prison by using the royal prerogative. Why? Later you will know.

Also, consider the Secretary of Scotland's statement that he had no official knowledge as to my *nationality*—significant that, as you will realize.

There are three things which do not concern the reader: My origin, nationality and morals. There are three persons alive who know who I am. One of the three is the greatest ruler in the world. None of the three, for reasons of his own, is likely to reveal my identity.

I detest sensationalism and wish it clearly understood that

this is no studied attempt to create mystery. There is a certain dead line which no one can cross with immunity and none but a fool would attempt to. Powerful governments have found it advisable to keep silence regarding my antecedents. A case in point occurred when McKinnon Wood, Secretary for Scotland, refused in the House of Commons to give any information whatsoever about me, this after pressure had been brought to bear on him by three members of Parliament. Either the Home Secretary knew nothing about my antecedents, or his trained discretion counseled silence.

I was brought up in the traditions of a house actively engaged in the affairs of its country, for hundreds of years. As an only son, I was promptly and efficiently spoiled for anything else but the station in life which should have been mine—but never has been and, now, never can be. I used to have high aspirations, but promises never kept shattered most of my ideals. The hard knocks of life have made me a fatalist, so now I shrug my shoulders. *"Che sara sara."* I have had to lead my own life and, all considered, I have enjoyed it. I have crowded into thirty-nine years more sensations than fall to the lot of the average half a dozen men.

Following the custom of our house, I was trained as a military cadet. This military appenticeship was followed by three years at a famous *gymnasium,* which fitted me for one of the old classic universities of Europe. And after spending six semesters there, I took my degree in philosophy and medicine. Not a bad achievement, I take it, for a young chap before reaching his twenty-second birthday. I have always been fond of study and had a special aptitude for sciences and the languages. On one occasion I acquired a fair knowledge of Singalese and Tamul in three months.

From the university I returned home. I had always been obstinate and willful, not to say pig-headed, and being steeped in tales of wrongs done to my house and country, and with

the crass assurance of a young sprig fresh from untrammeled university life, I began to give vent to utterances that were not at all to the liking of the powers that were. Soon making myself objectionable, paying no heed to their protests, and one thing leading to another, my family found it advisable to send me into utter and complete oblivion. To them I am dead, and all said and done, I would rather have it so.

After the complete rupture of my home ties, I began some desultory globe trotting. I knocked about in out-of-the-way corners, where I observed and absorbed all sorts of things which became very useful in my subsequent career. A native, and by that I mean an inhabitant, of non-European countries always fascinated me, and I soon learned the way of disarming their suspicion and winning their confidence—a proceeding very difficult to a European. After a time I found myself in Australia and New Zealand, where I traveled extensively, and came to like both countries thoroughly. I have never been in the western part of the United States, but from what I have heard and read I imagine that the life there more closely resembles the clean, healthy, outdoor life of the Australians than any other locality.

I was just on the point of beginning extensive travels in the South Sea Islands, when the situation in South Africa became ominous. War seemed imminent, and following my usual bent of sticking my nose in where I was not wanted I made tracks for this potential seat of trouble. I caught the first steamer for Cape Town landing there a month before the outbreak of war. On horseback I made my way in easy stages up to the Rand. Here happened one of those incidents, which, although small in itself, alters the course of one's life. What took place when I rode into a small town on the Rand known as Doorn Kloof one chilly misty morning, was written in the bowl of fate.

Doorn Kloof is well named; it means "the hoof of the Devil." A straggling collection of corrugated iron shanties set in the middle of a grayish sandy plain as barren of vegetation as the shores of the Dead Sea, sweltering hot an hour after sunrise, chilly cold an hour after sunset, populated by about four hundred Boers of the old narrow-minded ultra Dutch type with as much imagination as a grasshopper—that is Doorn Kloof.

When I rode into the village I was in a decidedly bad temper. Hungry, wet to the skin, the dismal aspect of the place, the absence of anything resembling a hotel, the incivility of the inhabitants, all contributed to shorten my, by no means long, temper. I was ripe for a row. As I rode down the solitary street I found a big burly *Dopper* flogging brutally a half-grown native boy. This humanitarian had the usual Boer view that the sambrock is more effective than the Bible as a civilizing medium. After convincing him of the technical error of his method, I attended to the black boy, whose back was as raw as a beefsteak. Kim completely adopted me and he is with me still. I christened him Kim, after Kipling's hero, for his Basuto name is unpronounceable. He has repaid me often for what he considers the saving of his life. Not many months later Kim was the unconscious cause of a radical change in my destiny. I have ceased to wonder at such things.

By the time Kim had learned some of the duties of a body servant we had reached Port Natal. War had broken out and I volunteered with a Natal field force in a medical capacity. Field hospital work took me where the fighting was thickest. During the battle of the Modder River among the first of the wounded brought in was one of the many foreign officers fighting on the Boer side. It was Kim who found him. This officer's wound was fairly serious and necessitated close attention. Through chance remarks dropped here and there, the officer placed my identity correctly. It developed that he was Major Freiherr von

Reitzenstein, one of the few who knew the real reasons of my exile.

In one of our innumerable chats that grew out of our growing intimacy, he suggested my entering the service of Germany in a political capacity. He urged that with my training and social connections I had exceptional equipment for such work. Moreover, he suggested that my service on political missions would give me the knowledge and influence necessary to checkmate the intriguers who were keeping me from my own. This was the compelling reason that made me ultimately accept his proposal to become a Secret Agent of Germany. No doubt, if the Count had lived, I would have gained my ends through his guidance and influence, but he was killed in a riding race, three years after our meeting in the Veldt, and I lost my best friend. By that time I was too deep in the Secret Service to pull out, although it was my intention more than once to do so. And certain promises regarding my restoration in our house were never kept.

Coming to a partial understanding with Count Reitzenstein, I began to work in his interests. The Boer War taught Germany many things about the English army and a few of these I contributed. As a physician I was allowed to go most anywhere and no questions asked. I began to collect little inside scraps of information regarding the discipline, spirit and equipment of the British troops. I observed that many Colonial officers were outspoken in their criticisms. All these points I reported in full to Count Reitzenstein when I dressed his wound. One day he said:

"Don't forget now. After the war, I want to see you in Berlin."

In my subsequent eagerness to pump more details from the Colonial officers, I too criticised, and one day I was told Lord Kitchener wanted to see me.

"Doctor," he said curtly, when I was ushered into his tent, "you have twenty-four hours in which to leave camp——"

Whether that mandate was a result of my joining in with the Colonial officers' criticism, or because my secret activity for Count Reitzenstein had been suspected, I cannot say. But knowing the ways of the "man of Khartoum," I made haste to be out of camp within the time prescribed.

Later I learned that the Count, being convalescent and paroled, was sent down to Cape Town. After the occupation of Pretoria, I got tired of roughing it and made my way back to Europe, finally locating in Berlin for a prolonged stay. I knew Berlin, and had a fondness for it, having spent part of my youth there in the course of my education. It has always been a habit of mine not to seem anxious about anything, so I spent several weeks idling around Berlin before looking up Count Reitzenstein. One day I called at his residence, Thiergartenstrasse 23. I found the Count on the point of leaving for the races at Hoppegarten. He was one of the crack sportsmen of Prussia and never missed a meeting. He suggested that I go to the track with him, and while we waited for the servant to bring around his turn-out, he renewed his proposals about my entering Prussian service.

"I expected you long ago," he said. "I have smoothed your way to a great extent. We are likely to meet one or two of the Service Chiefs out at the track, this afternoon. If you like, I'll introduce you to them."

"Is there any likelihood of my being recognized?" I asked. "You know, Count, it will be impossible for me to go under my true flag."

He assured me there was not the slightest chance.

"Your identity," he explained, "need be known to but one person."

Later I was to know who this important personage was.

"Very well," I agreed; "we'll try it."

The Count always drove his own turn-out, and invited me to climb up on the box. When his attention was not occupied with his reins and returning the salutes of passers-by, for he was one of the most popular men in Berlin, we discussed my private affairs. The Count showed a keen interest and sympathy in them and his proposal began to take favorable shape in my mind. As he predicted, we met some of the Service Chiefs at the track. Indeed, almost the first persons who saluted him in the saddle paddock were Captain Zur See von Tappken and a gentleman who was introduced to me as Herr von Riechter. The Count introduced me as Dr. von Graver, which I subsequently altered whenever the occasion arose to the English Graves. After chatting a bit, Captain von Tappken made an appointment with me at his bureau in the Koenigergratzerstrasse 70, the headquarters of the Intelligence Department of the Imperial Navy in Berlin, but made no further reference to the subject that afternoon. I noticed though that Herr von Riechter put some pointed and leading questions to me, regarding my travels, linguistic attainments, and general knowledge. He must have been satisfied, for I saw some significant glances pass between him and the Captain. The repeated exclamations of "Grossartig!" and "Colossal!" seemed to express his entire satisfaction.

Following my usual bent, I did not call at Koenigergratzerstrasse 70 as the Captain suggested. About three days passed and then I received a very courteously worded letter requesting me to call at my earliest convenience at his quarters as he had something of importance to tell me. I called.

Koenigergratzerstrasse 70 is a typical Prussian building of administration. Solid but unpretentious, it is the very embodiment of Prussian efficiency, and like all official buildings in Germany is well guarded. The doorkeeper and commissaire, a taciturn non-commissioned officer, takes your name and whom

you wish to see. He enters these later in a book, then telephones to the person required and you are either ushered up or denied admittance. When sent up, you are invariably accompanied by an orderly—it does not matter how well you are known—who does not leave you until the door has closed behind you. When you leave, there is the same procedure and the very duration of your visit is entered and checked in the doorkeeper's book.

I was admitted immediately. After passing through three anterooms containing private secretaries not in uniform, I was shown into Captain von Tappken's private office. He wore the undress ranking uniform of the Imperial Navy. This is significant, for it is characteristic of all the branches of the Prussian Service to find officers in charge. The secretaries and men of all work, however, are civilians; this for a reason. The heads of all departments are German officers, recruited from the old feudal aristocracy, loyal to a degree to the throne. They find it incompatible, notwithstanding their loyalty, to soil their hands with some of the work connected with all government duties, especially those of the Secret Service. Though planning the work, they never execute it. To be sure, there are ex-officers connected with the Secret Service, men like von Zenden, formerly an officer of the Zweiter Garde Dragoner, but with some few exceptions they are usually men who have gone to smash. No active or commissioned officer does Secret Service work.

Von Tappken greeted me very tactfully. This is another typical asset of a Prussian Service officer, especially a naval man, and is quite contrary to the usual characteristics of English officials, whose brusqueness is too well and unpleasantly known.

After offering me a chair and cigars, Captain von Tappken began chatting.

"Well, Doctor," he said, "have you made up your mind to enter our Service? For a man fond of traveling and adventure, I promise you will find it tremendously interesting. I have care-

fully considered your equipment and experience and find that they will be of mutual benefit."

I asked him to explain what would be required of me, but he replied:

"Before my entering upon that, are you adverse to telling me if you have made up your mind to enter the Service?"

It was a fair question, and I replied:

"Yes, provided nothing will be directly required of me that is against all ethics."

I noticed a peculiar smile crossing his features. Then, looking me straight between the eyes and using the sharp, incisive language of a German official, he declared:

"We make use of the same weapons that are used against us. We cannot afford to be squeamish. The interests at stake are too vast to let personal ethical questions stand in the way. What would be required of you in the first instance, is to gain for us information such as we seek. The means by which you gain this information will be left to your own discretion. We expect results. We place our previous knowledge on the subject required, at your disposal. You will have our organization to assist you, but you must understand that we cannot and will not be able to extricate you from any trouble in which you may become involved. Be pleased to understand this clearly. This service is dangerous, and no official assistance or help could be given under any circumstances."

To my cost, I later found this to be the truth. So far, so good. Captain von Tappken had neglected to mention financial inducements and I put the question to him.

He replied promptly:

"That depends entirely on the service performed. In the first instance you will receive a retaining fee of 4000 marks ($1000) a year. You will be allowed 10 marks ($2.50) a day for living expenses, whether in active service or not. For each individual piece of work undertaken you will receive a bonus, the amount

of which will vary with the importance of the mission. Living expenses accruing while out on work must not exceed 40 marks ($10) a day. The amount of the bonus you are to receive for a mission will in each case be determined in advance. There is one other thing. One-third of all moneys accruing to you will be kept in trust for you at the rate of 5 per cent. interest."

I laughed and said:

"Well, Captain, I can take care of my own money."

He permitted the shadow of a smile to play around his mouth.

"You may be able to," he said, "but most of our agents cannot. We have this policy for two reasons: In the first place, it gives us a definite hold upon our men. Secondly, we have found that unless we save some money for our agents, they never save any for themselves. In the event of anything happening to an agent who leaves a family or other relatives, the money is handed over to them."

I later cursed that rule, for when I was captured in England there were 30,000 marks ($7,500) due me at the Wilhelmstrasse and I can whistle for it now.

Captain von Tappken looked at me inquiringly, but I hesitated. It was not on account of monetary causes, but for peculiarly private reasons—the dilemma of one of our house becoming a spy. The Captain, unaware of the personal equation that was obsessing me before giving my word, evidently thought that his financial inducements were not alluring enough.

"Of course," he continued, "this scale of pay is only the beginning. As your use to us and the importance of your missions increases, so will your remuneration. That depends entirely on you."

He raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Very well," I said. "I accept."

He held out his hand. "You made up your mind quickly."

"It is my way, Captain, I take a thing or leave it."

"That's what I like, Doctor; a quick decisive mind."

That seemed to please him.

"Very well. To be of use to us, you will need a lot of technical coaching. Are you ready to start tomorrow?"

"Now, Captain."

"Very good," he said, "but to-morrow will do. Be here at ten A. M. Then give us daily as much of your time as we require."

He called in one of his secretaries, gave him command briefly and in a few minutes the man was back with an order for three hundred marks.

"This, Doctor, is your first month's living expenses. Retaining fees are paid quarterly."

As I pocketed the check I remarked:

"Captain, personally we are total strangers. How is it that you seem so satisfied with me?"

Again his peculiar smile was noticeable.

"That is outside our usual business procedure," he said. "I have my instructions from above and I simply act on them."

I was young then, and curious so I asked:

"Who are those above and what are their instructions?"

No sooner had I put that question than I learned my first lesson in the Secret Service. All traces of genial friendliness vanished from von Tappken's face. It was stern and serious.

"My boy," he said slowly, "learn this from the start and learn it well. Do not ask questions. Do not talk. Think! You will soon learn that there are many unwritten laws attached to this Service."

I never forgot that: It was my first lesson in Secret Service.

THE MAKING OF A SECRET AGENT*

By Dr. A. K. Graves

THE average man or woman has only a hazy idea what European Secret Service and Espionage really means and accomplishes. Short stories and novels, written in a background of diplomacy and secret agents, have given the public vague impressions about the world of spies. But this is the first real unvarnished account of the system; the class of men and women employed; the means used to obtain the desired results and the risks run by those connected with this service. Since the days of Moses who employed spies in Canaan, to Napoleon Bonaparte, who inaugurated the first thorough system of political espionage, potentates, powerful ministers and heads of departments have found it necessary to obtain early and correct information other than through the usual official channels. To gain this knowledge they have to employ persons unknown and unrecognized in official circles. A recognized official such as an ambassador or a secretary of legation, envoys plenipotentiary and consuls, would not be able to gain the information sought, as naturally everybody is on their guard against them. Moreover, official etiquette prevents an ambassador or consul from acting in such a capacity.

* From "The Secrets of the German War Office," by Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1914.

In this age of rapid developments the need of quick and accurate information is even more pressing. Europe to-day is a sort of armed camp, composed of a number of nations of fairly equal strength, in which the units are more or less afraid of each other. Mutual distrust and conflicting interests compel Germany, England, France and Russia to spend billions of money each year on armaments. Germany builds one battleship; England lays down two; France adds ten battalions to her army; Germany adds twenty. So the relative strength keeps on a fair level. But with rapid constructions, new inventions of weapons, armor, aërial craft, this apparent equality is constantly disturbed. Here also enters the personal policy and ambitions and pet schemes of the individual heads of nations and their cabinets. Because there is a constant fear of being outdistanced, every government in Europe is trying its utmost to get ahead of the other. They, hence, keep a stringent watch on each other's movements. This is possible only by an efficient system of espionage, by trained men and women, willing to run the risks attached to this sort of work.

For risks there are. I have been imprisoned twice, once in the Balkans at Belgrade, once in England. I have been attacked five times and bear the marks of the wounds to this day. Escapes I have had by the dozen. All my missions were not successes, more often, failures, and the failures are often fatal. For instance:

Early in the morning of June 11, 1903, the plot which had been brewing in Servia ended with the assassination of the king, queen, ministers and members of the royal household of Servia. I shall not go into the undercurrent political significance of these atrocities as I had no active part in them, but I was sent down by my government later to ascertain as far as possible the prime movers in the intrigue which pointed to Colonel Mashin and a gang of officers of the Sixth Regiment. All these regicides received Russian pay, for King Alexander

had become dangerous to Russia, because of his flirting with Austria. Besides, his own idiotic behavior and the flagrant indiscretions of Queen Draga had by no means endeared him to his people.

I stuck my nose into a regular hornets' nest and soon found myself in a most dangerous position. I was arrested by the provisional government on the order of Lieutenant Colonel Niglitsch on a most flimsy charge of traveling with false passports. In those times arrests and executions were the order of the day. The old Servian proverb of "Od Roba Ikad Iz Groba Nikad" (Out of prison, yes; out of the grave, never) was fully acted upon. There were really no incriminating papers of any description upon me, but my being seen and associating with persons opposed to the provisional government was quite enough to place me before a drumhead court-martial.

I was sitting in the Café Petite Parisian with Lieutenant Nikolevitch and Mons. Krastov, a merchant of Belgrade, when a file of soldiers in charge of an officer pulled us out of our chairs and without any further ado marched us to the Citadel. The next morning we were taken separately into a small room where three men in the uniform of colonels were seated at a small iron table. No questions were asked.

"You are found guilty of associating with revolutionary persons. You were found possessing a passport not your own. You are sentenced to be shot at sundown."

The whole thing appeared to me first as a joke, then as a bluff, but looking closely into those high-cheekboned, narrow-eyed faces with the characteristically close-cropped brutal heads, the humorous aspect dwindled rapidly and I thought it about time to make a counter move. Without betraying any of my inward qualms—and believe me, I began to have some—I said quietly:

"I think you will find it advisable to inform M. Zolarevitch"

(then minister of War) "that Count Weringrode sends his regards."

I saw them looking rather curiously at each other and then the center inquisitor fired a lot of questions at me, in answer to which I only shrugged my shoulders.

"That's all I have to say, monsieur."

I was shoved back in my cell. About four that afternoon one of the officers came to see me.

"Your message has not been sent. My comrades were against sending it, but I am related to Zolarevitch. So if you can show me some reason, I shall take your message."

I gave him some reason. So much so that he did not lose any time in getting under way. In fact, it was a very pale, perturbed officer who rushed out of my cell. I didn't worry much, but when at about 7.30 the cell door opened and two sentries with fixed bayonets and cartridge pouches entered, placed me in the center and marched me into the courtyard, where ten more likewise equipped soldiers in charge of an officer awaited me, I felt somewhat green. I know a firing squad when I see one. I knew if my message ever reached responsible quarters, nothing could happen to me; but these were motley times and all sorts of delays may have happened to the officer.

"Right about wheel" and myself in the center, we marched out of the courtyard to a little hill to the west of the Citadel.

An old stone building—probably a decayed monastery, for I noticed several crumbled tombstones—was evidently selected for the place of execution. On a little rough, four-foot, stone wall we halted, and the officer, pulling out a document, began reading to me a rather lengthy preamble in Servian.

Up to then not a word had been spoken. I let him finish and then politely requested him, as I was not a Serb and consequently did not understand his lingo, to translate it into a civilized language, preferably German or French. He seemed

somewhat startled and gave me to understand that he was led to believe I was a Serb. I used some very forcible German and French, both of which he was able to understand, pointing out to him that someone, somewhere, made a thundering big blunder which somehow would have to be paid for. He was clearly ill at ease, but said, "I have to obey my instructions." I had told him of my message to the minister, and although it was quite obvious I was sparring for time he seemed in no way inclined to rush the execution. Five minutes went; ten minutes went and looking at his watch, which showed five minutes to eight (although it was fast getting dusk, I could see that watch-dial distinctly), shrugging his shoulders and saying, "I can delay no longer," he called a sergeant, who placed me with my shoulders to the wall and offered me a handkerchief. I didn't want a handkerchief. A few sharp orders and twelve Mauser tubes pointed their ugly black snouts directly at me.

I hate to tell my sensation just then. Frankly, I felt nothing clearly. The only thing I remember distinctly was the third man in the second file held his gun in rather a slipshod manner, aiming it first at my midriff, next pointing it at my nose—which strangely enough caused me intense annoyance. How long we stood thus I don't know. The next thing I remember was a rattle of grounding arms and the sight of two other officers, excitedly gesticulating with the one in charge of the firing squad. All three presently came towards me and one pulling out a flask of cognac with a polite bow offered me a drink. I needed it; but didn't take it. All this time I had been standing motionless with my arms folded across my breast. I heard one say to the other, "Nitchka Curacha" (no coward). If he had only known.

Indeed, had I anticipated such an experience, had I known the things I know now I doubt if I would have been so pleased with the results of my first visit to Koenigergratzerstrasse 70,

where the Intelligence Department of the German Admiralty is quartered. Will the reader step back with me in the narrative to the day of my officially joining the Service? Returning to my hotel after my interview with Captain von Tappken in his office, I began to reflect.

I had not entered the Service out of pure adventure or for monetary reasons alone. Money has never appealed to me as the all-powerful thing in life. I have always had enough for creature comforts and as for adventure I had had my fill during the Boer War and my world wanderings. No, I had joined the German Secret Service for quite a different reason. I was thinking of the influences that had pressed me out of my destined groove, by every human right my own. I remember how sanguine Count Reitzenstein was that through the Service I ought to gain the power I had lost. But as I sat in the hotel room had occult powers been given me, I never would have taken up Secret Service work. But one is not quite as wise at twenty-four as at thirty-nine.

Well satisfied with my prospects, I arose early the next morning and walked briskly to Captain Tappken's office. Punctually at ten o'clock I announced myself at the Admiralty and after the usual procedure with the door man, I was received by Herr von Stammer, private secretary of Captain Tappken. A very astute and calculating gentleman is Herr von Stammer. Suave, genial, talkative, he has the plausible and unstudied art of extracting information without committing himself in turn. A marvelous encyclopædia of devious Secret Service facts, an ideal tutor.

When we were alone in his office, von Stammer began by saying abruptly:

"From now on, you must be entirely and absolutely at our Service. You will report daily at twelve noon by telephoning a certain number. At all times you must be accessible. You will pay close attention to the following rules:

"Absolute silence in regard to your missions. No conversation with minor officials but only with the respective heads of departments or to whomever you are sent. You will make no memoranda nor carry written documents. You will never discuss your affairs with any employee in the Service whom you may meet. You are not likely to meet many. It is strictly against the rules to become friendly or intimate with any agent. You must abstain from intoxicating liquors. You are not permitted to have any women associates. You will be known to us by a number. You will sign all your reports by that number. Always avoid telephoning, telegraphing and cabling as much as possible. In urgent cases do so, but use the cipher that will be supplied to you."

He went on to give numerous other minor details and instructions, elaborating the system, but which might prove wearisome here. I was in his office all the forenoon, and when he ushered me out I half expected to be called into von Tappken's presence to be sent on my first mission. Instead of that, I had to wait five months before I was given my first work and an exceedingly unimportant thing it was. During those five months I was kept at a steady grind of schooling in certain things. Day after day, week after week, I was grounded in subjects that were essential to efficient Secret Service work.

Broadly, they could be divided into four classes—topography, trigonometry, naval construction and drawing. The reasons for these you will see from my missions. My tutors were all experts in the Imperial Service. A Secret Service agent sent out to investigate and report on the condition, situation, and armament of a fort like Verdun in France must be able to make correct estimates of distances, heights, angles, conditions of the ground, etc. This can only be done by a man of the correct scientific training. He must have the science of topography at his finger tips; he must be able to make quick and accurate calculations using trigonometry, as well as possessing skill as a

draftsman. In my mission to Port Arthur, where I had to report on the defenses, I found this training invaluable.

The same applies to the subject of naval construction. Before entering the German Secret Service, I certainly knew the difference between a torpedo and a torpedo boat destroyer, but naturally could not give an accurate description of the various types of destroyers and torpedoes. My instructor in this subject was Lieutenant Captain Kurt Steffens, torpedo expert of the Intelligence Department of the Imperial Navy. After a month of tutelage under him, I was able to tell the various types of torpedoes, submarines, and mines, etc., in use by the principal Powers. I could even tell by the peculiar whistle it made whether the torpedo that was being discharged was a Whitehead or a Brennan.

I was also drilled in the construction of every known kind of naval gun. Dozens of model war-crafts were shown to me and explained. I saw the model of every warship in the world. For days at a time I was made to sit before charts that hung from the walls of certain rooms in the Intelligence Deparment and study the silhouettes of every known varying type of war-craft. I was schooled in this until I could tell at a glance what type of a battleship, cruiser, or destroyer it was, whether it was peculiar to the English, French, Russian or United States Navy. As I shall show in relating one of my missions to England, I was brushed up on the silhouette study of British warships, for I had to be able to discern and classify them at long range. The different ranking officers of the navies of the world, their uniforms, the personnel of battleships, the systems of flag signals, and codes, were explained to me in detail. I was given large books in which were colored plates of the uniforms and signal flags of every navy in the world. I had to study these until at a glance I could tell the rank and station of the officers and men of the principal navies. The same with the signal flags. I pored

over those books night after night into the early hours of the morning. My regular hours for tuition were from ten to twelve in the forenoon and from two until six in the afternoon. But it was impossible to compress all the work into that time. I was anxious to get my first mission, and I presume I did a great deal of cramming.

My study was not all in Berlin. I spent most of my time there at Koenigergratzerstrasse 70 and at the Zeughaus, the great museum of the German General Staff. But there were side trips to the big government works at Kiel and Wilhelmshafen. There I was taught every detail of the mechanics of naval construction and I was not pronounced equipped until I could talk intelligently about every unassembled part of a gun, torpedo tube, or mine.

In the course of my five months' instruction under the various experts of the Prussian Service I had many opportunities to observe the exhaustive thoroughness and the minuteness of detail which the German General Staff possesses. I did not lose the chance of this opportunity. I really did observe and see more than was intended for me to see. Of the amazing amount of labor, time and money that has been spent to gather the information contained in the secret archives of the German General Staff, the marvelous system of war that has been perfected in the German Empire, I shall tell when I consider the secrets of the War Machine.

Naturally, I soon came to know still other things than what they taught me. I began to consider the whole proposition of Secret Service, and before relating my first important mission for Germany I shall tell you some of the general secrets of the System.

There are four systems of Secret Service in Europe, the four leading powers each possessing one. First in systematic efficiency is the German, next comes the Russian, then the French, and English. England has a very efficient service in

India and her Asiatic possessions, but has only lately entered the European field. Last but not least comes the International Secret Service Bureau with headquarters in Belgium, a semi-private concern which procures reliable information for anyone who will pay for it. This service is generally entrusted with the procuring of technical details, such as the plans of a new kind of gun or data on a new and minor fortification. Mr. Vance Thompson has also cited special missions like this one that follows.

Not often does the chance come to leave the regular channels of espionage and go forth upon a mission out of the ordinary. That chance came a few years ago to the Russian agents in Brussels. In St. Petersburg the chiefs were desirous of knowing the identity and names of a group of revolutionists who had formed a sort of colony in Montreux, Switzerland. A French woman, known sometimes as Theresa Prevost (the last I heard of her she was in prison) was detailed to the mission. Young and clever was Theresa; likewise the man who was ordered to accompany her, posing as a "brother," Charles Prevost.

The chief of these Russian fugitives, who were down around the lake of Geneva, brewing their dark plans, was known. He was Goluckoffsky, and he had a son twenty-two years of age—an impressionable Russian son. Hence the young and pretty Theresa.

It was decided by her Brussels chiefs that she assume the rôle of an heiress from Canada. Five thousand francs for preliminary expenses were handed over to her and with Charles, the brother, she descended upon Montreux. If you were there at the time you will recall the social triumph made by the young Canadian heiress. You may even remember that she seemed to be infatuated with the young impressionable son of old Goluckoffsky. The day long they were together. They were going to be married, and Charles Prevost the "brother," stood in the

background, chatted amiably with old Goluckoffsky and his friends and smiled.

Then as an heiress should, Theresa and her "brother" invited Goluckoffsky, his family and friends, to a pre-nuptial luncheon No expense was spared, for the wires had moaned with requests sent to Brussels for money. Young Goluckoffsky was delighted with his fiancée. She was insistent that *all* his friends should be there, all the revolutionaries—although of course his dear Theresa did not know that. How the spelling of their names puzzled her. With gay heart young Goluckoffsky wrote out all their names on a slip of paper so she could send their invitations properly—the names St. Petersburg wanted to know.

Came the day of the luncheon, a gala affair in the banquet room of the hotel. Theresa looked charming; even the grimmest of the old revolutionists were taken with her. Old Goluckoffsky beamed upon this sparkling febrile woman, rich too, who was to marry his son.

Ices had been served when Theresa, her pretty face in smiles, declared that she had a surprise for her guests. To her it was the day of days. What better than a group photograph of her dear and new friends? How she would treasure it? Strangely enough this did not please the guests. Photographs were dangerous. Suppose, in some way, the *Okrana* got hold of them. They breathed easier, though, when Theresa, calling in the photographer—the best in Lausanne, she assured them—instructed him to deliver all copies to Mr. Goluckoffsky, her dear father-in-law to be. So the revolutionists grouped themselves on the hotel lawn; the photographer pressed the bulb; and everybody laughed.

As quickly as the photographer could print his proofs they were delivered to Theresa; that night she and her "brother" left Montreux. In two days the names of all the revolutionists in young Goluckoffsky's handwriting and their pictures were delivered to the chief in Brussels. A substantial fee was paid

Theresa, besides, and she must have smiled; some of those young Russians are delightful.

So much for an example of the clever work done by Brussels. The German Service, in which I served on and off for twelve years, has three distinct branches—the Army, Navy and Personal, each branch having its own chief and its own corps of men and women agents. The Army and Navy division is controlled by the General Staff of Berlin (Grosser General Stabe), the most marvelous organization in the world. The Political and Personal branch is controlled from the Wilhelmstrasse, the German Foreign Office, the Emperor in person, or his immediate Privy Councilor. The Army and Navy divisions confine themselves to the procuring of hidden and secret information as regards armaments, plans, discoveries, etc. The political branch concerns itself with the supervision of meetings between potentates, cabinet ministers and so forth. The Personal branch, under the direct control of the Privy Councilor, is used by the Emperor for his own special purposes and service in this branch is the *sine qua non* of the service.

The Personal consists of all classes of men and women. Princes and counts, lawyers and doctors, actors and actresses, mondaines of the great world, demi-mondaines of the half world, waiters and porters, all are made use of as occasion arises. It may well happen that your interesting acquaintance in the salon of an express steamer or your charming companion in the tearoom of the Ritz is the paid agent of some government. Great singers, dancers and artists, especially of Russian and Austrian origin, are often spies. Notably Anna Pavlowa, famous for light feet and nimble wit, said wit being retained by the Russian government at 50,000 rubles per annum. When Mlle. Pavlowa travels in Germany, she has the honor of a very unostentatious bodyguard, the government being anxious that nothing should happen to *them*. Perhaps Mademoiselle may re-

member a little incident at the Palais de Dance in Berlin—Anna *vs.* He of Lichtenstein.

Or perhaps Mademoiselle will recall a little episode in the Eis Arena in Berlin during a certain New Year's Eve carnival when the restoration—not the loss—of her magnificent gold chatelaine bag caused her much embarrassment. The chatelaine in question being dexterously commandeered by an expert in such matters of the Secret Service squad.

It happened that the Personal Branch of the German Secret Service was exceedingly interested in that gold bag. Mademoiselle had been carrying on an affair with a young ordnance officer of the Potsdam garrison. Now the Service does not like to see officers, especially those of the ordnance, becoming involved with ladies like the Pavlowa. On this particular night he had presented her with the new bag and she had been injudicious enough to have kept in the golden receptacle a dangerously compromising letter that he had enclosed. Injudicious, dear lady! Corsage or stockings, Mademoiselle; but vanity bags —never!

I have reason to believe that the following incident cost the Pavlowa a rather remunerative engagement in Berlin.

Celebrating the coming of the New Year, Mademoiselle and her party were feasting in the Ice Arena. I happened to be at near-by table, and saw everything; as well as later hearing the inside of it.

The gold chatelaine lay on the table at her elbow. Upon observing its position, the waiter—a secret agent on the case —deliberately tipped over a champagne glass that stood within a few inches of the bag. Of course Mademoiselle was worried lest the wine run over on her gown and while thus preoccupied, the waiter, stammering apologies, mopped up the table cloth with his serviette—mopped up the wine and cleverly covering the bag folded it in the nakpin and hurried away. In two minutes he had opened it, abstracted the letter from the young

ordnance officer; and was back, apologizing to the Pavlowa.

"Your pardon, Mademoiselle," he said, handing her the gold chatelaine. "In my haste I picked up this bag by mistake. I suppose it is yours."

With a slight start she said "yes," took the bag and hurriedly opening it felt for the letter. To her dismay it was gone. I saw her eyes narrow a little and then I marveled at the cleverness of the woman.

"No," she suddenly said, "that is not my bag. I never saw it before. I advise you to find the owner."

Clever Anna! You sacrificed the costly gift, but you went over the frontier just the same.

The necessary qualifications of an agent vary of course with the class of work to be done. We can dismiss the waiter and porter class, as they never receive independent commands and work only under direct supervision on minor details without knowing why. The trusted agent handling important matters and documents must needs be a person of intelligence, tact and address. He must be a linguist and, above all, a man of resource and a close student of his fellow men. In the woman agent charm and tact, beauty and manners, *à la grande dame,* knowledge of the world and men are essential. The pay varies, but is always good. Expenses are never questioned, the money being no object. For instance, I spent on a mission through the Riviera 20,000 marks in fourteen days. My fixed salary towards the end was 10,000 marks a year, besides twenty marks a day living expenses when not at work, which was automatically tripled irrespective of expenses when out on work. Besides, there is a bonus set out for each piece of work, the amount of which varies with the importance of the case in hand. I received as much as $30,000 marks ($7,500) for a single mission performed successfully.

The risks are great, so are the rewards—if successful. If not, then one pays the usual price of failures, in this case only more

so. For in the event of disaster no official help or protection could or would be granted and quarter is neither asked nor given. The work is interesting and fascinating to those of an adventurous turn of mind and not overly nervous about their health or squeamish in regards to established ethics. I would not suggest the Secret Service as a means of livelihood for a nervous person. At times it is arduous and strenuous work and mostly undertaken by men and women who fear neither man nor devil. It is not compatible to longevity. As a rule, the constant strain of being on the *qui vive,* playing a lone hand against the most powerful influences often unknown, having one's plans upset at the last moment and continually pitting one's own brain against some of the acutest and shrewdest minds of the world, the knowledge that the slightest blunder means loss of liberty, often of life, is wearing, to say the least.

I have known men and women, courageous to a degree, who have broken down under the strain; sooner or later one is bound to succumb. I have known of a dozen men and women who have mysteriously disappeared, "dropped out of sight," caught or killed—*not always by their opponents.*

To cite but two cases, one of a women, the other of a man.

Olga Bruder was a spy. She worked for Germany and for the Service Bureau of Brussels. A few years ago it was announced in the European newspapers that a woman known as Olga Bruder had committed suicide in a hotel at Memel on the Russian border. Fräulein Bruder had been sent after the plans of a Russian fort. In Berlin they learned that she had obtained them, but becoming involved in a love affair with a Russian officer was holding them out, planning to restore them to him. Also, contrary to the service regulations, she knew four foreign agents well. Later reports from Danzig revealed the fact that she had become enamored with a sectional chief of the Russian Service and that she was about to give up every-

thing to him. So Olga Bruder committed suicide. *She was poisoned.*

As for Lieutenant von Zastrov, an ex-army officer in the German Secret Service, he was killed in a duel. Zastrov was suspected of flirting with Russian agents—only suspected. He knew too much to be imprisoned. He was a civilian and under the German law entitled to a public hearing. Had he still been a military man, a secret tribunal would have been possible, but being the scion of an old aristocratic house and knowing official secrets, it was not wise to put him in against the regular machinery of elimination. So Zastrov was challenged to a duel. He killed the first man the Service chiefs sent against him, yet no sooner was that duel over than he was challenged again. In half an hour Zastrov was dead.

Yes, your own employers often think it advisable at times to eliminate a too clever or knowing member of their service, unless that same member has procured for himself a solid good "life insurance" in the nature of documentary evidence of such character that to meddle with him brings danger of disclosure. Of late there have been no attempts on my life.

AT THE SUBLIME PORTE*

By Dr. A. K. Graves

I WAS back in Berlin from my mission to the Far East on March 10, 1905. The next four months were rather commonplace—odd little commissions of no particular interest or importance.

On July the 5th, however, there came a hurried summons from Captain von Tappken for me to report at Koenigergratzerstrasse 70. I lost no time in getting around, nor did I have to wait to be ushered up. I was shown direct to the Captain's office and as he received me, I noticed that he was in a rather excited frame of mind.

"Verdammt! Doctor! I am going to lose you. I am requested by the Wilhelmstrasse to hand you over to them. Very annoying. I do not like to lose you from our branch here. But we must obey."

I expressed my regrets.

"Doctor, you are bettering yourself. It is seldom that they over there take any notice of us over here, or request the services of any of my men. But your work has attracted some attention. I shall request that your services are not entirely lost

* From "The Secrets of the German War Office," by Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1914.

to this department. Herr Stammer will take you over. Good-by and good luck!"

He gave me a hearty handshake and my connection with the Intelligence Department of the Imperial Navy came to an end. Stammer and I hailed a taxi and drove to the Wilhelmstrasse, where the doorkeeper put me through an official ceremony similar to the procedure of Koenigergratzerstrasse 70. Stammer gave the commissaire his card and we were shown into a chamber and bidden to wait. I was frankly curious about what was in store for me, but I knew better by now than to ask questions. Presently there entered a tall, thin, iron-gray gentleman, the very type of a Prussian bureaucrat. Walking with quick nervous steps to his desk, he acknowledged our bows with a curt nod and turning to Stammer he said:

"Well, Stammer?"

"This is Dr. Graver, your Excellency."

"Ah, yes, Sehr schön. Convey my thanks to Captain Tappken, Stammer."

Stammer then bowing himself out, I was asked to step into an anteroom. There a secretary took me in hand and informed me that the tall, thin, iron gray gentleman was Graf Botho von Wedel, Wirklicher Geheimrat and Vortragender Rab Botho Kaiser—(Privy Councilor to the German Emperor).

So—Count Wedel. H'm! Although this was the first time I had seen the Count, I had heard a great deal about him. The Emperor's Privy Councilor and right hand was the head of the political sections of the Secret Service. This promised to be interesting. I wondered what the likely upshot would be, but I was interrupted in my soliloquy by a summons to reenter the Count's chamber.

I was shown to a seat. Graf Wedel looked me over carefully and minutely for a considerable length of time with a frank stare of appraisal.

"How old are you, Doctor?"

I must confess my extreme youth always made this question one of secret annoyance.

"Twenty-five, your Excellency."

"Very young, very young." He stared at me again and after a pause said:

"Yet the reports about your work are satisfactory and show discretion and intelligence above your years."

I bowed in acknowledgment.

"You will from now on," he said, "become attached to this section of the Service. You will be trusted with some very grave and important matters. You will receive your orders and instructions only from me. You will report only to me direct. On no account will you see any subordinate or any person, no matter what his official status, without my expressed permission. Verstehen sie?"

"Yes, sir."

"For funds," he continued, "you will apply to my secretary. Of your expenses you will furnish a monthly account. How soon can you be ready to go on a mission?"

I told him in two hours.

"Good!" he exclaimed; "the sooner the better. This is what I want you to do. You will go at once to Constantinople and find out which of the court officials are in French and Russian pay. You will find out the favorites of the high officials and officers, especially the nationality of these women. I will not give you any points of introduction. They might lead you to be suspected. They are a crafty lot down there. Be careful and take your time. You know nothing can be done in a hurry down in that country,"—he paused as if waiting for questions from me. We discussed a few minor points then he said:

"Your official number with us from now on will be 1734. You will always use 17 to sign personal cipher messages sent to me. You will use 34 in signing official reports and communications."

The necessary arrangements for my preliminary expenses were discussed with one of his secretaries and I then went back to my quarters to think over a plan of campaign and prepare myself for the mission. The transfer from Captain Tappken's department pleased me for I knew that at the Wilhelmstrasse I would be in closer touch with the bigger affairs of diplomacy. Tappken had hinted at my finding favor with the Wilhelmstrasse and I guessed that coming on top of my Port Arthur success a delicate private mission was responsible for it. To cite the case:

Germany keeps a watch on all her officers. When one of them is spending more money than his income, he is promptly investigated. I recalled how they had sent me to the Spandau Garrison to inquire into the affairs of an officer who was too lavish with his money to suit the Intelligence Department. He was an ordnance officer in a small arms factory at Spandau and it was the natural conclusion that he was obtaining this extra money by selling state secrets.

I encountered, however, an entirely different situation. I learned that he was absolutely innocent on that score but that he was receiving money from a certain princess who had become infatuated with him. She was of a very high house and I realized that her name could not be mentioned in a report to Captain Tappken. This situation required delicate treatment. I solved the dilemma by reporting to Tappken that the ordnance officer was guiltless of any act of treason against his country. I then made a private report covering the intimate facts, which went direct to officials of higher responsibility. The princess' name did not appear as far as subordinates were concerned and the whole affair was hushed up. My fortunate discretion in this matter undoubtedly strengthened my standing with the Wilhelmstrasse.

By this time I had installed myself in quiet quarters on the Mittelstrasse, and Kim, who had been transformed from a

Basuto boy into an efficient man servant, looked after my comforts. To secure myself from the questions of prying neighbors, I had caused it to be known that I was a retired South African planter inclined to poor health. This was the most likely explanation for my curious mode of living and my sudden periodical disappearances, for I was away from the Mittelstrasse for months at a time. Presumably I was traveling about to the different watering places on the Continent for my health.

My mission to Constantinople called for some considerable thought in selecting the most advisable character to impersonate. A tourist came first to mind. A tourist was out of the question, because tourists do not stay long in one place and I expected to be three or four months in Turkey. There was nothing to study in Constantinople. I thought of a student of botany, the rôle I had used at Port Arthur. But that would not do. The idea of a merchant came to me, but I dismissed the idea of a prosperous merchant, for it would necessitate making business connections, a careful and slow process, the fulfillment of which would consume entirely too much time. I finally decided to travel as a physician, or to use the Turkish word a *Hakim*. A *Hakim* is always accorded respect, even reverence, by Turks and Arabs. This character determined upon, I went to the telephone and requested the Service Intelligence Department to give me letters of introduction to the German hospital and the Pera Hospital in Constantinople. They were sent to me signed by the authorities of the Charitee in Berlin and described that I was going to study tropical and Asiatic diseases and requested that the hospitals give me every facility for research work. I had Kim pack a case of medical instruments and told him to have everything in readiness to leave Berlin that night, on the Orient Express. He was necessary to my plans and was to accompany me. A messenger from Wedel brought a few final verbal instructions, my funds and sealed instructions. I was bidden to keep away from all official German intercourse in

Constantinople. Wedel might have saved himself the trouble of that word of caution for I knew enough of the subtle Oriental mind to keep away from anything that would raise the slightest suspicion in regard to my identity. If I pride myself on anything, it is a knowledge of Eastern character. With the instructions were a thousand marks cash and a draft for 5000 marks on the Ottoman Bank of Constantinople that had been deposited in my name.

It may strike the reader as curious that I took Kim with me, but I knew he could be of tremendous use to me in Constantinople. In addition to speaking his *Kaffir* dialects, he knew Arabic. Any negro boy who could speak Arabic could learn almost anything in Constantinople, which abounds in black men of all tribes and nationalities. Among the servants of every household, Kim would find many compatriots from whom he could get information, impossible for any European to obtain.

After an uneventful trip to Constantinople, I took preliminary quarters in the Brasserie Kor, a quiet, second-rate hostelry on the Rue Osmanly. I went to an unpretentious place to avoid attracting any particular attention. Had I put up at an expensive hotel there would immediately have been queries about me. Who is this stranger? He seems to have money. If it isn't his money, whose money is he spending? It is not well to invite a Turk's suspicion. As I was totally unacquainted with Constantinople, I used the first week for getting familiar with the geography of the city. It was necessary that I learn the location of the various legations and the residences of high court officials. The next week I found lodgings in the very center of the district of court residences and began to seek out the haunts and places of rendezvous of demi-mondaines, favorites and hangers-on of the Turkish officials. On the second day of my arrival, I had presented my credentials and letters at the German Pera Hospital, and had my name entered as a visiting honorary surgeon. Every day thereafter, rain or shine, I made

it a point to spend some time at these hospitals, and it was well that I did. Once a day and often twice I would sign the book at the hospital and I believe that the signature Dr. Franz von Graver appears on the record books of the Pera and German Hospitals in Constantinople, at least one hundred times. Was I not fulfilling my duties as a physician doing research work?

I finally located myself in the residential district of Pera where I rented a small residence, typical of the well-to-do Turk of the middle class and quite in keeping with my assumed character. An elaborate residence would have aroused immediate suspicion, for there is no country on earth where curiosity and suspicion is so easily roused as in Turkey. Kipling, who knows the East so well, portrayed Port Said as the dwelling place of concentrated wickedness. He is right, but I do not think he has ever visited Stamboul. In Stamboul there is with no exception the most conglomerate mixture of nondescript nationalities on the face of the earth. Not only are all nationalities represented but breeds of men that defy all pathological research, hideous in their conglomerate intermixtures. If an Albanian bandit, himself a mixture of Greek and Nubian mulatto, has issue by an Arab woman with French blood—find the genealogy. Can you imagine a more difficult field of operations for an Occidental and a stranger?

In the course of my preliminary observations, I found Constantinople to be a city of sharp contrasts. The quarters inhabited by your true Ottoman are characteristically clean and comfortable. The remainder of the city except foreign quarters is intolerably dirty. With true Oriental tolerance, the Turk lets things gang their ain gait. The casual observer and traveler always confounds the Turk with the rest of the nondescript mass of humanity that swarms in Constantinople. That is a crass mistake. Your true descendant of Ossman is a clean, dignified, easy-going gentleman with a deep philosophical strain

in his make-up, contaminated by hundreds of years of contact —not association, for your true Turk does not associate—with the outcast Mischling of southern Europe and Asia Minor.

My mission was indeed a difficult one and only by tedious, painstaking work, observing the life of the city and its character, I succeeded in isolating the individual who gave me the key to the circumventuous political life and the government of Constantinople. It took me a full month of night work to become familiar with the innumerable demi-mondaines. They were of French, Russian and Circassian birth and extraction, and were identified with the various Turkish court officials from the Grand Vizier down to an officer in the Ganitsharies. This preliminary work is always exhausting, but it is so necessary on a mission of this kind. One blunder, one step in the dark, and you are gone. One spends months without any tangible results, often going on the wrong track. One has to be excruciatingly circumspect in one's inquiries. To use a hunter's expression, there is no quarry so wary, sharp-sighted and keen at smelling the wind as a political demi-mondaine.

In this work Kim was of inestimable value to me. In fact, without him I would not have succeeded at all. All the households kept by the Turkish officials and their favorites swarm with negroes of the various types. A white man has not the slightest chance of finding the way into their confidences. The universal golden key does not unloose tongues in such cases in the Orient. But Kim as a member of the once mighty Zulu nation (he was really a descendant of a prince of the house of Dingaan) was able, through a mysterious free masonry still existing among colored races the world over, to obtain most valuable information.

My method of campaign was to ascertain the name of one of the favorites of the Turkish officials, to locate her residence and then put Kim to work. Finally locating one of these

women, I would manage to learn her name and where she lived. Then it was time for Kim.

"Kim," I said, "I want you to find out who comes to see her, whether it is always the same official and if so, how frequently. I want you to learn everything you can about any letters she may receive. I want to know just where she gets her money from, if she has any outside sources of revenue, other than in Constantinople. I want every scrap of any kind of information about her."

And Kim would go his way, seek out the servants in that household and he would generally come back with all this information.

Now I noticed that a certain Mlle. Balniaux was very much in the company of Abdulla, who was at that time the influential adviser of the Grand Vizier. It was known in Berlin that the Grand Vizier had lately become very deaf and antagonistic to German influence. The Wilhelmstrasse knew that France and Russia were at work, but were in the dark as to the channels. Therefore I sent Kim to ascertain if Mlle. Balniaux was visited by Abdulla at her private residence. I told him to learn the exact hour of arrival in each instance and the length of the visits. The bare fact that Abdulla might be seen in her company in public bore no particular significance. These women are always accompanied by a whole retinue of officers and young Turkish noblemen. It is part of their work. Their method of procedure is to bewitch young officers and officials, attach them to their person, make them spend huge sums of money and then play their card. I noticed that the money Turkish officers squandered on these women compared to their pay and income was tremendous. They think nothing of going ahead blindly and buying the most expensive jewels; I have seen them even buy motorcars. The result is not difficult to forecast. The young officers soon finds himself head over heels in debt. Two courses are open to him. Either he must pay the debt or be transferred

to some dreary interior post, and a Turk who has been in the gay life of Constantinople would rather commit suicide than go to any inland garrison. Those women then pay the debts, exacting state secrets as the price of their timely assistance.

Abdulla, therefore, might only be one of these hangers-on. Kim established connections with Mlle. Balniaux's household and soon I had the required information. He brought me letters and scraps of paper that Mlle. Balniaux's dark skinned servants had stolen for him. He supplemented this by conversations that the servants had overheard and told to Kim. All this showed me that more by good luck I had stumbled upon the hotbed of the prime mover of the whole intrigue, Mlle. Balniaux. There was not the slightest hope of intimidating or buying over this particular lady's allegiance. I had to learn exactly who was subsidizing her machinations and there was no possibility of obtaining the clew from her.

I must find the accessible person among her intimate friends. From time to time I had seen her with a pretty little dark-haired girl who danced in the Folies Arabic. I learned her name was Cecelia Coursan. I began to frequent the Folies, a kind of cabaret crowded every night with Turkish officers. Admiration was no longer a delight to her and she accepted it with a wooden smile.

The Folies is quite dissimilar from its European or American prototypes, by reason of its Oriental atmosphere. Most of the year round it is conducted in the open. Picture a large court, the center of which is covered with a priceless Smyrna carpet. Seated around on little divans and silk cushions are the principal native performers, Neulah girls wearing the teasing Yamashk, covering half their faces although the rest of their figures are visible through gauzy Damascene shawls. The European performers, dressed in the latest and most startling Paris creations, flirt and flitter among the audience—seated around

on dainty marble-topped bamboo tables, inhaling, in the case of Madame, a dainty "Regie," or if Bey or Effendi, a Tshibuk or Narghile, gravely drawing on the amber mouthpiece and slowly exhaling the perfumed smoke. The gorgeous officers' uniforms, mostly a vivid red, blue and gold; the picturesque flowing robes and burnouses, with here and there a six-foot stalwart silk trousered Albanian with gold and silver inlaid daggers and pistols thrust in his sash, make a picture reminding one of the Sheherezade.

Oberving that everybody was bent on spoiling this popular little houri by emphatic admiration, I made myself conspicuous by a peculiarly British stony indifference. Nor was I wrong in my tactics. The piqued little dancer was not to be ignored.

One night she approached my table and challenged me in French, at which I gave a noncommittal smile. I pretended that I did not know French. Then she tried indifferent German and I looked at her with puzzled blankness. Finally she spoke to me in a piquant English and I answered. She spoke English extremely well and it developed that she had been a choriphyée at the London Empire. I let the acquaintance grow leisurely. One night I found her in a fit of despondency, over a quarrel with her friend, Mlle. Balniaux. My subterfuge getting effective, I was just beginning to ply her with questions when a Turkish officer full of cognac wandered by and dropped a remark to her in French. It went against the grain for those swine to cast innuendoes to a white woman and forgetting my play acting, I told him his comments were uncalled for and advised him to draw in his horns a bit. After a little bluster to which I angrily replied in French, he disappeared, and, as I sat down at the table, Cecelia was looking at me with a queer smile.

"I thought you did not understand French," she said. "I observe you have a pretty good Parisian accent." Then the full significance of my blunder came to me and I felt like the classic capricornus, meaning goat. She said she was tired of the Folies

that night and suggested a drive. I called a careta and as we were driving down the boulevard I said to her:

"Is this existence always pleasant? Is it not as it was with that officer, often unendurable?"

She replied in a bantering tone, only half hiding a hurt undernote.

"I'm getting used to it," she said. "A Turkish pig is no worse than an English cad or a German boor."

The typical, philandering Broadway or Bond Street masher makes the physiological mistake of undervaluing the innate sense of decency inherent in every woman. Gentle courtesy and manners impress a courtesan by reason of the novelty. The inverse is often useful in dealing with a pampered society woman.

Much to the annoyance of the Turkish officers, I often thereafter took the pretty Cecelia away from the Folies, after her performance, for a drive, and I began to compare her small confidences with certain bits of information that Kim had given me. I knew, or I could pretty well guess, that she was not staying in Constantinople, enduring the insults of those Turkish officers, simply for the money she could earn as a dancer. Then I made my second dramatic play for confidence. I suddenly stopped going to Folies. I suppose it was rather lonesome in Constantinople and a man who was not a Turk was a novelty.

One afternoon she sent for me and I was confronted with a human situation which I must in this narrative of Secret Service operation treat as impersonal though it is full of pathetic implications. I found her with her luggage packed.

"Why haven't you come to the Folies lately?" she demanded with a pretty air of bossing the situation.

I told her my work at the hospital had made heavy inroads upon my time.

"Oh!" she began, tapping a little boot impatiently on the

floor; after a pause, "I have to leave for Paris. . . . Well?"

"That is most unfortunate."

"Is that all?"

"To say anything more would only be painful, Machere Cecelia."

"But there is no need of our being blue. Why not make the occasion a happy one? Why not come along to Paris?"

She looked up at me with an impudent little smile.

"My dear little girl," I said, "I am no man of means and I cannot go gadding about Europe. Besides, I have my work here. I will be busy at the hospital for another month."

That seemed to displease her. She looked at me carefully, unconsciously her manner changed. She became somewhat appraising. It seemed as though a different woman was speaking.

"Franz," she said, "a man like you is wasting his time pottering around a hosptal with your evident knowledge of the world and people. With your education and travels you ought to be very valuable to certain men back in Paris."

I felt what was coming, but I asked her to explain. She did so and from her I received a tentative offer to enter the French Secret Service. I had difficulty in mastering the muscles of my face to keep from betraying the laughter that was almost ready to break out. Very gravely I asked her to tell me more about Secret Service. Proudly, Cecelia showed me letters that she had received from Paris. From the addresses and the signatues I thus learned the individuals in direct control of the system that was undermining German influence by using demi-mondaines such as Mlle. Ballniaux. I gathered that Cecelia Coursan was only a go-between for Mlle. Balniaux in making her reports to the French government. I asked her some more questions, exclaiming that her proposal interested me tremendously.

I pretended to be particularly anxious as to what pay I would receive were I to come to an understanding with "her friend in Paris." She assured me it was liberal and urged me to hasten

to Paris. I told her that as soon as I finished my work at the hospitals I would do so. She then asked me to take charge of her mail and to forward any letters that might come for her. I did —to the Wilhelmstrasse.

That incident is one of those in my Secret Service work of which I am not entirely proud. Of course from my viewpoint Cecelia Coursan was not a woman, she was simply the paid agent of another government and it was a case of her wits against mine; at least with this sophistry I quieted my doubts.

Three years later I found the same little woman in an obscure café in Antwerp. She was no longer in the French Service. I concluded that her blunder in Constantinople had "broken" her, for she seemed to have gone down the ladder. She did not recognize me, but as she seemed to be in straitened circumstances, I found a way to assist her to at least three months' board and lodging by sending her anonymously 500 francs. It was conscience money.

When I had thus located and coupled up the chiefs of the French Secret Service with the situation in Constantinople, I began quietly to cultivate the acquaintance of the average Turkish officer. I had to learn the tendency of their thoughs. I met officers and merchants, administrators and students. From them all I learned that they were sick of the intrigues and wire-pulling of the harems. I learned of the discontent of the Young Turk party. I gathered that the time was ripe for an overturning of the government. In my report I made a correct forecast of the trend of affairs. I drew attention to Enver Bey, who was even then considered clever, even dangerous, by the Grand Vizier. As a most aggressive Young Turk, they had sent him to an obscure post in Thessalonia, but upon sounding out the younger officers I found that he was still regarded highly. Without doubt my reports in addition to the reports made by von der Golz, the accredited German instructor of the Turkish Army, helped to shape the policy of the German Foreign Office.

I learned beyond all doubt that the Sultan Abdul Hamid was nothing but a figurehead, that the Grand Vizier, bought by Russian and French gold, was running the government in a way that was antagonistic to German influences and that the swarms of demi-mondaines in French and Russian pay were corrupting the higher Turkish officials to their cause. All these things I included in my report and after four months I was back in Berlin.

To better understand the diplomatic significance of this mission, I shall recast the political situation. The modern German policy in the European Orient, inaugurated by Bismarck as a defense and check against Russia, has always been keen on the friendship and good will of the Turk for reasons which will be obvious enough later. During the Caprivi Chancellorship, the relation between the two empires became rather lax. Wilhelm II with his keen farsightedness set about to remedy this. In his usual spectacular, but in most cases efficient, manner, he went with his royal concert in state to Palestine, calling first on the Sultan. The tremendously enthusiastic reception that the Moslem countries accorded him is a matter of contemporary history. This was really a master stroke of diplomacy although sharply criticised at the time.

Until the Kaiser's visit, France, with more or less right, considered herself protector general of all Mohammedans. From now on this began to change. The immediate result of the Emperor's visit was a close understanding between the Wilhelmstrasse and the Sublime Porte. The buying of vast quantities of guns, ammunition, and the influx of Prussian officers and drilling instructions, besides huge orders of all sorts of German goods was significant.

The always uneasy jealousy of France and Russia was at once aroused, England, in this instance, not taking any decided stand in affairs. England had spent many lives and much money, notably in the Crimean War, to keep Russia out of

Turkey and was averse to encouraging Russo-French influences at the Sublime Porte. How far England would like either Germany or France to acquire control of the Dardanelles remains to be seen. With Russia, it has been bloody wars and grim struggles since the days of Catherine, misnamed the Great, to gain control of the Dardanelles. Unceasing intrigues have been and are still going on in Stamboul. Russia's influence has been steadily undermined by Germany, in Turkey and Asia Minor. Since the disastrous campaign against Japan, Russia has made strenuous efforts to recoup her sphere of influence through her coalition of the principal Balkan States. Of this you will learn later.

Germany, always including Austria (the external policy of both countries on all these questions is synonymous), found French-Russian influences at work. Through their marvelous, efficient Intelligence System, Germany soon learned who were the prime powers and puppets; in this instance the Grand Vizier and the Seraglio officers; the then sultan, Abdul Hammid, "The Damned," being completely cowed and under the thumb of his Grand Vizier, could not be relied on for a moment. After my mission they knew in Germany that the time was ripe for a radical change, and they engineered it. Result: A revolution and the Young Turks in power, with Enver Bey, Tuofick Pasha, Ibrahim Mander Bey and similar men, with German training and learning, directing affairs. Germany regained complete sway and is to-day easily the most powerful influence in Turkey. What significance this has on the general bearing of European politics, I shall discuss in a later chapter.

THE INTRIGUE AT MONTE CARLO*

By Dr. A. K. Graves

BACK in Berlin from a mission to Vienna, my dispatches delivered, once more comfortably ensconced in my quarters, on the Mittelstrasse, I was looking forward to an evening at the Pavilion Mascotte. I was just getting into my dinner coat when my man bowed an orderly through the door and at once all my plans took swift flight out the window. The orderly brought a command for my immediate attendance at the Wilhelmstrasse. Now the gentlemen of the Wilhelmstrasse are never kept waiting and do not accept excuses. Within twenty minutes I was shown into the chambers of Count von Wedel; in thirty minutes I was out again, having complete orders. They know what they want at the Wilhelmstrasse and they generally get it.

As I hurried back to my rooms I went over what von Wedel had said:

"You are to be ready to take the midnight express to Monte Carlo. You will there keep watch on and report any possible meeting between the Russian, French and English ministers, at present traveling about the Riviera. You will have the assistance, if necessary, of the Countess Chechany. If you need her,

* From "The Secrets of the German War Office," by Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1914.

send her this card" (he had given me the card with his signature across it). "If meetings or conferences take place, you must obtain the tenor thereof. Here is an order for your primary expenses." He had flicked an order for 3000 marks, about $750, across his desk. "Anything you wish elucidated?"

Not having met the Countess, I had requested her description. Pushing a button, Count von Wedel had given the answering secretary an order; within three minutes I was shown the photograph of the lady and her signature, of which I took a copy. Having no further requests I had bowed myself out.

My first act was to cash the order; second to decide and prepare the character I wished to assume in Monte Carlo. I decided on a South African mine owner. I know considerable about mining, and being well acquainted with South Africa, the Rand and Transvaal, I had the advantage of knowing my locality first. A Secret Service agent is always careful to choose a character with which he is fully familiar. One is certain to meet, sooner or later, men in the same walk of life; and unless one be well primed, one is bound to be "bowled out." I knew there would be South African mining men at Monte Carlo.

Procuring necessary papers, such as mining journals, quotations, a couple of South African newspapers and photographs, I went home and had my man carefully select and pack my wardrobe. I caught the midnight Lloyd Express. Selecting a pleasant middle compartment, and getting my seat registered, I made myself comfortable and began to map out a campaign. This was rather a tough problem. To be in the slightest degree successful, I had to get near, and if possible in touch with the ministers that Count von Wedel had designated. How is this to be done? I knew it was far from easy, almost impossible, to make their casual acquaintance.

I began to cast the personality of the three men over in my mind. There was Prince Kassimir Galitzin, at that time high

in the favor of the Czar. There were Delcasse of France and Sir Edward Grey of England. All three were gyrating about the Riviera and the Savoy—ostensibly it was for their health, possibly for other reasons. In any case the health of these gentlemen seemed a matter of some concern to the German emperor. Health trips of more than one statesman in or about the same locality are looked upon with much suspicion and promptly investigated; more so when there is any extra political tension. At that time—it was in 1910—the air was tense, Germany was in the dark, unable to distinguish friend or foe.

Sir Edward Grey's habits were unknown to me. With Delcasses's I was somewhat familiar. Prince Galitzin—ah, yes! I knew him pretty well, *bon vivant,* extremely fond of a pretty faces. Um! I began to see light. Here is where the Countess might come in. By her photograph, an extremely beautiful woman; but photographs often flatter and do not give an indication as to personality. *Festina lente.* I would see.

Five forty-five the next afternoon and I was installed at the Hotel Metropole in Monte Carlo. After a refreshing bath, I had supper served in my room, and sent for the hotel courier—this an old globe-trotter trick. Hotel couriers or dragomen are walking enclyopædias. They are good linguists, observant and shrewed. They are masters of the art of finding out things they should not know, and past grand masters in keeping their mouths shut unless you know how to open them. Not with palm oil. Oh, no, nothing so crude! You would never get any truths or anything worth while, with bribery.

I had to find out local intrigues and gossips, who was in Monte Carlo and what was doing, who were the leading demimondaines and gamblers? Were there any possible Secret Service men? Hence the courier, a Swiss from Ober Arau, a district of Switzerland, I luckily knew well. When he knocked at the door, I cheerily bade him come in. I made my manner as good natured as possible. I offered him a real Medijeh cigarette. As

befitting his station, he was slipping the cigarette in his pocket.

"Oh, no!" I said. "Light it, won't you? Have a little smoke with me here. I'm a bit lonesome. I want to get my bearings. Won't you join me in a glass of wine?"

That was my first oar in. After some commonplace conversation, as to how the season was, I asked:

"Anybody of interest here?"

I winked knowingly. Possibly it pleased the courier to have someone to chuckle over a secret. All my oars were in.

"At the Grand Hotel de Londres," he said slyly, "there is a gentleman who does not fool me."

I offered him another cigarette, helped him to another glass of wine.

"He is registered there as Count Techlow, but he can't fool me. He is the Prince Galitzin."

"What's he doing; gambling a lot?" (I knew he wasn't.)

"No," replied the courier, "he's keeping pretty quiet."

"Is there a Countess Techlow?"

The courier shook his head. *Bueno!* The coast seemed clear. I knew it was extremely awkward and often dangerous to tempt the quarry away from a demi-mondaine, especially at Monte Carlo. After chatting some more I bid the courier good night. I would see the Countess the first thing in the morning.

Along toward noon I called at the Nouvel Hotel Louvre where von Wedel had told me I would find Countess Chechany. I sent in my own card bearing the name of H. Van Huit, Doorn Kloof, Transvaal (the reader will recall my experience at Doorn Kloof); also von Wedel's card with his signature.

I had to wait for some time, but finally the Countess received me in her boudoir. She was in bewitching negligée. From the photograph I was prepared to find a very handsome woman, but shades of Helen! This was Venus, Juno and Minerva—the whole Greek and any other goddesses rolled into one! Tall and willowy, superb of figure, great dark-blue eyes, masses of blue-

black wavy hair, full red lips forming a perfect Cupid's bow. But why go on—I might get too enthusiastic, and mislead the reader. After my adventure I never saw the Countess again.

I knew that by birth the Countess Chechany was a high Hungarian noblewoman. By marriage she was related to the Counts of Tolna Festetics, a leading house in Hungary. Also, she was one of those marvelously beautiful women peculiar to that country. Waving a small jeweled hand, she begged me to take a chair beside her. A cigarette was daintily poised in her fingers.

"Be seated, Mr. Van Huit of Transvaal," gazing at me with a roguish grin.

We both burst out laughing. Of course she knew what I was. Von Wedel's card showed her that. But, as her next words plainly showed, she knew a great deal more.

"I've got a badly sprained ankle, Doctor. Can you do anything for me?"

I must have shown a pretty stupid face, for she laughed amusedly again. I certainly was surprised, for up to now I had never met her, and my being a doctor was known only to one or two persons in the Service. Besides, it is strictly a rule of the Imperial Secret Service never to discuss or divulge personal matters. Her attitude by no means pleased me. I cordially hate anyone, especially women, knowing more than I do. One never knows where one is standing in a case like this. I decided not to show my curiosity, but I was determined to learn how she knew about me. Coolly I said:

"Well, Countess, you have somewhat of an advantage. But if I can be of any assistance to you, pray command me."

As answer, she sprang up, pirouetting around the room, exclaimed:

"Now, why be peevish. If you're good and nice, I shall tell you sometime all about it."

She never did, for with all her ingenuous mannerisms, my

lady was about the deepest and least fathomable bit of femininity I have ever met—besides being the possessor of a devil of a temper. After some more banter, which I instigated to become somewhat acquainted with my prospective partner, I came to business.

"Do you know, Countess, the object of my mission?"

"Nothing beyond the intimation of your coming and the command to coöperate with you if necessary. So you had better enlighten me, mon chère."

I did so with some reservation, it being my habit not to let anyone into a thing too much, least of all a woman. I suggested that our first object was to make Prince Galitzin's acquaintance. As his Serene Highness resided at the Hotel de Londres, we agreed to dine there. After accepting a dainty cup of chocolate I departed, purposely returning home by way of the Londres. Here, with a little diplomacy, I managed to reserve for dinner the table I wanted, one next to the Prince. Well pleased, I later dressed, armed myself with a bouquet of La France roses, and called on my partner.

I had the roses sent up and waited. The Countess sent word that she would be down shortly. I smoked three cigarettes. Still no Countess. I have yet to meet a woman who could or would be punctual. Finally I heard the soft swish and frou-frou of silk garments and looking up saw her ladyship coming down the grand stairway. She was brilliantly robed, jewels flashed at her neck and wrists. She was of that type of beauty difficult to classify, although assured of approval in any quarter of the world.

"Tired of waiting, mon ami?" tapping me playfully on the arm. "See, in return for your patience I am wearing your roses."

She had them pinned on her corsage. We entered our carriage and drove to the Hotel de Londres, discussing the parts we were going to play. Would the Russian Bear be caught? I

wondered. When we arrived, I saw that the hotel was pretty well filled. Everybody who was anybody seemed to be there. I noticed a number of prominent American society ladies. Experience has taught me that there are three places where you meet sooner or later every known person in the world,—Piccadilly Circus, the terrace of Shephard's Hotel, Cairo, and Monte Carlo.

Remembering our diplomatic conversation of the afternoon, the maître d'hôtel came rushing forward and with profound bows directed us to our table, which was tastefully decorated with La France roses, the Countess' favorites (charged to expenses). As we walked slowly down the passage to our table, many eyes were turned toward us. The Countess appeared unconscious of it all. Lazily, half insolently observant, yet wholly unconcerned, she was without doubt the most strikingly beautiful woman in the assembly; this, though the society of the world seemed to fill the Londres that night. Poor Galitzin!

As we seated ourselves, a hush fell about the immediate table to our right and left. It was followed by a low buzzing of curious or interested, wise or ignorant, human bees. On our right I saw the Prince Galitzin. From the moment of our entrance he had kept looking at the Countess. I watched him out of the corner of my eye, and abruptly he changed seats with one of the gentlemen at his table. Obviously his view of the Countess' face was not at the angle he wished. Screwing his monocle in his eye, he began to stare pretty consistently.

Of course this delighted me. The avidity with which his Serene Highness was swallowing the bait promised much. I thought it advisable, however, to create a little diversion, something that would drive away a possible suspicion that this was a "plant." It was perfectly obvious to all that the Prince was becoming fascinated. Also, he was losing his head, for he was showing his fascination in a rather rude manner. His staring began to attract some attention.

That was the opportunity I was looking for. Calling the maître d'hôtel, I requested him, pitching my voice so that it would be easily audible at the surrounding tables:

"Persuade the gentleman on our right to discontinue his annoying stare."

I saw that the Prince had heard my request. Flushing deeply red, he abruptly rose and with a bow to the Countess went out of the room. It was as I wished.

We finished our exquisite and excellently well-served dinner, and went out to the Terrace Gardens to have our café Turc and cigarettes. This, to my mind, is the most enjoyable hour of the day, especially in a place like Monte Carlo, well groomed, well fed, surrounded by an ever-varying throng of interesting people, beautiful scenery, exquisite music, the ideal *dolce far niente.*

Slowly inhaling the smoke of my excellent Medijeh, I fell into a sort of contemplative reverie while waiting for the Prince. I knew he would come. Back and forth in front of me wandered humanity, all grades and shades. Here a prince, scion of a noble house, there a parvenu, fresh from his latest stock-jobbing victory. Here a mondaine, a demi-mondaine with a reputation in half a dozen countries. Here a group of famous lights of the stage, there a couple of eminent statesmen. Truly, a cosmopolitan crowd. What if the antecedents of some of the pleasure seekers here were known? I recognized many and it being my business to know such things, their stories came back to me magically. Skeletons at the feast? Oh, yes, grewsome ones, too. Just as well, an all-wise Providence has ordained our inability to see behind the veil. I knew that the woman opposite me could no more afford to lift her veil than I could mine.

Then one of the gentlemen from the Prince's table came up and addressed me. First, however, he handed me a card, which I saw bore the name of Prince Kassimir Vladimir Galitzin.

"Monsieur," said the Prince's companion, "I'm deputed by

the Prince to convey his regrets, should he have caused Madame or you any annoyance. The Prince begs permission to make his apology to Madame in person."

I replied in words to the effect that Madame being a free agent and only an acquaintance of mine, must decide this for herself.

"Personally," I added, "I have no objection."

The Countess simply nodded. The Prince's envoy bowed and went away.

He returned in a few minutes with the Prince. Mutual introductions, general chatting, the Prince confining himself exclusively to the Countess. About half an hour's talk, refreshments, and there came an arrangement for luncheon the next day at which the Countess and myself were invited to be the guests of the Prince.

The luncheon was duly given at the Hotel Londres and the Prince was a princely host. Having been invited, I had to attend. There was a theater party that evening, however, to which I was not invited, and supper after, to which I was not invited. Indeed, when I met the Prince Galitzin on the grand promenade the next day, he gave me a very princely stare and kept on walking. All of which suited me perfectly well. He was in the hands of the Countess.

From afar I watched him become daily more infatuated. They were constantly driving and attending theaters together. The Prince was showering valuable presents right and left. In the midst of this, I received information that Delcasse had arrived at Nizza. The Countess had her eyes on the Prince, so this left me free to take care of Delcasse. My work was now to learn if the French minister held any meetings with Sir Edward Grey or Winston Churchill, ministers from England, who were shortly expected also to arrive at Nizza. Subsequently I guessed there would be a final meeting with the Prince. I continually and unobtrusively followed Delcasse everywhere, but nothing

eventuated owing to unforeseen circumstances in the House of Commons, and the Cabinet of England, Sir Edward and Churchill were unable to take their "vacation trips" in person. So they sent an emissary with important documents to Delcasse, one of which came to light in his subsequent meeting with Prinze Galitzin.

On the night of the ninth of November I received a wire from the Countess. It was delivered at the Hotel Anglais, Nizza. Opening it, I read:

"Return. De Camp here. Meeting our friend."

Of course by De Camp she meant Delcasse. Clearly he had slipped away from me. "Our friend" referred to the Prince. This was news indeed! Hiring an automobile I made record time for Monte Carlo. I arrived at my hotel about three o'clock in the morning of the tenth and found awaiting me in my room, the Countess' maid. She delivered part of an important conversation which had taken place between Delcasse and the Prince, and of which I shall presently give the substance and its explanation. Instructing the maid to inform her mistress that I wished to see her at ten A. M. at the Casino, in the Salle des Estranger, I dismissed her. I chose the Salle des Estranger because it was the most frequented and for that reason the least suspicious meeting place.

We met as appointed and the Countess confirmed the maid's report. For about three hours on the evening of the ninth, Delcasse, of France, and Prince Galitzin of Russia were in conference in the Prince's chamber at the Hotel de Londres. Having changed her hotel and being in a chamber adjoining the Prince's, the Countess had managed to overhear most of this conversation. In her report there were naturally some blanks. She had not been able to hear every word uttered. But the purport and trend showed me it was of tremendous importance.

It was evidently an arrangement between France and Russia, with the understanding of England, to force Germany into an

abject isolation. Going further, they were trying through a closer alliance of these three great powers to curtail the activities of German expansion and completely coup her up diplomatically. The Countess told me that Prince Galitzin and Delcasse were going to meet again that same afternoon about five o'clock. As it was absolutely imperative to obtain knowledge of the rest of the conversation I enjoined the Countess to exert all her skill to secure the details at this most important interview, and to meet me once more in a corner of the Salles des Estrangers, this time at seven o'clock.

I returned to my hotel, settled my bill and had my grip taken over to the railway station; I got a ticket for Milan. It is always advisable to lay your plans carefully for a possibly very hurried exit, the nearest friendly border in this instance being Italy. In the event of trouble arising, hurrying through France would have been out of the question. Switzerland is an independent country which would have held me up officially on being requested to do so, although they do not extradite for political offenses, but being held up is bad enough. But once across the Italian border, I was safe enough. A semi-official hint from the Wilhelmstrasse to the Quirinal would always procure an open sesame for me—no danger of being held up there. Hence the ticket for Milan.

The intervening hours I spent on the outskirts of Monte Carlo, dropping into many a quaint little wine cellar. At dusk I entered the Salle des Estrangers of the Casino and settling myself comfortably in the appointed corner, awaited developments. It was a trying wait. I sat there from seven to ten-thirty, smoking incessantly. I was just finishing my last cigarette and I had about come to the end of my resources in entertaining myself. One has ample time to conjecture all sorts of possible mishaps, and mishaps are deucedly uncomfortable in this sort of work.

Not to create curiosity or suspicion, by my long occupation

of this particular corner, I had started a tremendous flirtation with a rather plain, rather rotund lady of the English Cook's Tour type. Her return glances and smiles attracted the amused attention of most of the passers-by, especially the attendant of that part of the Salle. This was rather good, for if one does not gamble or flirt in the Casino he is regarded by the commissaires as a Chevalier d'Industrie, in other words "confidence man."

Just then I saw the Countess' maid making a signal to me from the entrance door and without as much as by your leave I hurried after her. In about ten strides, I overtook the girl.

"Have you got anything for me?"

"No, sir," she replied. "But her Ladyship wishes to meet you. You are pleased to make a rendezvous."

This was clever and suited me; knowing that she must have procured something of importance, I selected a little café, the Boulanger, close to the station, and after giving the girl a louis, I jumped into a carriage and drove there. In a short time I was joined by the Countess who had thrown a hooded mantle over a brilliant evening gown. Quietly slipping into a chair next to me she took some folded papers out of her glove, and while fastening a little rosebud into my lapel slipped them into my pocket with the words:

"All I could obtain, but you'll find it sufficient. I'm leaving for Rome to-morrow night. Bon voyage!"

I looked at my watch and saw I had time to catch the train for Milan. No sooner was I locked in my coupé and the train in motion, when I had a good look at the papers. They were two half sheets of note paper, embossed with the princely coat of arms and containing abbreviated sentences of dates, and names and a route, all in the handwriting of Delcasse and the Prince. The whole gist with her repeated, overheard snatches of conversation showed clearly an intended secret visit of the President of France to the Czar of Russia, the names of the officials to be present and the meeting place, the Czar's yacht,

the *Staandart,* off Kronstadt. This meeting, however, did not take place, the Kaiser forestalling it by his quick action on the Moroccan situation.

From Milan I went to Berlin and within forty-eight hours the documents were delivered into the hands of Count von Wedel, and then into the hands of the Emperor. Their significance was this:

The Moroccan trouble was very ominous. Germany was in a position where, sooner or later, she would be forced to act. Before this mission the Kaiser was in the dark. France, Russia and England did not have their cards on the table. He did not know which countries would remain neutral in case of war with France. He had suspected that there was some sort of an understanding brewing against him. The results of my mission—learning of Sir Edward Grey's message to Delcasse, Delcasse's meeting with Prince Galitzin of Russia—confirmed this beyond all doubt.

But how strong was this alliance? How close would England stick to France? This he did not know. He only knew that there was a sort of an agreement, and to find out just how strong was the bond between England and France, he used a master stroke of diplomacy. He brought the Moroccan question to a crisis, long before it was anticipated; he sent the worship *Panther* into Agadir Harbor and forced England and France to show their hands. How close war was averted, only four persons knew at that time—the Captain of the *Panther,* von Wedel, the Kaiser and myself. And how Europe just missed being plunged into a tremendous war I shall tell of in my secret mission that nipped war in the bud.

I came near forgetting. For his discretion at Monte Carlo, the Czar rewarded Prince Galitzin by transferring him to a province in Siberia.

CAPT. HORST VON DER GOLTZ

CAPTAIN HORST VON DER GOLTZ came of a distinguished German military family, and, since he displayed in his career a good deal of audacity and enterprise, he might have ordered his life differently and risen to high rank in the imperial army during the crisis of the World War. But von der Goltz as a young man afflicted himself with a love of intrigue and a "certain document" drawn, so he says, from the archives of his family, and which, in his own words, "cast the most serious doubts upon the legitimacy of the Kaiser, Wilhelm II."

Having elected to carry this bomb around with him—being inclined to accept the advice of certain of his elders who suggested that he dispose of it abroad—the young German adventurer was subsequently harried over three continents by Teutonic agents who may either have regarded him as a contemptible renegade from his caste or a dangerous lunatic. He seems at length to have bartered his prize for a place in the German Secret Service. But soon thereafter he contrived in some way to possess himself of the same compromising "document," or an equally disturbing duplicate, and the exploits included here were more or less directly the result of this curious feat of legerdemain.

Von der Goltz was never a professional agent or a "patriot

spy" upon whom any one placed much dependence. He offers not very convincing reasons for his intermittent allegiance to his native land and his unending flirtations with the German Secret Service. There is no question of placing him on a par with such crack Austro-German operatives as Snowden, Wild or Bauermeister, but the adventures which were the necessary tonic of his fugitive existence provide entertaining reading.

AN ADVENTURE IN PARIS*

By Capt. Horst von der Goltz

IT WAS in Paris that my next adventure occurred. I had gone there following one of those agreeably indefinite conversations with my tutor which always preceded some special undertaking. "Why not take a rest for a few weeks?" he would say. "You have not seen Paris in some time. You would enjoy visiting the city again—don't you think so?" And I would obligingly agree with him—and in due course would receive whatever instructions were necessary.

It may seem that such methods are needlessly cumbersome and a little too romantic to be real; but in fact there is an excellent reason for them. Work such as mine is governed too greatly by emergencies to admit of definite planning beforehand. A contingency is foreseen—faintly, and as a possibility only—and it is thought advisable to have a man on the scene. But until that contingency develops into an assured fact, it would be the sheerest waste of energy to give an agent definite instructions which might have to be changed at any moment.

So I had become accustomed to receive my instructions in hints and stingy morsels, understanding perfectly that it was

* From "My Adventures as a German Secret Agent," by Capt. Horst von der Goltz. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1917.

part of my task to discover for myself the exact details of the situation which confronted my government. If I were not sufficiently astute to perceive for myself many things which my superiors would never tell me—well, I was in the wrong profession, and the sooner I discovered it the better.

I went to Paris in just that way and put up at the Grand Hotel. So far as I knew I was on genuine leave of absence from all duties and I proceeded to amuse myself. Though under no obligations to report to anyone, I did occasionally drop around to the Quai d'Orsay—where most of the embassies and consulates are—to chat with men I knew. One day it was suggested to me at the German Embassy that I lunch alone the next day at a certain table in the Café Americaine. "I would suggest," said one of the secretaries, "that you wear the black derby you have on. It is quite becoming,"—this with an expressionless face. "I would suggest that you hang it on the wall behind your table, not checking it. Take note of the precise hook upon which you hang it. It may be that there will be a man at the next table who also will be wearing a black derby hat, which he will hang on the hook next to yours. When you go out be careful to take down his hat instead of your own."

I asked no questions. I knew better. Old and well known as it is, the "hat trick" is perennially useful. Its very simplicity makes it difficult of detection. It is still the best means of publicly exchanging documents between persons who must not be seen to have any connection with each other.

I went to the Café Americaine, that cosmopolitan place on the Boulevard des Italiens near the opera. My man had not yet come, I noticed, and I took my time about ordering luncheon, drank a "bock" and watched the crowd. Near by was a party of Roumanians, offensively boisterous, I thought. An American was lunching with a dancer then prominent at the Folies. Two Englishmen—obviously officers on leave—chatted at another

table, and in a corner, a group of French merchants heatedly discussed some business deal. The usual scene . . . almost commonplace in its variety.

Slowly I finished luncheon, and when I turned to get my hat, I saw, as I expected, that there was another black derby beside it. I took the stranger's derby, and when I reached my room in the Grand Hotel I lifted up the sweat band. There on thin paper were instructions that took my breath away. For the time being I was to be in charge of the "Independent Service" of the German Government in Paris—that is, the Strong Arm Squad.

This so-called "Independent Service" is an interesting organization of cut-throats and thieves whose connection with diplomatic undertakings is of a distinctly left-handed sort, and is, incidentally, totally unsuspected by the members of the organization themselves. Composed of the riff-raff of Europe—of men and women who will do anything for a consideration and ask no questions—it is frequently useful when subtler methods have failed and when by violence only can some particular thing be accomplished. As an organization the "Independent Service" does not actually exist: the name is merely a generic one applied for convenience to the large number of people, in all great cities who are available for such work, and who, if they fail and are arrested or killed, can be spared without risk or sorrow.

Naturally in illegal operations the trail must not lead to the embassy; and for that reason all transactions with members of the "Service" are carried on through a person who has no known connection with the Government. To his accomplices the Government agent is merely a man who has come to them with a profitable suggestion. They do not question his motives if his cash be good.

My connection with this delightful organization necessitated a change of personality. I went round to the Quai d'Orsay and paid a few farewell calls to my friends there. I was going home,

I said; and that afternoon the Grand Hotel lost one guest and *Le Lapin Agile* on the hill of Montmartre gained a new one. Acting under instructions I had become a social outcast myself.

The place where I had been told to stay had been a tavern for centuries. Once it was called the *Cabaret of the Assassins,* then the *Cabaret of the Traitor,* then *My Country Place* and now, after fifty years, it was *The Sprightly Rabbit.* André Gill had painted the sign of the tavern, a rabbit which hung in the street above the entrance. After I had taken my room—being careful to haggle long about the price, and finally securing a reduction of fifty centimes—for one does well to appear poor at *Le Lapin Agile*—I came down into the cabaret. It was crowded and the air was thick and warm with tobacco smoke. Disreputable couples were sitting around little wooden tables, drinking wretched wine from unlabeled bottles; an occasional shout arose for "tomatoes," a specialty of Frederic, the proprietor, which was, in reality, a vile brew of absinthe and raspberry syrup. There was much shouting and once or twice one of the company burst into song.

"Tomatoes," I told the waiter who came for my order. As he went I slipped a franc into his hand. "I want to see *The Salmon.* Is he in?"

He nodded.

A moment later a man stood before me. I saw a short, rather thick-set fellow, awkward but wiry, whose face bore somewhere the mark of a forgotten Irish ancestor. He was red-haired. I did not need his words to tell me who he was.

"I am *The Salmon,*" he said. "What do you want?"

I studied him carefully before replying, appraising him as if he were a horse I contemplated buying. It was not tactful or altogether safe, as *The Salmon's* expression plainly showed; but I wished to be sure of my man. After a moment:

"Sit down, my friend," I told him. "I have a business proposition to make. M. Morel sent me to you."

He smiled at the name. The fictitious M. Morel had put him in the way of several excellent "business propositions."

"It is a pleasure," responded *The Salmon.* "What does Monsieur wish?"

I told him. . . .

In order to make you understand the business I was on, it is necessary that I pause here, abandoning *The Salmon* for the moment, and recall to your memory a few facts about the political situation as it existed in this month of February, 1911. Europe at the time was alull—to outward seeming. As everybody knows now the forces that later brought about the War were then merrily at work, as indeed they had been for many years. But outwardly, save for the ever impending certainty of trouble in the Balkans, the world of Europe was at peace.

But in America a storm was brewing. Mexico, which for so many years had been held at peace under the iron dictatorship of Diaz, was beginning to develop symptoms of organized discontent. Madero had taken to the field, and although no one at the time believed in the ultimate success of the rebellion, it was evident that many changes might take place in the country, which would seriously affect the interests of thousands of European investors in Mexican enterprises. Consequently Europe was interested.

I do not propose here to go into the events of those last days of Diaz's rule. That story has already been told, many times and from various angles. I am merely interested in the European aspects of the matter, and particularly in the attitude of Germany.

Europe was interested, as I have said. Diaz was growing old and could certainly not last much longer. Then change must come. Was the Golden Age of the foreign investor, which had so long continued in Mexico, to continue still longer? Or would it end with the death of the dictator.

To these questions, which were having their due share of

attention in the chancellories as well as in the commercial houses of Europe, came another, less apparent but more troublesome and more insistent than any of these. Japan, it was rumored, although very faintly, was seeking to add to its considerable interest in Mexico, by securing a strip of territory on the western coast of that country—an attempt which, if successful, would almost certainly bring about intervention by the United States.

My government was especially interested in this movement on the part of Japan. It knew considerably more about the plan than any save the principals, for, as I happened to learn later on, it had carefully encouraged the whole idea—for its own purposes. And it knew that at that very time, the financial minister of Mexico, Jose Yves Limantour, was conducting preliminary negotiations in Paris with representatives of Japan, regarding the terms of a possible treaty. It knew that even then a protocol of this treaty was being drawn up.

There was only one thing that my government wanted—a copy of the protocol. It was that which I had been instructed to get!

The personality of Limantour is one of the most interesting of our day. Brilliant, incorruptible, unquestionably the most able Mexican of his generation, he had for seventeen years been closely associated with the dictator, and for a considerable portion of that period had been second only to Diaz in actual power. His presence in Paris at this time was significant. He had left Mexico on the 11th day of July, 1910, ostensibly because of the poor health of his wife, although it had been reported that a serious break had taken place between himself and Diaz. He had spent a certain amount of time in Switzerland, and had later come to Paris to arrange a loan of more than $100,000,000 with a group of English, French and German bankers. But that task had been completed in the early part of December,

and in view of the unsettled conditions in Mexico, there was no good reason for his continuing in Paris, save one—the negotiations with Japan.

It was this man against whom I was to fight—this man who had proven himself more than a match for some of the best brains of both continents. The prospect was not reassuring. I knew that already several attempts had been made by our agents to secure the protocol, with the result that Limantour was sure to be more on his guard than he ordinarily would have been. Yet I *must* succeed—and it was plain that I could do so only by violence.

Violence it should be, then; and with the assistance of my friend *The Salmon*—to whom, you may be sure, I did not confide my real object—I prepared a plan of campaign, which we duly presented to a group of *The Salmon's* friends, who had been selected to assist us. To these men—Apaches, every one of them—I was presented as a decayed gentleman who for reasons of his own had found it necessary to join the forces of *The Salmon*. I was a good fellow, *The Salmon* assured them, and by way of proving my friendship I had shared with him my knowledge of a good "prospect" whom I had discovered.

"The man," I said, "always carries lots of money and jewelry." Of course I did not tell them his name was Limantour. I said he always played cards late at the club. "To stick him up," I said, "will be the simplest thing in the world, but we must be careful not to hurt him badly—not enough to set the police hot on our trail." The Apaches fell in with the proposal enthusiastically. We would attempt it the following night.

Now the instructions which came to me under the sweatband of the black derby in the Café Americaine informed me that every night quite late Limantour received at the club a copy of the report of the day's conference with the Japanese envoy. It was prepared and delivered to Limantour by his secretary and

it was his habit to study it, upon returning home, and plan out his line of attack for the negotiations of the following day. I concluded that Limantour therefore would have it (the report) on his person when he left the club.

Accordingly I had my Apaches waiting in the shadows. There were five of us. Limantour started to walk home, as I knew he was frequently in the habit of doing. We followed and in the first quiet street that he ventured down, he was blackjacked. In his pockets we found a little money and some papers, one glance of which assured me were of no value.

My carefully planned *coup* had failed. You can imagine how I felt about such a fiasco and how very quickly I had to think. Here was my first big chance and I had thoroughly and hopelessly bungled it. Limantour was already stirring. The blow he had received had purposely been made light. If he recovered to find himself robbed merely of an insignificant sum of money and some papers his suspicions would be aroused. I could not hope for another chance at him. I knew that Limantour was too clever not to sense something other than ordinary robbery in such an attack upon him. Furthermore my Apaches had to be bluffed and deceived as thoroughly as he was. I had promised them a victim who carried loads of money and at the few coins they had obtained there was much growling. Luckily I had a flash of sense. I resolved to turn the mishap to my advantage.

"We hit the wrong night, that's all," I muttered. "You take the coins and get away. I am going to try to fool him." Like rats they scurried away. When Limantour came to he found a very solicitous young man concerned with his welfare.

"I saw them from down the street," I told him, "they evi dently knocked you out, but they cleared out when I came. Did they get anything from you? Here seem to be some letters." And from the sidewalk I picked up and restored to him the papers I had taken from his pockets, not two minutes before.

Limantour accepted them and I knew that my audacity had triumphed.

"They are not of very much importance," said Limantour, "and I had only a few francs on me."

Then suddenly, as if he just realized that he was alive and unharmed, Jose Limantour began to thank me for my assistance. I thought of those who had told me he was a cold, hard distant man. Limantour flung his arms around my neck. I was his savior! I was a very brave young gentleman. If I had not come up so boldly and promptly to his aid, he might have been very badly beaten, perhaps even killed. For all he knew he owed me his life. He must thank me. He must know his preserver. Here was his card. Might he have mine? I had been wise enough to keep some of my old cards when I changed the rest of my personality from the Grand Hotel to Montmartre. I gave him one of them.

"A German," he exclaimed, "and a worthy representative of that worthy race." Limantour was enchanted. "And you live at the Grand Hotel?"

That was better still. I was only a sojourner in Paris and one might venture to offer me hospitality—no? Next day he would send around a formal invitation to come and dine at his house and meet his family. They would be delighted to meet this brave and intrepid hero and would also wish to thank me.

In a nearby café we had a drink and parted for the night. Next morning of course I had to appear again at the Grand Hotel. On foot I walked away from *Le Lapin Agile,* jumping into a taxi when I was out of sight. The taxi took me to the *Gare du Nord;* there I doubled in my tracks and presently, as if just having left a train, I took another taxi and was driven with my luggage to the hotel. I dropped around that afternoon to the Quai d'Orsay and called upon some of my acquaintances, remarking that I had come back for a little holiday. That night I had the pleasure of dining with Limantour.

Thereafter I had to lead a double life. By day, I was an habitue of prominent hotels, restaurants, and clubs. I associated with young diplomats and occasionally took a pretty girl to tea. By night I lived in *Le Lapin Agile* and consorted with thugs and their ilk. It cost me sleep, but I did not begrudge that in view of the stakes. All this time I was cultivating the acquaintance of Limantour and those around him.

Shortly afterward I succeeded in taking one of the members of his household on a rather wild party and when his head was full of champagne he babbled that Limantour and his family were planning to sail for Cuba and Mexico on the following Saturday. I was also informed that on Friday, the day before the sailing, there would be a farewell reception at one of the embassies. Knowing Limantour's habits of work as I did by this time, I was able to lay my plans with as much certainty as prevails in my profession. After weighing all the possibilities I decided to defer my attempt on him until this last Friday night. I reasoned that he would probably receive a draft of the agreement from his secretary at the club late that night. He would take it home with him and go over it with microscopic care. The next forenoon—Saturday—he would meet the Japanese envoy just long enough to finish the matter and then he would hurry to the steamer. Of course Limantour might have acted in a different way. That was the chance one has to take.

Friday night came. In his luxurious limousine, Limantour and his family went to the farewell reception of the embassy. Comparatively early, he said his farewell—leaving Madame to go home later—and in his car he proceeded to the club. I saw him pass through the vestibule after leaving his chauffeur with instructions to wait. My guess as to Limantour's movements had been right, so the plans I had made worked smoothly.

I, too, had an automobile waiting near his club. Two of my men sauntered over to Limantour's car. Under pretence of sociability they invited his chauffeur to have a drink. They led

him into a little café on a side street near by, the proprietor of which was in with the gang. Limantour's chauffeur had one drink and went to sleep. My men stripped him of his livery, which one of them donned. Presently Limantour had a new chauffeur sitting at the wheel of his limousine.

An hour later Limantour was seen hurrying out of the club. As a man will, he scarcely noticed his chauffeur but cast a brief "home" to the man at the wheel. His limousine started, following a route through deserted residential streets, in one of which I had the trap ready. Half blocking the road was a large automobile, apparently broken down. It was the automobile in which I had been waiting outside the club. In it were four of my Apaches. Limantour's car was called upon to stop.

"Can you lend me a wrench?" one of my men shouted to Limantour's false chauffeur.

His limousine stopped. That free masonry which existed in the early days between motorists lent itself nicely to the situation. It was most natural for the chauffieur of Limantour's car to get out and help my stalled motor. Indeed, Limantour himself opened the door of the limousine and half protruding his body, called out with the kindest intentions.

To throw a chloroform-soaked towel over his head was the work of an instant. In half a minute he was having dreams—which I trust were pleasant. It was still necessary to keep my own men in the dark, to give these thugs no inkling that this was a diplomatic job. This time I was prepared; for I had learned of Limantour's habits in regard to carrying money on his person. In my right hand overcoat pocket there were gold coins and bank notes. With the leader of the gang, I went through Limantour's clothes. In the darkness of that street, it was a simple matter to seem to extract from them a double fist-full of gold pieces and currency, which I turned over to *The Salmon.*

"Perhaps he has more bank notes," I muttered, and I reached

for the inner pocket of his coat. There my fingers closed upon a stiff document that made them tingle. "I'll just grab everything and we can go over it afterwards." Out of Limantour's possession into mine came pocket-book, letters, card-case and that heavy familiar feeling paper.

Dumping the unconscious Limantour into his limousine we cranked up our car and were off, leaving behind us at the worst, plain evidence of a crime common enough in Paris. It was to be corroborated next morning by the discovery of a drunken chauffeur, for we took pains to go back and get him once more into his uniform and full of absinthe. But it did not come to even that much scandal. Limantour, for obvious reasons, did not report the incident to the police. The next morning it was given out that Limantour had gone into the country and would not sail for a week. He had a sudden recrudescence of an old throat trouble and must rest and undergo treatment before undertaking the voyage to Mexico—so the specialist said. This report appeared in Paris newspapers of the day. Of the protocol nothing was said at that time or later—by Senor Limantour.

I turned it over to the proper authorities in Berlin, and very soon departed from Montmartre, leaving behind me a well-contented group of Apaches, who assured me warmly that I was born for their profession. I did not argue the question with them.

There the matter might have ended; but Germany had another card to play. On February 27, 1911, Limantour left Paris for New York, to confer with members of the Madero family, in order if possible to effect a reconciliation and to end the Madero revolt. He landed in New York on March 7th. On that very day, by an odd coincidence, as one commentator* calls it, the United States mobilized 20,000 troops on the Mexican border!

It was no coincidence. The Wilhelmstrasse had read the pro-

* Mr. Edward I. Bell, in his "The Political Shame of Mexico."

posed terms of the treaty with great interest. It had noted the secret clauses which gave Japan the lease of a coaling station, together with manoeuver privileges in Magdalena Bay, or at some other port on the Mexican coast which the Japanese Government might prefer. It had noted, too, that agreement which, although not expressly stipulating that Japan and Mexico should form an offensive and defensive alliance, implied that Japan would see to it that Mexico was protected against aggression.

And then Germany—acting always for her own interests—forwarded the treaty to Mexico, where it was placed in the hands of the American Ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson.

Mr. Wilson immediately left for Washington with a photograph of portions of the treaty. A Cabinet meeting was held. That night orders were sent out for the mobilization of American troops, the assembling of United States marines in Guantanamo and the patrolling of the west coast of Mexico by warships of the United States.

Within a week Mr. Wilson held a conference in New York with Senor Limantour. Limantour left hurriedly for Mexico City, arriving there March 20th. Conferences were held. Japan denied the existence of the treaty and Washington recalled its war vessels and demobilized its troops. But barely seven weeks after Limantour arrived in Mexico, Madero, the bankrupt, with his handful of troops "captured" Ciudad Juarez. And shortly after, Diaz, discredited and powerless, resigned from the office he had held for a generation.

That is the story of the fall of Diaz so far as Germany was concerned in it. There were other elements involved, of course —but this is not a history of Mexico.

Germany had done the United States a service. It is interesting to consider the motives for her action.

Those motives may be explained in two words: South America.

Germany, let it be understood, wants South America and has wanted it for many years. Not as a possession—the Wilhelmstrasse is not insane—but as a customer and an ally. Like many other nations, Germany has seen in the countries of Latin America an invaluable market for her own goods and an unequaled producer of raw supplies for her own manufacturers. She has sought to control that market to the best of her abilities. But she has also done what no other European nation has dared to do—she has attempted to form alliances with the South American countries which, in the event of war between the United States and Germany, would create a diversion in Germany's favor, and effectively tie the hands of the United States so far as any offensive action was concerned.

There was just one stumbling block to this plan: the Monroe Doctrine. It was patent to German diplomats that such an alliance could never be secured unless the South American countries were roused to such a degree of hostility against the United States that they would welcome an opportunity to affront the government which had proclaimed that doctrine. And Germany, casting about for a means of making trouble, had encouraged the Japanese-Mexican alliance, hoping for intervention in Mexico and the subsequent arousal of fear and ill-feeling toward the United States on the part of the South American countries.

And Germany had been so anxious for the United States to intervene in Mexico that she had not only encouraged a treaty which would be inimical to your interests, but had made certain that knowledge of this treaty should come into your government's hands by placing it there herself!

The United States did not intervene and Germany for the moment failed. But Germany did not give up hope. The intrigue against the United States through Mexico had only begun.

It has not ended yet.

ADVENTURES IN MEXICO*

By Capt. Horst von der Goltz

I MUST leave Europe behind me now and go on to the period embraced in the last five years. A private soldier in your United States Army—the victim of an attempt at assassination in stormy Mexico—major in the Mexican army; once again German secret agent and aide of Franz von Papen, the German Military Attaché in Washington; prisoner under suspicion of espionage, in a British prison, and finally your Government's central witness in the summer of 1916, in a case that was the sensation of its hour—these are the roles I have been called on to play in that brief space of time.

In the month of April, 1912, I abruptly quitted the service of my government. The reasons which impelled me were very serious. You remember that my active life began with the discovery of a document of such personal and political significance that government agents followed me all over Europe until I drove a bargain with them for it. In the winter of 1912, by a chain of circumstances I must keep to myself, that self-same document came again into my possession. I knew enough then, and was ambitious enough, to determine that this time I would

* From "My Adventures as a German Secret Agent," by Capt. Horst von der Goltz. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1917.

utilize to the full the power which possession of it gave me. But it could not be used in Germany. Therefore I disappeared.

There was an immediate search for me, which was most active in Russia. I was not in Russia nor in Europe. After running over in mind all the most unlikely places I could put myself I had found one that seemed ideal.

While they were scouring Russia for me I was making my way across the Atlantic Ocean in the capacity of steward in the steerage of the steamship *Kroonland* of the Red Star Line.

The *Kroonland* docked in New York City in May, 1912. I left her as abruptly as I had left a prouder service. Three days later a sorry-looking vagabond, I had applied for enlistment in the United States Army and had been accepted. I was sent to the recruiting camp at Fort Slocum, and under the severe eye of a sergeant began to learn my drill.

It was toward the middle of May that I—or rather, "Frank Wachendorf"—enlisted. After a stretch of recruit training at Fort Slocum, I was assigned to the Nineteenth Infantry, then at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

I learned my drill—shades of Gross Lichterfelde!—with extreme ease. That is the only single thing that I was officially asked to do.

But early in my short and pleasant career as a United States soldier something happened which gave me special occupation. My small library was discovered. Among the volumes were Mahan's "Sea Power" and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall"—not just the books one would look for among the possessions of a country lout hardly able to stammer twenty words in English. But the mishap turned in my favor. My captain sent for me.

"Wachendorf," he said, "you probably have your own reasons for being where you are. That is none of my business. But you don't have to stay there. If you want to go in for a commission you are welcome to my books and to any aid I can give you."

Thereafter life in the Nineteenth was decidedly agreeable. I set myself sincerely and whole-heartedly at the task of winning a commission in your army. I believe I might eventually have won it, too. But fate revealed other plans for me when I had been an American soldier some nine months.

That winter of 1913, you remember, had been a stormy period in Mexico. Huerta had made his coup d'etat. Francisco Madero had been deposed and murdered. President Taft had again mobilized part of the United States forces on the border, leaving his successor, President Wilson, to deal with a Southern neighbor in the throes of revolution.

The Nineteenth Infantry was ordered to Galveston, Texas. And in Galveston the agents of Berlin suddenly put their fingers on me again. It happened in the public library. I was reading a book there one day when a man I knew well came and sat down beside me. We will call him La Vallee—born and bred a Frenchman, but one of Germany's most trusted agents.

"Wie gehts, von der Goltz?" was his greeting.

I told him he had mistaken me for some one else. He laughed.

"What's the use of bluffing," he asked, "when each of us knows the other? Just read these instructions I'm carrying." He laid a paper before me.

La Vallee's instructions were brief and outwardly not threatening. Find von der Goltz, they bade him. Try to make him realize how great a wrong he was guilty of when he deserted his country. But let him understand, too, that his government appreciates his services and believes he acted impulsively. If he will prove his loyalty by returning to his duty his mistake will be blotted out.

I read carefully and asked La Vallee how I was expected to prove my loyalty at that particular time.

"You know what it is like in Mexico now," he said. "Our

government has heavy interests there. Your services are needed in helping to look out for them."

"But," I objected, "I am a soldier in the United States Army. You are asking me to be a deserter."

"Germany," said La Vallee, "has the first claim on every German. If your duty happens to make you seem a deserter, that is all right. Frank Wachendorf must manage to bear the disgrace. Speaking of that," he added, carelessly enough, but eyeing me severely, "were you not indiscreet here? Suppose some enemy should find out that you made false statements when you enlisted? I believe there is a penalty."

La Vallee knew that he had me in his power. I had to yield, and was told to report to the German Consul at Juarez, across the Rio Grande from El Paso. So in March, 1913, Frank Robert Wachendorf, private, became a deserter from the United States Army and a reward of $50 was offered for his arrest.

Before I crossed the border I had one very important piece of business to attend to, and I stopped in El Paso long enough to finish it. Mexico, under the conditions that prevailed, was an ideal trap for me. As the lesser of two evils I had decided to risk my body there. But I had no mind to risk also what was to Berlin of far more value than my body—namely, that document which, a year before, had led to my abrupt departure from Germany and her service.

In El Paso, where I was utterly unacquainted, I had to find some friend in whose stanchness I could put the ultimate trust. Being a Roman Catholic, I made friends with a priest and led him into gossip about different members of his flock. He spoke of a harnessmaker and saddler, one E. Koglmeier, an unmarried man of about fifty, who kept a shop in South Santa Fe Street. He was, the priest said, the most simple-minded, simple-hearted and utterly faithful man he knew.

I lost no time in making Koglmeier's acquaintance, on the

priest's introduction, and we soon were on friendly terms. When I crossed the international bridge I left behind in his safe a sealed package of papers. He knew only that he was to speak to no one about them and was to deliver them only to me in person or to a man who bore my written order for them.

I reported to the German Consul in Juarez. He asked me to carry on to Chihuahua certain reports and letters addressed to Kueck, the German Consul there. From Chihuahua Kueck sent me on to Parral with other documents. And a German official in Parral gave me another parcel of papers to carry back to Kueck.

I had no sooner reached Chihuahua on the return trip than I was put under arrest by an officer of the Federal (Huertista) forces, then in control of the city. I asked on whose authority. On that, he said, of Gen. Salvador Mercado. I was a spy engaged in disseminating anti-Federal propaganda. I had to laugh at the sheer absurdity of that, and asked what proofs he had to sustain such charges.

"The papers you are carrying," he said then, "will be proof enough, I think."

Chihuahua was under martial law. I had not the slightest inkling as to what might be in those papers I had so obligingly transported. I had put my foot into it, as your saying goes, up to my neck, the place where a noose fits.

They marched me up to the cuartel and into the presence of Gen. Mercado. That was June 23, 1913, at 9 o'clock in the evening.

Gen. Salvador Mercado, then the supreme authority in Chihuahua, with practical powers of life and death over its people, proved to be a squat, thick, bull-necked man with a face of an Indian and the bearing of a bully.

His first words stirred my temper to the bottom, luckily for me. If I had confronted the man with any other emotion than raging anger I should not be alive now.

"Your Consul will do no good," he told me sneeringly. "He says you are not a German. You are a Gringo. You are a bandit and a robber. You have turned spy against us, too, I am going to make short work of you. But first you are going to tell me all you know."

As the completeness of the frame-up flashed upon me I went wild. There was a chair beside me. I converted one leg into a club and started for Mercado. The five other men in the room got the best holds upon me that they could. By the time they had mastered me Mercado had backed away into the furthest corner of the room.

The remainder of our interview was stormy and fruitless. It resulted in my being taken to Chihuahua penitentiary, the strongest prison in Mexico, and thrown into a cell. It was two months and a half before I came out again.

There is small use going into detail into the major and minor degradations of life in a Mexican prison. I pass over *cimex lectularius* and the warfare which ended with my release. There are more edifying things to tell. For instance, how I came into possession of half a blanket and a pair of friends.

I was confined—incommunicado, a sentry with fixed bayonet standing before my door—in an upper tier in the officers' wing. Confinement in the officers' wing carried one special privilege in which I, the desperado, did not share. During the day the cell doors were left open and the prisoners had the run of the corridor and galleries. My sentry's bayonet barred them from me, but could not keep them from talking of the new prisoner who claimed to be a German and was suffering because he was suspected of attachment to the Constitutionalist cause.

On my third or fourth night there I was attracted to my cell door by a sibilant *"Oiga! Aleman!"* and something soft was thrust between the bars.

"German," whispered a voice in Spanish out of the blackness, "it is cold to-night. We have brought you up a blanket."

So began my friendship with Pablo Almandaris and Rafael Castro, two young Constitutionalist officers. Almandaris, in particular, later became a chum of mine. He was a long, lank, solemn individual, the very image of Don Quixote of La Mancha. I remember him with love because he was the man who gave to me in prison, out of kindness of heart, a full half of his single blanket.

This is how it happened. He and Rafael Castro, who were cellmates, had contrived a way to pick their lock and roam the cell block at night, stark naked, their brown skins blending perfectly with the dingy walls. They had already heard the story of my plight. That night Almandaris had cut his blanket in two, and the pair, with the bit of wool and a bottle of tequilla they had bought that day when the prison market was open, sneaked up to the gallery and my cell. They gave the liquor to the sentry, who, being an Indian, promptly drank the whole of it down and became blissfully unconscious.

The blanket was the first of many gifts, and many were the chats we had together, all with a practical purpose.

"If you ever escape or are released," Almandaris kept telling me, "go to Trinidad Rodriguez. He is my colonel. And if you ever get out of Mexico, go to El Paso and hunt up Labansat. He is there."

So they contrived to alleviate the minor evils of my predicament, and I shall never forget them. The major difficulty was beyond their reach. The trap had closed completely round me. The charge of spying and Mercado's general truculence were only cloaks for a more subtle hostility from another quarter. The reason for my imprisonment was soon revealed openly.

I had made various attempts to communicate with Kueck, the German Consul. Always I met the retort that Kueck himself said I was no German. At the same time, managing to smuggle an appeal for aid to the American Consul, I was informed that eitquette forbade his taking any steps in my

behalf. Kueck himself, he said, had told him the German Consulate was doing all it could to protect me. It did not need a Bismarck to grasp the implications of those contradictory statements.

After I had been in prison for about three weeks Kueck came to see me and made the whole matter thoroughly plain.

"Von der Goltz," he opened bluntly, "you are in a bad situation."

"Do you think so?" I asked him, significantly.

"I have every reason to think so," he said. "My hands are tied. I positively can take no steps in your behalf, unless"—he looked straight at me—"unless you restore certain documents you have no right to possess."

They had me nicely. The surrender of my letter was the price I must pay for my life. Acting under instructions, he had made me a definite offer. I had to take it or leave it.

I could not give the letter up. It was my guarantee of safety. As long as Kueck did not know where it was I was valuable to him only while alive. Furthermore, I had some hopes of being freed by outside aid. Through Almandaris I had learned that the Constitutionalists were attacking Chihuahua, with good hope of taking the city. I knew that if they succeeded, the German—whose suffering for their cause, I was told, was known throughout their forces—would be well taken care of. So I reached my decision.

"Herr Consul," I said, "I will not give up the papers you refer to. I am not a child. Those papers are in a safe place. So are instructions as to their disposal in case of emergency. Let anything happen to me, and within a fortnight every newspaper in the United States will be printing the most sensational story within memory."

On July 23, 1913, I was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. That led to a bitter personal quarrel between Gen.

Manuel Chao, the Constitutionalist commander attacking the city, and Mercado, who defended it.

Chao sent in a flag of truce, absolving me from any connection with his cause and threatening that if I were killed Mercado personally would have to pay the score when the Constitutionalists took Chihuahua. The Indian bully retorted that if the Constitutionalists ever captured the city they would not find their pet alive there.

Three times in the weeks that followed, the Constitutionalist forces seemed on the point of capturing Chihuahua. Have you ever walked out with your own firing squad and spent an endless half hour on a chilly morning in the company of an officer with drawn sword, five soldiers with loaded rifles and a sergeant with the revolver destined to give you your *coup de grace?* Three times that happened to me, at Mercado's orders. My profession has seldom permitted me to indulge in personal hatreds, but as I was marched back from that third bad half hour my mind was filled with one thought: If ever I got Mercado where he had me then I would let him know what it felt like.

Then matters came to a crisis. Reinforcements were brought up from Mexico City and the Constitutionalist besiegers suffered a crushing defeat. I could put no more hope in them.

Kueck came again to see me.

"Give me an order on Koglmeier for those papers," he demanded. "There's no use saying Koglmeier hasn't got them, for I know he has."

I could see he was not bluffing, and knew the game was up. I signed the release for the papers. There had been no personal animosity between Kueck and myself. I had seen too much of life to be angry with a man simply because he was obeying his orders.

About September 12, 1913, Kueck came to escort me out of prison, and in his own carriage drove me to the railway station,

bound north, out of Mexico. I had a sheaf of letters, signed by Kueck, which recommended me, as Baron von der Goltz, to the good offices of German Consular representatives throughout the United States and requested them to supply me with funds.

The last man who spoke to me in Chihuahua was Col. Carlos Orozco, commander of the Sixth Battalion of Infantry, and Gen. Mercado's right-hand man, though his bitter enemy. His farewell was a threat. "You are lucky to get out of Mexico," he told me. "If you ever come back and I see you I will have you shot at once." My next meeting with Col. Carlos Orozco occurred on Mexican soil.

Escorted by Consul Kueck out of Mexico I went up to El Paso, determined to return to Mexico as soon as possible. But before I did anything else, I felt a very great desire to square accounts with Gen. Salvador Mercado.

So I stopped off at El Paso to look for Labansat, the Constitutionalist about whom my friend Pablo Almandaris told me while I was in prison, I lost no time in getting into touch with him and other members of the Constitutionalist junta.

Another acquaintance made at that time proved very useful to me later. Dr. L. A. Raschbaum, Francisco Villa's personal physician, was a fellow guest at the Orndorff Hotel.

We were an earnest but impecunious bunch. Juan T. Burns, now Mexican Consul General in New York, may still remember a morning when he and I found ourselves with one nickel between us and the necessity of getting breakfast for two at an El Paso lunch counter. That lone "jitney" bought a cup of coffee and two rolls. Each of us took a roll and we drank the cup of coffee mutually.

I also renewed my intimacy with Koglmeier, the saddler in South Santa Fe Street. He told me a man he did not know had come with my written order for the papers I had left in his safe and he had turned them over.

Despairing at last of obtaining results at El Paso, I availed myself of my consular recommendations and went out to Los Angeles, Cal. There I received help from Geraldine Farrar, whom I had known in Germany, and in November, 1913, directly after the battle of Tierra Blancha, Chihuahua, I received a telegram saying: "Dr. Rachbaum proposition accepted; come with the next train," and signed "General Villa." My way lay open before me and I was free to start.

I reached El Paso on November 27th and went on to Chihuahua, which had fallen into the hands of the Constitutionalists. Once there, I looked up my friend of the half blanket, Pablo Almandaris, and by him was introduced to Col. Trinidad Rodriguez, commanding a cavalry brigade, who promptly attached me to his staff, with the rank of captain.

The Federalists had retreated across the desert northward and settled themselves in Ojinaga, the so-called Gibraltar of the Rio Grande, a tremendously strong natural position.

Toward the middle of December we received orders to proceed to the attack of Ojinaga. Our brigade and the troops of Gens. Panfilo Natira and Toribio Ortego were included in the expedition, some 7,000 men. The railway carried us seventy miles. The rest of the journey had to be made on horseback. During four days of marching in the desert I made acquaintance with Mexican mounted infantry, the most effective arm for such conditions and country the world has seen.

Arriving before the outer defenses of Ojinaga, we began our siege of the city. Soon after I got my first sight of Pancho Villa.

Of a sudden one evening, Trinidad Rodriguez told me that "Pancho" had just arrived and we must ride over for a conference with him.

We found Villa lying on a saddle blanket in an irrigation ditch in the company of Raul Madero, brother of the murdered

President, a handful of officers who had come up with them, and our own commanders, Natira and Ortega.

Madero, to my mind one of the ablest Mexicans alive, was clad in the dingiest of old gray sweaters. Villa, unkempt, unshaven and unshorn, was begrimed and weary from his ride across the desert. But he seemed full of bottled-up energy, and when Gen. Rodriguez and I came up he was giving Gen. Ortega a talking to because so little had been accomplished in regard to taking Ojinaga.

While we talked I rolled me a cigarette, and all at once he broke off abruptly. "Give me some of that, too," he demanded. I handed him "the makings" and he attempted a cigarette. He was so clumsy with it that I had to roll it for him. Then for the first and last time in my acquaintance with him I saw Pancho Villa smoke. Contary to the stories that have gone out about him, he is a most abstemious man with regard to alcohol and tobacco.

On Christmas night, 1913, happened the adventure which made me, quite by accident, and without intention, a hero. Also, I underwent the greatest fright of my life.

My commander, Rodriguez, had received orders to make an attack that night straightforward toward Ojinaga. After it was completely dark we formed and advanced, finding ourselves very soon among the willows lining the bank of the Rio Conchas, which we had to cross.

It was my first taste of genuine warfare, and I cannot begin to tell you how it affected me, how ghastly it was among the willows in the vague darkness through which the column was threading its way with the utmost possible quietness. The beat of hoofs was muffled in the soggy ground, and the only sound to break the utter stillness of the night was the occasional clank of a spur or thin neigh of a horse.

Then all at once, to the front and in the distance, came a boom—the single growling of a field-gun. Ping! Ping! Ping!

broke out a volley of rifle shots, and then with its r-r-r-r-r! a Hotchkiss machine gun got to work. A staccato bam! bam! bam! as a Colt's machine gun joined the chorus. Somewhere troops were going into serious action. That was no skirmishing.

We finally crossed the river and dismounted. Part of the brigade had gone astray. Rodriguez cursed impatiently and incessantly under his breath until it joined us. He was a born cavalry leader, mad for action. Any sort of waiting lacerated his nerves.

In line, with rifles trailing, we moved across the unknown terrain of low, rolling hills. On our front there had been no firing. Then all at once, directly before us and not far ahead, sounded a startled *"Qui vive?"* and an instant's silence while the surprised outpost of the enemy waited for an answer. *"Alerta! Alerta!"* sounded his shrill alarm.

Hell broke open around us then. Rifles, machine guns and cannon opened fire all at once. Bullets whined above our heads and bursting shrapnel fell around us. We had just come to an irrigation ditch, six feet wide, with a high wire fence on the further bank of it.

"Stay here till they're all across and look for skulkers," Trinidad Rodriguez gave himself time to order me, then leaped across the ditch and began to run toward the fence. "Come on here, boys!" he shouted.

The men were quickly across. I followed, or tried to, and just as my front foot touched the further bank the clay crumbled. Down I went into the ditch.

When I recovered myself in that four feet of mud and water and poked my head up over the bank the fence had been demolished. Beyond it countless rifles spat tongues of fire toward me. But not a living soul was near. The night had swallowed up every last one of our men.

Fright had not come yet. I was bewildered. I still had my rifle and began to use it. After a few discharges there came a

violent wrench and the barrel parted company with the rest of the weapon. It had been shot to pieces in my hands. I threw the stock away and got out my revolver—a Colt .44 single-action, of the frontier model.

Boom! There was a roar like a field-gun's and a flash that lit up the night all round me. The wet weapon was outdoing itself in pyrotechnics, and I was unnecessarily attracting attention to myself. So, half swimming, half wading, I moved down the ditch in the direction of the high hill which, looming vaguely, seemed half familiar to me.

I was lost, you understand. I had come at night into unknown terrain. I welcomed that hill, which seemed to give me back my bearings. I reached the base of it, got out of my ditch and began to climb, with some caution, luckily for me. For just as I stole over the crest a roar and a flash obliterated the night. Two enemy field-pieces had been discharged together, almost into my face.

Deeming it more than likely that the flash had shown the gunners one startled Teutonic face, I rolled down that hill and was once more in my ditch. But panic had full possession of me. I climbed out on the far side and ran among the scattered trees there until I realized that no racer can hope to outrun a bullet. Then I stopped.

Phut! Phut! Bullets were hissing into the soft irrigated ground all around me, for by accident I had gotten into a very dangerous zone of dropping cross-fire, while overhead shrapnel was searching out blindly for our horses.

By good luck I knew the trumpet calls. Whenever the signal to fire sounded I took what cover I could, going on again in what I decided was the direction of the Rio Conchas as soon as the bugles called "cease firing."

After a while I found a small gray horse standing dejectedly by a tree. I mounted him and eventually got among the willows on the river bank. There the horse collapsed under me without

a warning quiver or groan, and when I had wriggled myself loose and groped him over I discovered the poor brute must have been shot as full of holes as a flute before I ever found him.

But I had small sympathy to spend on fallen horses just then. Cleaning my gory hands as best I could on breeches and tunic, I stumbled on through the bushes. After a long time I came, by accident, to the place where the brigade had dismounted to go into action. The mounts were mostly gone, but a few still stood there, with perhaps a score of men and one officer, Lieut. Col. Patricio, who was vastly surprised at my sudden appearance from the direction of the front.

Our brigade had been withdrawn within twenty minutes of the beginning of the action—as soon as it was quite certain the surprise had failed. Patricio was waiting there because his brother had been killed and he wanted, if possible, to take back his body.

"But," cried the colonel, suddenly warming into emotion, "you—where have you been? You, valiant German, refused to come back with the others! All night, all by yourself, you have been fighting single-handed. Let me embrace you!"

He flung his arms about me, to receive a fresh surprise. "You are all sticky with something," he cried. "What is it!"

"Blood," I told him simply and truthfully. My reputation was made.

Bravado stirs a Mexican as nothing else can. Counterfeit bravado is just as effective as any so long as the substitution is not suspected. Young Capt. von der Goltz, in his first real engagement, had got stupidly lost and very badly frightened. But of Capt. von der Goltz Col. Patricio and his troopers sang the praises for days thereafter to every officer and every peon soldier they met. He had fought on alone for hours after every comrade left him. He had bathed himself in the blood of his enemies, up to his hips and up to his shoulders. You could see it on his clothes.

By the time Ojinaga fell *"El Diable Aleman"*—the German Devil—had become a tradition of the Constitutionalist Army.

Ojinaga fell at New Year's, 1914, the Federalists retreating across the Rio Grande into the United States. We pursued them. And on the bank of the river I had a little adventure.

You remember that when I left Chihuahua, a released prisoner, the last person who spoke to me was Col. Carlos Orozco, commanding the Sixth Infantry Battalion, and his farewell was a threat.

That Sixth Battalion had been engaged in the defense of Ojinaga and had retreated with its fellow organizations. When I came up to the Rio Grande a small body of fugitives was in midstream. My handful of troopers rode in, surrounded them and brought them back to Mexico. Their heroic commander, who had offered no show of resistance, proved to be Orozco, with the colors of his outfit wrapped round his body, under his blouse!

The provocation was too much for me. "Don Carlos," I asked him, "is it possible you have forgotten me? When we parted last time you promised to shoot me if ever we met again. I am naturally all on fire to learn whether you are thinking of keeping your promise now?"

Prominent prisoners were getting short shrift in those days, and Orozco preserved a sullen silence. But I let him ford the river to safety. He eventually got back to Mexico City and Huerta, by way of San Antonio, Galveston and Vera Cruz. The story of his exploit at Ojinaga, the sole Federal officer to come out of it alive, unwounded, and bringing his colors with him, furnished columns of copy to *El Imparcial* and the other papers. Friends and admirers of his who heard the lion roar at that time may find some interest in this less romantic record of his adventure.

I had another account to settle with my old acquaintance, Consul Kueck of Chihuahua. During the last battle before

Ojinaga an officer struck up a rifle which he saw a peon aiming at my back. The ball whistled over my head. The soldier later saw fit to confess the reason for his act. He said that a big, fat German—Kueck's secretary, he thought—had come to him just before we left Chihuahua on our expedition and had given him 500 pesos to attempt my life.

Returning to Chihuahua very soon after New Year's, I made it my business to call on Consul Kueck. He had cleared out across the border to El Paso, just before we got in.

Failing the principal, I took the liberty of arresting Kueck's secretary inside the sacred precincts of the Foreign Club. After my adjutant and he and I had three or four hours' private talk and he understood how likely he was to occupy the cell in Chihuahua penitentiary which had once been mine, he helped me obtain copies of certain documents in the consular archives, particularly the letter Kueck had written the American Consul affirming himself to be fully responsible for my safety, at the very time when he was setting Mercado on and telling me that he could and would do nothing for me. Once I got hold of that, I felt fairly certain that Kueck would be moderate in his dealings with me thereafter.

Only Gen. Salvador Mercado stood wholly on the debit side of my account book. I had heard that he had been captured on United States soil, along with numerous other fugitive Federal officers, and had been put for safekeeping into the detention camp at El Paso.

It chanced that Villa and Raul Madero went up to the border for a few days of the winter race-meet at Juarez, just across the river from El Paso. Don Raul was kind enough to invite me too, and I went along in fettle, with a new uniform. Our army was in funds and I had all the money I wanted.

From Juarez it was merely a matter of crossing the international bridge to be in El Paso. I went over. I wanted to see

Koglmeier, the saddler in South Santa Fe Street, and I wanted to visit the detention camp.

I chose to see the camp first, and had the forethought to fill one of the pockets of my overcoat with Mexican gold pieces, very welcome to my whilom enemies. Poor fellows, they were, most of them, in the tattered clothing they had worn when captured. Their faces were wan and meagre and they were glad enough to accept, along with my greeting, the bits of gold I contrived to slip into their hands.

In the center of the camp we came upon a tent more imposing than its mates, though by no means palatial.

"This," said my cicerone, "is the quarters of Gen. Mercado, the ranking officer here. Do you wish to pay him your respects?"

As I have said, Salvador Mercado is squat and thick in build, with a bull neck. Some day, I fear, he is going to die of apoplexy, if he does not fall, more gloriously, in action. He shows certain apoplectic symptoms. For instance, as we stepped inside his tent and he saw who one of his visitors was, his neck swelled till it threatened to burst his collar.

"My General," I assured him warmly, "it is indeed a pleasure and an honor to see you again. I trust the climate up here agrees with you?" I did not offer him a gold piece when he said good-bye.

From the detention camp I went to Koglmeier's shop in South Santa Fe Street. Both front and rear doors were standing open, and through the back of one I could see Koglmeier's horse, a beast I had often ridden, switching its tail in the yard which was its stable. I went into the store. "Koglmeier!" I called. "Oh, Koglmeier!"

From the side of the shop stepped out a man on whom I had never set eyes before.

"Koglmeier ain't here."

"But he must be here," I insisted. "I can see his horse out there in the yard."

"Yes," said the man, "the horse is here, but Koglmeier ain't. Nor he won't be. It just happens that Koglmeier's dead."

"When did he die?"

"The 20th of last December," said the man. "But he didn't die. He got murdered."

On the night of that 20th of December, Koglmeier, the quietest, most inoffensive man in El Paso, had been murdered in his shop. It looked, said my informant, "like his head had been beat in with a hatchet, or something." Robbery apparently had not been the motive, for his possessions were untouched. If he had made an outcry it had not attracted attention, perhaps because a carrousel was going full blast in the vacant lot beside his place of business. The authorities were utterly at sea, and still are. The United States Department of Justice agents told me they could find no motive for the murder. I knew the motive. Koglmeier had kept "my documents" for me; therefore Imperial Germany had willed he die.

Koglmeier was the only German in El Paso who was a friend of mine, and knew of the existence of those documents which I had been forced to give up through the agency of Mercado's firing squads.

His end subdued the festive spirit in me and I was not sorry when we started back for the interior of Mexico.

Torreon was taken by Villa on April , 1914, and we settled down there for a brief period of rest and recuperation. Rest! Torreon stands out in my memory as the scene of the most hectic activity I have indulged in. Raul Madero and I have since laughed over the ludicrousness of it. But at the time it was deadly serious. My reputation was at stake. I managed to save it barely by the skin of its teeth.

Chief Trinidad Rodriguez got twenty machine guns down from the United States and turned them over to me. "Train

your gun crews and get the platoons ready for field service," he ordered. "You can have three weeks. Then I shall need them."

Without a word I saluted and turned on my heel. I could not very well tell my general that I had never in my life touched even the tip of one finger to a machine gun.

The guns arrived next day, as promised. They had been sent to us bare, just the barrels and tripods. There were no holsters, no pack saddles for either guns or ammunition, not one of the accessories which equip a machine gun company for action. I had to start from the ground, in literal truth. And I had not a soul to advise me how to begin.

We loaded the guns onto our wagons, took them over to camp and laid them side by side in a long row down the center of an empty warehouse in Torreon.

That satisfied me for one afternoon. I went over to Gen. Rodriguez's quarters.

"I've got the guns," I reported.

"Good!" he cried. "I shall want the platoons ready for action in three weeks. Not a day later."

It was up to me to have them ready. So I got busy at once.

My first move was an abduction. There happened to be in Torreon jail at that time a first class bank robber named Jefferson, who was being held for the arrival of extradition papers from Texas. The day after my guns arrived Jefferson escaped, and though the authorities made diligent search they failed to find him. He knew more about machine guns than I did. His profession had made him an excellent mechanic. Furthermore, he had Yankee ingenuity and American "git up and git." We soon had all twenty guns set up in working order.

Then came the problem of the gun crews. Our Indians, slow, thick-headed, stubborn and stolid, were no fit material for such highly specialized work. Machine gun manipulation requires special qualifications in every man concerned. Three men com-

pose the crew. One squats behind the shield and pulls the trigger. The second, prone, slides the clips of cartridges into the breech. The third passes up the supply of ammunition. At any moment the gun may heat and jam. Also, at any moment any one of the trio may fall, yet his work must be carried on. I have seen a gunner sit on the dying body of a comrade and cooly aim and fire, the action being so hot there was not time to drag the wounded man aside. You cannot take an Indian wild from the hills and in twenty-one days fit him to do such work as that by any course of training.

My only resort was to get my gun crews ready made.

A brigade not far away from ours possessed machine gun platoons which were the pride of its heart. I looked at them, and broke first the Tenth and then the Eighth Commandments.

To a wise old sergeant I gave a hundred pesos.

"Juan," I told him, "get the men of those machine gun crews drunk in this quarter of Torreon. And encourage them to be noisy."

Juan obeyed instruction. Once the beer and mescal took hold, the men I wanted became boisterous enough to justify our provost guard in running them all in. The rest was simple. The breach of discipline was condoned by Gen. Rodriguez only on condition that the culprits were turned over to him for further discipline.

So I got my gun crews. I was beginning to have hopes. The best saddler in the city was making holsters. When I first approached him with an order he had promptly thrown up his hands. "There is not a scrap of leather left in Torreon," he said.

I instantly thought of chair backs. In Spanish countries furniture upholstered in old carved Cordovan leather is an heirloom. In time of war ruthlessness is a useful quality. I soon presented my saddler with sufficient leather for my purpose and could turn my attention to pack saddles. Not even the sawbuck frames were procurable in Torreon, but wood was plenty. And

there was a jail filled with idle prisoners. Ten days after the first sight of my guns I was able to report to Gen. Rodriguez that the platoons were coming along.

"But I have no mules for them yet," I hinted.

He sent a hundred next day, beauties, fat, strong, in the pink of condition. But they had come straight down from the mesa. They could be trusted to kick saddles, guns, tripods, holsters and ammunition cases into nothing at the least provocation.

Torreon was celebrating its new Constitutionalism, with daily bull fights. Each afternoon, while the fight was on, the plaza before the entrance to the ring was crowded with public rigs in waiting, all drawn by sorry-looking mules, half fed and too worn out to have a single kick left in them.

With a squad of troopers I descended on the plaza one day. No cabbie anywhere is markedly shy or retiring, and these were hill-bred muleteros. But we got the mules in the end.

"You are getting the best of the bargain," I assured them. "I am only swapping with you. In the corral I have a hundred fine, strong, new mules worth three times as much as these played-out beasts you are getting rid of. You can have the nice new ones to-morrow."

If Gen. Trinidad ever guessed how thoroughly improvised his favorite outfit was—the second in command a bank robber on enforced vacation, the gunners kidnapped, the equipment made by forced labor from commandeered material and the mules snatched rudely from between the shafts of cabs—he made no comment.

He did not live long to enjoy the fruits of my labors. In mid-June, during the ten-day attack which resulted in the fall of Zacatecas, he was mortally wounded.

I shall always remember that day, not only for the death of my chief, but for a personal bit of adventure.

I was temporarily away from my guns with some riflemen in a trench. The enemy fire was very hot and the men became ex-

ceedingly restive. Something had to be done to steady them, for there was no cover of any sort on the bullet-swept, shrapnel-searched plain behind us. Retreat was impossible. There were plenty of horrors in the situation—the blazing sun, the sense of isolation, the cries and curses of the men who were being struck. And there was the cactus.

Unless you have been under fire of high-power rifles in a region where the common broad-leaved cactus grows you cannot guess its nerve-shaking possibilities. A jacketed bullet can pierce a score of leaves without much diminution of its velocity, and as it goes through the thick, juicy flesh, it lets out a sound like the spitting of some gigantic cat. Ten Mauser bullets piercing cactus can make you believe a whole battalion is concentrating its fire on your one small but precious person.

The men were getting demoralized. If they broke I was done for. If I stayed in the trench alone the Federals would eventually get me and stand me up to the nearest wall. If I retreated with them, nothing was gained. No man can hope to outrun a bullet.

I stood up, exposing my body from mid-thigh upward to that withering fire, and took out my cigarette case. The nearest men watched sidewise, waiting to see me fall.

By some good fortune I was not hit, and after a moment looked down at the man beside me.

"Hello, Pablo!" I said, "why aren't you smoking, too?" I offered my case to him, but took good care to stretch out my arm quite level. To get at the contents he had to rise to his feet.

Habit won. He did not even hesitate, and I held my cigarette, Mexican fashion, for him to take a light. Once committed in that fashion, he was too proud to show the white feather, and he and I smoked our cigarettes out while the bullets flew. It was the longest cigarette, I think, I ever smoked, but it turned the trick. We held on to that trench till darkness put an end to the fire.

After the capture of Zacatecas I went to the staff of Gen. Raul Madero, with the rank of Major. The invitation had been extended several times before. Now that Trinidad was dead, there was nothing to hold me back, and I very gladly joined the official family of the brother of the murdered President. Since my first association with him, before Ojinaga, he had impressed me as the ablest man I had seen south of the Rio Grande.

The closer and constant contact entailed by my becoming a member of his staff confirmed that feeling. Raul Madero has clarity of intelligence, an encyclopædic grasp of Mexican affairs, social, religious, political and financial, and a winning personality that masks abundant energy and determination.

I was associated with him for only six weeks. On June 28th, 1914, you remember, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated. All through July the Austrian Government was formulating its demands on Serbia, which culminated in the ultimatum of July 23. Long before that I had formed my opinion as to which way the wind was to blow. And I had a sufficiently conceited notion of my usefulness as a trained and experienced agent to believe that when the genral European disturbance should break out my days as a soldier of fortune in Mexico would be ended.

Toward the end of July a stranger brought me credentials proving him a messenger from Consul Kueck in El Paso.

"The Consul," he told me, "wishes to ask you one question, and the answer is a yes or a no. This is the question: In case your Government wishes your services again, could she expect to receive them?"

"In case of war—yes," I answered.

It was not very long before I received a telegram from Kueck. "Come," was all it said.

I. T. T. LINCOLN

IGNATIUS T. TREBITSCH LINCOLN was another who, like Dr. Graves and Captain Von der Goltz, found it profitable to exploit his contacts with the German Secret Service while operatives of a more reliable mold were still risking their lives in patriotic defense of the *Vaterland*. Trebitsch, who borrowed the name Lincoln because he admired the career of the Emancipator, was of Jewish parentage and born in Hungary, but soon emigrated from there. His earlier adventures were spiritual. He was in turn a Roman Catholic, a Baptist clergyman and an Anglican. He is today a Buddhist monk.

Before the World War his greatest social and political success occurred in England, where he became a zealous worker in the Liberal Party and was ultimately rewarded with election to Parliament. But, to paraphrase the French epigram, if there had been no such thing as secret service and espionage I. T. T. Lincoln would have had to invent them to give full play to his talents for treachery and intrigue.

This devious man seems to have entertained neither loyalty to his native Hungary, nor affection for any land of his adoption. Having an instinctive command of languages, he served for a time at the outbreak of the World War as a British postal

censor, but was suspected and dismissed. Another effort of his to betray the country and political friends that had honored him is given here as characteristic of a congenital turncoat, who might have become a great spy and could hardly have succeeded at anything else.

THE DANGEROUS RUSE WHICH WON THE CONFIDENCE OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE*

By I. T. T. Lincoln

WHEN Legationsrath Gneist, the German Consul at Rotterdam, reads these words he will understand the dangerous game I was playing and the necessity for deception that I had to practise even upon him. When it finally became clear, that life in England for me, and every other naturalized foreigner, had become impossible, the cumulative effect of the spy hunting epidemic, the impending ruin of my business and the personal insult to which I was subjected under the roof of my own club (the National Liberal) filled me with a bitter desire for revenge. I made up my mind to shake England's dust from my feet but not without "getting even."

The plan I mapped out to achieve this will seem to many rather startling. It was certainly original. It was nothing less than a decision to find out important naval and military secrets and to betray them to Germany, and, having achieved that, to quit England forever, if still alive.

This is no mere figure of speech. I knew that what I was going to do was technically high treason, but my blood was boiling in me at all the calculated barbarities inflicted by a haughty, perfidious race upon innocent people.

* From "Revelations of an International Spy," by I. T. T. Lincoln. Used by permission of the publishers, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York; copyright, 1916.

My aim as stated was simplicity itself, but to carry it out meant clever acting. Indeed, to effectively carry out my scheme it was essential that my plan of campaign should be known only to me.

To obtain the secret information required in my hazardous undertaking necessitated a confidential berth in the War Office. This was not so easily accomplished. I offered my services in turn to the Home Secretary, to Sir Edward Grey and to Mr. Churchill, all of whom I knew personally, but they were not accepted. Next I attempted to get into the Counter-Espionage Department (M. O. 5 J.) at the War Office. Just what happened I will set out in some detail.

On December 10 I called on Lieutenant-Colonel Bellamy at the War Office and asked him to introduce me to the Secret Service officers. Fortunately for my plans I had for several weeks at the outbreak of hostilities served under this officer as censor of all Hungarian and Roumanian correspondence and cables at the War Office and at the Mount Pleasant Post Office.

My old chief at once presented me to Major Anderson in room 225 of the War Office, who next day presented me to Capt. P. W. Kenny, who is the acting chief of the Secret Service at the War Office, or rather of the military Counter-Espionage service. Captain Kenny is an officer of rare intelligence and ability and is one of the best linguists I had met in England. But then he is an Irishman. As an ex-M. P. I was cordially received.

Now my aim really was nothing less than to lure part of the British fleet into a certain quarter of the North Sea on a certain day and to have the German fleet within easy steaming distance. In order to procure this, I proposed just the reverse to Captain Kenny and laid before him a carefully prepared scheme, the ostensible purpose of which was to destroy part of the German navy.

The plan I proposed to Captain Kenny was as follows:

"You lose, as a risk of war, vessels of all description. Battleships, cruisers, destroyers, etc. Why not sacrifice one or two of these with a view of destroying part of the German Navy?"

"Now what do you mean?" he queried.

"You will send two or three cruisers, or one dreadnought and two cruisers, with attendant destroyers and torpedo boats, on some errand in the North Sea. You will let me know three or four days beforehand. I will notify the Germans and they will naturally send a more powerful squadron to the same vicinity on the same day in order to destroy them. In order not to send your men to certain death, you will tell them what is going to happen. They will be prepared; they will fight. Surely, some of your vessels will be sunk, for the Germans, knowing the type and number of your vessels, will be well prepared to deal with you. Yet it is almost certain that some of your vessels, at any rate, will escape and it is equally probable that in the fight you will damage or sink a German vessel. The Germans will then see that my information was correct. Now we will do this twice more; each time you must be ready to sacrifice some war vessels of the old types.

"After we have done this, say, three times, you will send a bigger squadron in order to lure out a large, or the largest, part of the German High Sea Fleet. In addition to your 'bait' squadron, you will have a very powerful squadron of dreadnoughts and battle cruisers within easy steaming distance, but far enough that even with the most powerful glasses they cannot be discerned on the horizon. You will give instructions to your 'bait' squadron how to fight and in which direction to run during the fight, luring the Germans into a trap; of course, you must have this well out in the North Sea, otherwise the Germans will not follow you towards your own coast. You might make an apparent attempt to force Heligoland, or bombard Borkum, and then keep up a running fight towards Rosyth. You can then have a powerful squadron north and south of the

prescribed fighting course and capture or destroy the pursuing Germans." This was the scheme submitted to Captain Kenny.

My real scheme was as follows: Not to tell the Germans what I told the English. In secret service one must not and cannot trust any one. I would have worked on the assumption that at the very first "bait" fighting the English would have had a powerful squadron waiting within steaming distance, so that the Germans would not have taken them by surprise, but would have found them adequately prepared in any event. The Germans would have taken the necessary precautions.

Now, supposing the English had acted according to my scheme two or three times, and I knew that the next time would have been the big scoop, two ways were open for the Germans: either to be satisfied with the number of ships they had destroyed during the previous two or three rendezvous, and keep away; or, send all their available ships to outnumber the English. They could have done what they considered best. Of course, if the Germans had not turned up at the rendezvous after two or three smaller naval battles, the Admiralty would have known that I was a German spy and would have shot me if they had still found me in England. But they would not have found me there.

To carry out my plan was not so simple. I could not possibly propose this audacious plan to the Germans, for they would have mistrusted me. It is one of the safeguards of diplomatic espionage to distrust your immediate and "most trusted" agents, as well. I was sure, however, that after a few weeks I could have worked it so that they would have followed my lead. Independent of everybody I intended managing the scheme myself as follows:

I would have advised the Admiralty, with whom I was connected, that I knew from the Germans that they are going to raid the English coast again. How did I know this without creating the suspicion that I was a German spy? Oh, very

easily. By telling the English at the very outset that I was indeed a German spy, but only in order to accomplish a very complicated and daring ruse for England. In corroboration of this I gave them valuable German information, including two codes, keeping one for myself so that I could communicate with the Germans.

I hope the reader follows me in this tangled vein of cross-plotting. Now, then, I would have walked up to the Admiralty and said: "I met a German spy to-day and I got very valuable information from him, but I can only tell you if you do not arrest him, for that will give both of us away. He just tells me that he had orders to be in Seaton Carew, take a room facing the sea in a high building on such and such a day and signal during the night out to sea, because a raid will be made on the Hartlepools."

It is certain that the English would have sent a squadron to deal with the supposed "German raiders," and naturally enough they would not have come too near to Hartlepools so as not to frighten away the Germans.

I would have, indeed, sent one of the numerous Germans in London to Seaton Carew with instructions what to do. But what is more important, I would have immediately cabled to the Germans that a squadron will be near the Hartlepools on the night of such and such a day, because the English have information that the Germans are to make a raid. How could I have sent such a telegram out of England? Wait and see. All will be explained below. Now the Germans would have seen that I had advance naval intelligence of the English squadron, while the English would have seen that my information about a German raid somewhere at the Hartlepools was correct. Of course, I would have refrained from mentioning how many German warships would come; so that the Germans would have been at liberty to send ten or sixteen vessels of various types and descriptions. It is certain that the English would not have

expected more than four or six raiders. The Germans would have won. Needless to say I could not repeat this very same operation; but I could have executed a second one like this:

"I have information that in a few days' time the Germans will send during the night two fast battle cruisers to bombard Dunkirk."

What arrangements would the British have made?

It is certain that they would have made a two-fold arrangement. First, to send a small squadron to fight the Dunkirk raiders; second, a big and powerful squadron would have been cruising about the North Sea to intercept these two raiders and prevent them reaching their bases. This would have been my opportunity. I would have advised the Germans that about six British war vessels will cruise off Dunkirk, and that a very large and powerful squadron will be north of Wilhelmshaven, or about there, on such and such a date. The Germans would have known the whole story, the English only a small part of it, and they would have been caught in a fearful trap. Why and how this scheme could not be carried out—I will explain further on.

In order to succeed the easier I explained my alleged scheme to a friend of mine, an M.P., who was so struck with its feasibility that he promised to mention it to Mr. McPherson, M.P., who is Parliamentary Secretary to Lord Kitchener. He also spoke to Mr. McKenna, the Home Secretary, in the Commons. Needless to say, he did not know of my real intentions. If this should reach his eyes he will be not a little surprised. Of course Mr. McPherson and Mr. McKenna in reading this will immediately know to which M.P. I am referring.

My object in doing this was to forestall Captain Kenny's probable inquiries.

On December 7, I met Captain Kenny at the War Office by appointment. He told me my plan was under consideration and then he went once more into a discussion of my scheme.

On December 16, I again met Captain Kenny. He told me that my plan, though most admirable could not be accepted, as it would necessitate disclosing to me the whereabouts of the British fleet, or part of it, which could not be disclosed to any one, no matter what advantages might result from it.

I was balked. However, by my plan and other factors I had evidently gained the confidence of Captain Kenny, who told me of a possibility of sending me in a few weeks' time to a neutral country for certain purposes.

It was evident that I must adopt a new line of procedure. I knew that the headquarters of the German Espionage for England were at the German Consulate in Rotterdam and that the English, too, had many agents in that country. "Incidentally," he remarked, "we might ask you to go to Rotterdam to find out how much cocoa and other foodstuffs are exported from Holland into Germany," adding that they had found it hitherto very difficult to find this out. This at once showed me an opening.

I said to myself, if such a comparatively easy matter causes the Counter-Espionage difficulties, provided I could find out this or other more important things, surely that would enable me to get behind the scenes and thus accomplish my purpose.

Next day, December 17, I left London for Rotterdam, where I arrived on the evening of the 18th. My trip to Rotterdam was not known to any one.

Once there I had to devise means to gain the confidence of the German Consul. For it was evident that I might prejudice my case if I should straightway offer my services to him. No matter how sincerely I wished to help him, he might consider me as an emissary of England, in which case the achievement of my purpose would be altogether impossible.

Now my object was to obtain important secrets from the Germans which I would use as a means to get into the confidence of the English and find out and use things to their harm.

Consequently I am constrained to admit that I worked the German Consul in Rotterdam as my tool, by not disclosing to him my true plan. I hope the Consul Gneist will appreciate my explanation and not feel annoyed.

But a word of advice to him. He must be more careful in the future. For indeed, if I had been an English agent the consequences might have been disastrous, so important were the official secrets he confided to me.

Had I desired it to be so most if not all the German spies concerned would have been caught by the English. From the foregoing it will be clear that nothing was further from my thoughts. The information that would have enabled me to do this came unwittingly from the German Consul at Rotterdam, as we shall see.

He knows now, of course, that while I could not carry out my scheme, I prevented the information he gave me from being of any real service to the English by warning him the very moment I saw my plan had miscarried.

On December 30, I had so far succeeded that next day the German Consul promised me the delivery of certain documents.

During my conversation with Captain Kenny in London he told me once on service that although he knew that there were many German spies in England, he could not "unearth" their organization nor discover the general methods by which they sent their information to Germany.

The information I got from the Consul on the 30th placed in my hands the absolute and unquestionable power and means to hunt down most, if not all, of the German spies in England —had I wished to do so.

In passing, I should like to remark that the Germans are better informed of the Secret Service of England than the English of the Germans. I will only give two instances.

On December 29, I had a conversation at the German Legation at The Hague with Lieut.-Col. von Ostertag, Military

Attaché of Germany, who, as Major Ostertag, was for seven years prior to the war German Military Attaché in London.

Lieut.-Col. von Ostertag during our conversation complained about a slighting remark Captain Kenny made about him to some one, following the outbreak of the war. This was very significant, for, knowing Captain Kenny to be a gentleman, I knew that he would not make a remark of that nature about any one except to one in his confidence. It was obvious, therefore, that in Captain Kenny's entourage there was some one who was in Germany's service. The other instance was furnished by Herr Legationsrath Gneist, the German Consul in Rotterdam. He not only knew a great deal of the Secret Service work of England, and of the disposition of part of the British Fleet, but he also knew one of the principal codes used by Captain Kenny's agents.

I had to see the German Consul at 10 A.M. on December 31 by appointment. When I called at the Consulate he was not there, but had left a message for me, explaining that he had left for Wesel, Germany, that morning specially in my behalf, but would be back at 6 P.M. When I said that he could not do the return journey in that short time I was informed that a German motor car from Wesel was to meet him at Arnheim, take him to Wesel, and bring him back there. Wesel, it should be pointed out, is the headquarters of the Nachrichtendienst (Information Service) connected with Great Britain.

Accordingly I called at 6 P.M. This was my final interview with the German Consul, and he promised to have all my instructions and codes copied out for me and sent to my hotel next morning. It was considered advisable not to call again at the consulate as I might have been shadowed by English spies.

Now I must describe the nature of the information and documents I obtained from the German Consul in Rotterdam, information—it should be borne in mind—by the use of which

I hoped to obtain secrets of the British Secret Service for purposes already indicated:

1. Exact knowledge how and by what means German spies in England transmitted their intelligence to Rotterdam.

2. Two codes generally used by the German spies in England for the transmission of intelligence by cable and one code specially prepared for me.

3. Some addresses in Rotterdam to which information was being sent.

4. A questionnaire drawn up by the Nachrichtendienst in Wesel.

5. The means by which the German spies in England were being financed.

A detailed description of some of the above points may be of interest. As will be pointed out later, when my plan miscarried, I took steps to notify the Germans and warned them to effect immediate changes all around. This was nearly ten months ago, so that no harm can result from disclosing these details now:

Methods and channels of intelligence are divided into two categories: Urgent and Non-urgent. All urgent information is sent by cable, of course. It may be asked how it is possible for a German spy in England to send a telegram to Rotterdam, since there is a strict censorship in England and nothing but plain language messages were passed.

To the uninitiated this may indeed seem an insurmountable difficulty; in fact, however, it is the simplest thing imaginable.

The three codes above referred to are known in the German Secret Service as the "family code," the "oil code" and the "Lagenscheidt" code respectively. The "family code" and the "oil code" are restricted to reporting movements of the British Fleet.

These two codes had key words for steering eastward, westward, north and south and for various longitudes and latitudes. Why? Because it was used extensively on the ocean and in the

North Sea during the first few months of the war by German spies who were passengers on board ships. Whenever one of them saw a British squadron passing he promptly sent a wireless to a prearranged address sending love or best love to father, Alice, Daisy, Dorothy or Elsie, giving exact information of the number and type of war ships, longitude and latitude and direction in which they were steering.

I can state as an absolute fact that British ships transmitted wireless messages not knowing that they reported their own fleets' movements. This code was used frequently until one wireless spy was caught by the British and put away.

EXAMPLES OF THE "FAMILY CODE" AND "OIL CODE"

(1) Weber Rotterdam
Best love to May love to Alice and fondest love to Aunt in Rosendaal Do write

Joe

(2) Scherensky Amsterdam
Cable prices 5 consignments of vaseline, 8 paraffin 12 gasoil invoice per waggon need it

Kellett

(3) Van Stagen Co Rotterdam
Quote without delay linseed oil c o d blueoil 30 days draft vaseline invoice per barrel

Baxall

TRANSLATIONS

(1) Weber Rotterdam

Code Keywords { Dearest love / to May / two / Lord Nelson / Class Battleships } best love to Alice two Super dreadnoughts

Code Keywords { and fondest love to Aunt in Rosendaal do write / four Torpedo Boats in Harwich riding at anchor

(2) Scherensky Rotterdam

Code Keywords { Cable prices 5 consignments vaseline 8 paraffin / Dover 5 first class cruisers 8 seagoing destroyers

Code Keywords { 12 gasoil invoice per waggon need it / 12 torpedo boats (dummy) steaming out northly direction

(3) VAN STAGEN CO ROTTERDAM

Code	quote without delay linseed oil c.o.d blueoil 30 days draft
Keyword	Tyne two dreadnoughts four battle cruisers 5
Code	vaseline invoice per barrel
Keyword	first class cruisers (dummy) repairing

As will be seen it is very easy once you have the key. But if you have not the key, no amount of ingenuity, experience, or patient effort could ever decipher any of these messages. I will now give for the benefit of my readers three full and actual codes, which have been used during the first seven months of the war. I feel at liberty of disclosing them, for every one of them has been withdrawn after a hint from me.

Designation of Ships, Harbors, Etc.	*Family Code Key Words*	*Oil Code Key Words*
Super-Dreadnought	Alice	Shale oil
Dreadnoughts	Daisy	Linseed oil
Lord Nelson Class Battleships	May	Benzin
Majestic Class Battleships	Hilda	Kerosene
King Edward VII Class Battleships	Ethel	Gasolene
Triumph and Swiftsure (only these two exist of this type)	Florence	Crude oil
Battle Cruisers	Amy	Blue oil
First-Class Cruisers	Rose	Vaseline
Second-Class Cruisers	Ella	Lubricating oil
Third-Class Cruisers	Pauline	Petroleum
Scouts	Elsie	Vegetable oils
Seagoing Destroyers	Father	Paraffin
Other Destroyers	Uncle	Residues
Torpedo Boats	Aunt	Gas oil
Submarines	Sister	Fuel oil
Older Battleships (reserve fleet)	Brother	Benzol
The Tyne	Amsterdam	quote
The Clyde	Helder	can you sell
Rosyth Naval Base	Utrecht	can you deliver
The Wash	Tilborg	have you on stock
Grimsby	Vlissingen	how soon can you ship
Hull	Hook of Holland	how quick can you deliver

Designation of Ships, Harbors, Etc.	*Family Code Key Words*	*Oil Code Key Words*
The Hartlepools	Leyden	when could you ship
Harwich	Rosendaal	when do you expect
Dover	Harlem	cable prices
Folkestone	Arnheim	wire prices
Chatham Dockyard	Ymuiden	can quote
Portsmouth Dockyard	Breda	could you offer
Portland Dockyard	Zandvoord	can you offer
The Nore	Schiedam	can you ship
Boulogne	Gennep	could you ship
Calais	Dortrecht	buy for me
Dunkirk	Maastricht	quote for me
Cherbourg	Bergen-op-Zoon	why didn't you ship
Havre	Middleburg	why didn't you send
Brest	Oldenloe	can you acquire
Berehaven	Venloe	could you acquire
in damaged condition	am well	tons
repairing	am quite well	barrel
riding at anchor	do write	cisterns
steaming out	am feeling well	waggons
passed squadron	thinking of you	cwt
steaming north	sending	need it
steaming south	am sending	need it much
steaming east	sending you	very urgent
steaming west	sending to you	urgently wanted
cruising about	hope all well	much needed
1	love	1 or quickly
2	best love	2 or without delay
3	dearest love	3 or f.o.b.
4	fondest love	4 or c.o.d.
5	much love	5 or 30 days draft
6	deepest love	6 or 45 days draft
7	greetings	7 or 60 days draft
8	best greetings	8 or 75 days draft
9	heartiest greetings	9 or 90 days draft
10	greetings and love	10 or 120 days draft
11	love and greetings	11 or as soon as possible
12	best regards	12 or by return
over 12	kindest regards	immediately

The two codes given, the "Oil" and the "Family" codes, can only be used for naval intelligence; nothing else can be transmitted in them. How could I, then, notify the Germans of other matters? Supposing I wanted to send any of the following messages:

1. Raid will be made on Heligoland within week.

or

2. Four divisions new troops leaving for France.

or

3. Am suspected be careful advise changing all codes notify all your agents.

or

4. New dreadnought added to navy.

To enable me to send any messages on any subject, I had a third code, known to the Secret Service as Dictionary Code, because I take the necessary words out of any dictionary—English-German, German-English, French-English or German-French. I simply cable the numbers of page, column and place of word.

To mislead the censor I put dummy words into the message. The addressee of my message, as already pointed out, did not possess the key to my message; he simply acted as go-between out of sympathy for the German cause. Any dictionary will do, as long as the recipient of my message has the same, the very same, edition of same year. Pocket dictionaries of Lagenschneidt are the best, for they do contain two columns of twelve words on each page, which, in view of the fact that a shilling has 12 pence, is rather an advantage. But it is not absolutely necessary. The examples to follow are taken out of Wessely's Hand Dictionary (English-German), revised edition.

I will now translate all the four messages above:

1. Weber Rotterdam

Market on account of Russian reverses disorganized not much business done your holdings following quotations

(raid)	(will)	(be)	(made)	(on)	(island)	(Fortress)
169/39	239/15	21/45	129/10	144/22	119/39	92/15

(Within)	(week)
239/36	237/21

Advise you buy American war stock.

Laming

It will be noted I did not code the word Heligoland, simply because my dictionary does not contain that word, so I had to describe it in some other way. It will be obvious that to mention Heligoland would have been sheer madness.

The second message would read as follows:

2. Van Spange Utrecht

Your letter received prices too high am willing to close as follows:

(four)	(divisions)	(new)	(troops)	(leaving)	(for)	(France)
92/02	70/019	140/07	217/033	124/026	91/13	93/15

Bullock

The o signifies second column word 2, or second column 19, etc.

The third message would read as follows:

3. Vanden Bergh Rotterdam

Goods despatched to-day via Batavier Line mailing invoice as follows

(am suspected)	(be)	(careful)	(advise)	(changing)	(all)
2060/19	21/45	340/36	6/022	38/4	9/10
(codes)	(notify)	(all)	(your)	(agents)	
43/17	1410/32	9/10	2420/4	7/017	

Calvert

It will be noted that o is in this message sometimes affixed to the first figure, sometimes to the second. It is a simple device to confuse the censor or the Counter-Espionage. The meaning is the same: second column. To take above message, for instance: Page 206, word 19 in second column; page 34, word 36 in second column. How does he know that it is not page 340? Simply because my dictionary and his have only 250 pages. In other words, I can put the o to the first or second figure in numbers exceeding 250; but certainly not in numbers below 250, for that would cause not only confusion but might make the deciphering impossible.

The fourth message would read as follows:

4. Weber Rotterdam

Upon publication of Field Marshal French's report market recovered

(new)	(dreadnought)	(added)	(to)	(Navy)
1400/7	720/16	5/16	214/11	1390/25

Laming

All words in dictionary codes are merely dummies.

Needless to say, I was provided with various addresses and for each address another signature previously agreed upon.

A word about the non-urgent messages sent by mail. It is known that all letters coming into Great Britain, or leaving Great Britain, are opened by the censors and read. Yet for many months information reached the Germans in ordinary or business letters.

These letters *did not* contain any indication that they were not bona fide. But between the lines, dealing with family, business or other matters, were written in invisible ink the messages of the spies. This went on during the first six months of the war. The boast of the English that they knew this and used it in the name of Kuepferle needs qualification. Indeed, I am bold enough to flatly contradict it, and I challenge both Captain Kenny of the War Office, and Captain Hall, R.N., Director of Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty, to contradict me when I say that before January 3, 1915, they had no idea of this, although they spent thousands of pounds trying to find it out.

Another means of transmitting information through the mail from England was to write in invisible ink on the white margin of English daily papers, weeklies or magazines and then to send them in an ordinary wrapper to a prearranged address in Holland. As Consul Gneist laughingly remarked to me: "They can open all the letters they like; I am getting most of my postal information on the *Times* and other English papers."

Information to the spies in England from headquarters in Rotterdam was conveyed in the same manner and by messengers crossing from Holland.

Two kinds of invisible inks are most generally used, i.e., lemon juice and cream milk. They are preferred to chemical invisible inks on account of their simplicity of use. You write a letter to a supposed friend. Between the written lines you write in lemon juice or cream milk. When dry they are invisible.

Your "friend," when receiving the letter, heats them and the writing immediately appears.

Now I come to the questionnaire drawn up by the Nachrichtendiest in Wesel. It put several questions to me on which they desired information. This questionnaire disclosed the fact that the Germans knew but little about Kitchener's army, its recruiting, composition, organization, the transport of troops from England to France, the training camps in England, and about numerous matters connected with the Indian troops, their camps in France, etc.

It was this document which evoked from Captain Kenny the following remark: "How interesting, how interesting. I must show this to Lord Kitchener at once. He will be awfully amused and interested."

Having gathered all the information, as above described, or rather having known on the 30th that I should get it next day in writing, I had carefully to consider how to use it.

There was the first difficulty of carrying the papers into England to face. I was not satisfied with sending this kind of information to Holland. My ambition went higher; to obtain the confidence I needed, I determined to pretend to the English that I had gone to Holland to get possession of important German secrets in order to be of service to England.

I set out to accomplish something. To do it successfully I had to obtain the assistance of the German Secret Service agents. If I had disclosed my entire plan to the German Consul in Rotterdam he would not have entertained it for a minute: I, therefore, only told him part of my scheme. He quite understood, however, that I wanted to be and was going to be, of help to him and his service. I was not on his staff. I did not ask any remuneration for my services; indeed, I distinctly told him I wanted none. I was free to act to the best of my own judgment, and under these circumstances I felt justified in not disclosing to him the precise nature of my scheme.

One thing, however, I was bound to consider: In case my scheme should miscarry I had to prevent any great or lasting harm resulting therefrom to the Germans. This I did. Indeed, there was only one chance that I would not succeed, one chance only. I knew how it could arise; whence it might come. It was indeed this one thing which nullified my efforts. It was not the cleverness of the English Secret Service, it was this accidental and incidental circumstance which for the time being enabled Captain Hall to stultify me. He will know what I mean.

But he is not yet through with me. We shall meet at Philippi. I owe him yet a reply to the last interview I had with him in his room at the Admiralty on January 28, in reply to an official telegram I received from him. I will pay him in my own way and time.

On December 30, 1914, I knew, as already remarked, that next day I should have the various codes, documents, etc.

I sat down and wrote a letter to Captain Kenny somewhat on the following lines:

"Dear Captain Kenny:

"You will no doubt be surprised to get a letter from me from Rotterdam. Seeing that for some reason unknown to me you hesitated to employ me, I came here on the 17th inst. in order to prove to you that I could indeed be of great service to you. I prefer not to divulge in a letter the result of my work, but I can tell you so much that you will be astonished and pleased. I shall leave here on Friday, January 1, arriving in London Saturday evening, and if possible, should like to see you the same evening. Please drop me a line to my club.

"I shall call there on my way home.

"I am sending this letter through the British Consul here so that it shall quickly and safely reach you."

I want to draw attention to the last paragraph. There was a

reason for this. In order to cross to England I had to have my passport viséed at the British Consulate General in Rotterdam. To avoid unpleasant questions about my sojourn in Rotterdam and in order to obtain unmolested access into England I put the letter in an envelope and addressed it as follows:

Capt. P. W. Kenny,
M. O. 5 J.
War Office.

and headed straightway with it to the British Consulate.

The mystic letters M. O. 5 J. I knew would do everything for me. They did.

Arriving at the Consulate General I asked to see the Consul General himself. The nature of my business? That was only for the Consul's ears. My card was taken in and forthwith I was shown into the Vice-Consul's room.

I pulled the envelope from my inside pocket with studied deliberation and showed it to the Vice-Consul. When he saw the letters M. O. 5 J. and the name of Captain Kenny, he thought I must be of the English Secret Service. He looked up at me like a shot, pulled a chair as close as possible and asked me to be seated. In whispering tones he asked me whence I came, what I had done, etc. I gave him such replies as I wanted. I told him my object in calling was to ask him to forward my letter at once in his official dispatch bag to the Foreign Office in London for safe transmission to Captain Kenny and to visé my passport. He readily consented. We had quite an interesting conversation and he suggested that he introduce me to the Consul General. He took me into the Consul General's private room. He is Mr. E. G. B. Maxse, a brother of the notorious German, the editor of the *National Review* (London). We had about an hour's conversation, of which I must mention two details; first to show how inefficient the English Secret Service is, and secondly, how easily it is fooled.

During our conversation the British Consul-General complained to me that he had a certain letter (how obtained I do not know) which he had reasons to believe contained matters in invisible ink. Could I tell him how to make invisible ink visible? He had tried all kinds of things but could not make the ink visible. Comment unnecessary. I told him that I was returning to London in a day or two with very important documents and I wanted him to allow me to put them into his official envelope under his own official seal. He suggested that he should send them to the Foreign Office. To this I demurred. He then readily agreed to my request. Could he read them? I said he better not. He ultimately agreed.

Next day, December 31, 1914, I saw the German Consul after his return from Wesel and it was arranged that he would send everything I had asked for to my hotel next morning.

Friday, January 1, I received through a messenger of the Consulate all he promised. Forthwith I drove to the British Consulate where the documents were put under seal without being read or even seen, and a code message sent to the Foreign Office, London, at my dictation, somewhat to the following effect.

"Advise Captain Kenny, War Office, Mr. Lincoln leaving to-night with important documents."

I left Rotterdam New Year's Day, arriving in London next day—Saturday evening. When I arrived at Folkestone all passengers were subjected to a close scrutiny, examination and search. When the Secret Service men there started questioning me, instead of replying to their questions I pulled out the large official envelope bearing the official seal of the British Consulate General in Rotterdam and showed it to the man at my left (there was a Secret Service man on each side). When he saw the seal and the address he let me pass, remarking to the one on my right, "M. O. 5 J." They both saluted me and I passed through.

I drove to my club (the National Liberal), where I found this letter from Captain Kenny:

"2—1—'15.

"War Office, Whitehall, S. W.

"Dear Mr. Lincoln:

"I shall be very interested to hear your news. I am here till 7.30 P.M. From 7.30 to 9.30 P.M, Telephone No, 3460 Vic, will find me, if you care to call me up. To-morrow, Sunday, I can see you any time between 11 and 1, or between 3.30 and 6.30, only please let me know by 'phone when I may expect you. Yours sincerely,

(Signed) P. W. KENNY, Capt."

I accordingly called up the number indicated, but Captain Kenny had already left the place. I left a message for him that I would call at the W. O. next day at 11 as suggested. I did. And I was closeted with Captain Kenny exactly three hours.

Captain Kenny was keenly anxious to hear my story. First of all I told him that I went to Rotterdam because the British Secret Service would not employ me and I was desirous of showing him that I could be of great service to him.

"You are a sportsman," remarked Captain Kenny. I then asked him the following questions:

"What amount of money is the British Government willing to spend in order to obtain the following information and documents?

"1. The code by which the movements of the British fleet have been and are being reported to Germany.

"2. A code which is being used by German spies in England for the transmission of telegrams (in plain language) to Holland.

"3. The means, methods and channels they employ to send intelligence through the mails.

"4. Some addresses to which telegrams and letters are being sent.

"5. A disclosure how they are financed and through what channels.

"6. A document which would show what the Germans do and do not know of the British Army."

Captain Kenny was speechless. Before he recovered from his evident surprise I pointedly asked him: "Do you know any of these things?" He hesitated to reply.

"It is of no use, Captain," I said, "to tell me that you do, for I know that you do not."

"Mr. Lincoln," he replied, "it is no use to ask that question because it is impossible to obtain any of that information."

"But supposing it were possible," I replied, "what are you willing to spend to obtain possession of it?"

"Granted for the sake of argument that it were possible—money would be no consideration."

"Very well, then," I said, "I have much pleasure supplying all this to you free."

Words fail me to describe the effect of my words upon the captain.

"What do you mean? I cannot understand you," he said.

"I mean that all this information is in this room," said I, reaching into my pocket, "and I have much pleasure in handing it to you unconditionally."

I drew the large envelope from my pocket, pointed out that the seal was untouched and handed it to the captain.

Captain Kenny broke the seals, eagerly read through all the documents, made copious notes and drew up a long report of all I told him.

He was quite beside himself with excitement. He could not sufficiently express his thanks, his astonishment. Before I left it was agreed that I must be employed in connection with this matter, indeed he insisted I must continue to work the thing,

which augured well for my success. He said he was going to make a report of the whole matter that very afternoon and present it to Lord Kitchener, who, he said, would be immensely pleased, and to the Admiralty, and would let me know next day.

Next morning, January 4, I went to my club and found the following letter from Captain Kenny:

"War Office.

"Dear Mr. Lincoln:

"A certain naval officer would very much like to see you. He proposes calling on you (with me) at your club between 12 and 1 to-morrow. He is an authority on oil. I hope you will be in the club then; in any case I shall expect you here at 3.30 P. M.

"Yours sincerely,

"(Signed) P. W. KENNY, Capt."

The words "he is an authority on oil" were put into the letter as a "blind." Captain Kenny called at my club at 12.20 P. M. and told me that the naval officer would not be introduced to me by his name, as that must remain a profound secret. Indeed I do not know to this day who he is. He is simply known to me as "C."

Captain Kenny also asked me not to be surprised if our meeting place be somewhat unusual. A few minutes later a page boy came to me and told us that a naval officer was waiting in a taxi downstairs.

"This means," the captain said, "that we shall have to go."

We entered the taxi and drove about the streets of London one hour and twenty minutes. It was explained to me that this was done for absolute secrecy in order to prevent German agents shadowing us. The naval officer, I learned, is and has been for ten years the chief officer of England's Secret Service. When we met he thanked me profusely and promised to let

me have matter which his department would ask me to transmit to Rotterdam to hoodwink the Germans.

Here I must explain that I withheld from the British one piece of information which would enable me at any time things did not go according to my program to warn the German Consul in Rotterdam.

Between January 4th and 7th nothing happened, and I took it that they were preparing and outlining work for me. On January 7th, not hearing anything from either the War Office of the Admiralty, I went to the War Office and remonstrated with Captain Kenny for the delay. I was growing uneasy about the silence on personal grounds. I was afraid the British might be acting behind my back to take the matter out of my hands and effectively deceive the Germans. Consequently, in order to play my rôle of pretending to serve them, I had to take a strong attitude; in other words, to whistle, because I was afraid.

Captain Kenny rang up "C" in my presence and told him that I was there and that we (Captain Kenny and I) thought it important that something should be done. "C" said he was very busy that day, but in a day or two he would be ready for me.

When two days later I still had no news I grew very uneasy and considered myself in constant danger. On January 9 I again rang up Captain Kenny. He promised me that he would attend to the matter at once and asked me to call at the War Office Monday, January 11. This I did.

Captain Kenny could not give me a satisfactory reason for the delay and silence of "C." Indeed, I gained the impression that the captain, himself, did not know what was going on. The matter apparently had been taken out of his hands. I gave him a friendly ultimatum, saying that unless I heard from him by the morrow I would lay the facts of the case before the Right Hon. Sir Henry Dalziel Bart, M.P.

I had to show plenty of courage and resentment. Indeed, I

made up my mind to find out what was going on behind the scenes. If developments were proceeding contrary to my plan I could then disappear quickly from England and warn the Germans.

Next day, January 12, there was still no news. It is evident that I would have to act quickly. I decided to see Sir Henry. This I did because I knew from my parliamentary days that Sir Henry is one of the few independent Radicals who fear nobody. He is the owner of the great radical weekly, *Reynolds Newspaper,* also a kind of unofficial leader of a small set of extreme Radicals below the gangway in the House, and he wields great influence.

I saw Sir Henry twice that day and made him red hot. He was very indignant. He promised to take up the matter with Lord Kitchener himself.

I was fully cognizant of the dangerous nature of my procedure and made all preparations to leave England at a moment's notice. I notified Captain Kenny, by letter, of my visits to Sir Henry.

Late at night, on January 13, Sir Henry rang me up to say that he had a message from the War Office "that the matter is having most urgent consideration."

I received two letters, one from Captain Kenny, and the other from "C," complaining that the secret codes I had furnished did not "fit" any of the messages "caught" by the British, and criticizing me for communicating with Sir Henry.

On the following afternoon I again saw Sir Henry at the Hotel Cecil. That night I did not go home to sleep but went to a hotel under an assumed name, as I expected anything to happen.

Next day at 1 o'clock I had another interview with Sir Henry and I learned from him that I was to receive a summons from the War Office that day. I gathered from him that there was as yet no suspicion about me. I waited till 4 o'clock—

no news from the War Office. I then decided—with the previous approval and knowledge of Sir Henry—upon a supremely courageous step.

I went to the Admiralty and asked to see Mr. Winston Churchill. I was taken at once to his quarters, and he sent out his principal private secretary (Mr. Marsh) to tell me that he was too busy; would I tell his secretary what I came to see him about.

I handed a long typewritten statement to Mr. Marsh, addressed to Mr. Churchill, complaining bitterly about the delay in my case. Mr. Marsh, after reading the document, left me, as he explained, for a few minutes. I was left there in his room and felt as though I were in the very lion's den. I did not know what might happen the next minute.

Mr. Marsh returned about fifteen minutes later and had me conducted to the director of naval intelligence. This post is one of the most important of the Admiralty and is, as a rule, a stepping stone to the First Sea Lordship. Lord Fisher and Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg were directors of naval intelligence before becoming First Sea Lords.

I was very well received. The Director, of course, knew everything. During a conversation lasting more than an hour, I was led to understand that nothing had yet been done except to send a letter to Holland pretending to come from me, telling the German Consul that I was laid up with pneumonia and consequently "I" must ask him (the Consul) to be patient for a while.

I clearly saw that as yet they did not suspect me and that nothing had yet been found out. So I decided to wait a few days but to be on guard in case they should meanwhile either do something against me or the Germans.

I waited six days and, not having word from any one, on January 21, I went up to the War Office and saw Captain

Kenny, who asked me to come and see him next day between eleven and twelve. Accordingly, I called at the War Office on January 22. Captain Kenny definitely promised to write to me within two days. "Within two days" sounded just a trifle too definite not to arouse in me a suspicion that something was going on. All this time I kept in touch with Sir Henry.

On January 25, I received a letter from Captain Kenny notifying me that my case had passed out of the jurisdiction of the War Office, and asking me to communicate with the Admiralty where I was expected. The tone of this letter was different from the preceding ones.

Immediately after the receipt of this note I went up to the Admiralty, where I had a long talk with the Director. It was evident, from this conversation, that things were not proceeding according to my wish or in my favor, and I then decided to leave for New York by the first American liner sailing. This was on a Monday. There was no boat available before Saturday, hence I had to put them off for a while. This I succeeded in doing by hammering at them for recognition through Sir Henry and by addressing a letter to Mr. Churchill. On January 27, I received a reply, referring me to the Director and then came this official telegram:

"Lincoln, 51 Torrington Sq., W.

"Please call and bring your passport. Director of Intelligence."

I was puzzled by the request to bring my passport with me. As it turned out, it was a trap.

I called upon the Director of Intelligence. Before I was taken into his room and after my arrival had been announced to him, I saw two gentlemen being let into his room. I may remark that at my interviews with the Director, Lieutenant Herschell, R. N., was always present. When I entered this room I surmised at once that something had gone wrong. In addition to Lieutenant Herschell, as usual in his uniform, two gentlemen

in civil attire were present. One of them was pretending to be busy with some books; the other, with his face turned away, pretended not to be interested in the conversation at all, though furtively taking shorthand notes.

Captain Hall, the Director, put an innocent-looking question to me. This showed me that the game was up. I expected to be arrested at once. Indeed, I cannot understand even now why they did not arrest me. However, I kept up the play and finally after a clever tactical conversation, left the room unmolested. They let me go, thinking that they had me in any case due to the fact that all passports in circulation were declared void. Indeed Captain Hall, who at first wanted to keep my passport, returned it to me with the ironical remark: "All right, you can have it back, it is only valid two more days." (The decree above referred to demanded new passports from the first of February.) In order to be able to flee I "played" information into their hands that I would try to escape to Holland.

Next morning I left London and sailed on the steamer *Philadelphia* the following day, January 30th, for New York, where I arrived on February 9th, and at once got in touch with a certain German. Through him I got my cable to Berlin past the English censor without delay. Before leaving London I sent a note by circuitous route to the German Consul at Rotterdam, telling him in a prearranged code of all that had happened and advising him immediately to take the necessary steps.

In spite of the failure of my chief plans I discovered during my dallying with the War Office some plans of tremendous moment to the German Intelligence Department. Through some inadvertences of Captain Kenny's, I learned that the Secret Service of England was then considering and elaborating a plan to blow up all the railway bridges and important railway stations of the Rhine by sending into Germany emissaries with false passports. I also discovered that there were Russian Secret Service men at this time in London, who held daily conferences

at the War Office with Captain Kenny and the two colonels, devising a plan of military espionage in Germany. There was a naturalized American citizen (native of Holland) in London, holding the temporary rank of Lieutenant in one of the Indian regiments. He was for a while in Marseilles and afterwards in one of the Indian troop camps near Orleans—but was on furlough in England. It was decided to send him into Germany. He was to go first to Holland and make the necessary arrangements to enable him to travel in Germany as a Dutch commercial agent and so organize a thorough system of espionage there. My warnings to Berlin soon made this plan ineffectual. I also obtained accurate information about the mobilization of Kitchener's army and forwarded it to Germany. This was of great value to the General Staff, for in spite of the activities of their spies in England they had but meager knowledge of the new armies.

Having escaped from the admiralty detectives by a mere chance, you can imagine my mingled emotions when I read in a New York morning paper two months later this paragraph:

CODE OF SPY USED TO SPY ON GERMANS

British Corresponds with Kaisers' Workers Under Name of Kuepferle, a Prisoner

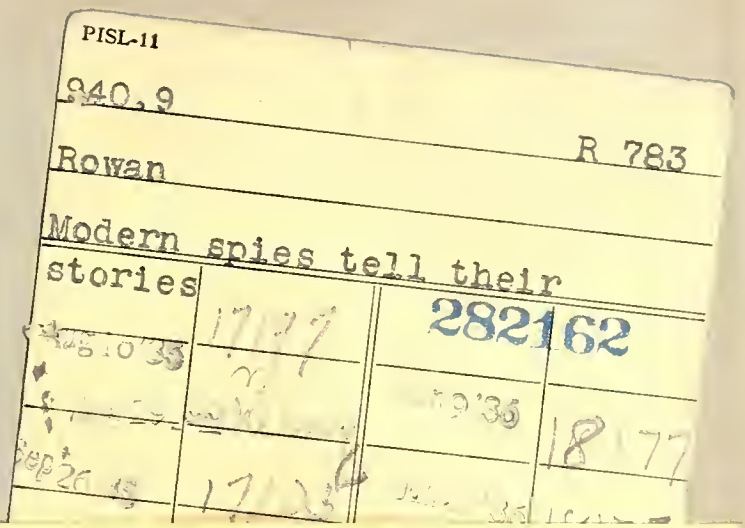
LONDON, April 19.—Anton Kuepferle, the American citizen of German birth, who hails from Brooklyn, and is held for trial on a charge of supplying Germany with information concerning the movements of British troops and ships, is said to have been the means of affording British detectives much inside information concerning the workings of the German spy system, with headquarters in Holland.

Kuepferle's arrest was kept a secret for nearly two months. Meantime it is reported that Scotland Yard men were using the prisoner's name as a means of communicating with German officials in Holland. In Kuepferle's baggage sheets of paper for use with invisible ink were found. Imitating Kuepferle's handwriting, the detectives are said to have written letters to German spy chiefs, between the lines of which they traced in

> invisible ink all sorts of questions asking further instructions. A rapid fire correspondence is reported to have continued until Kuepferle had actually been in jail for many weeks.

A plain recital of facts like a police inspector's notes, yet of personal and moving interest to me! There is, however, dramatic surprise in the report lying hidden in the statement that Scotland Yard actually did correspond with German officials in Holland in the name of Kuepferle—*unknown to the German Secret Service.* This is indeed interesting. The climax, however, is to be found in the facts that the German Secret Service *knew that Kuepferle's alleged reports came from Scotland Yard* and the requested instructions they ostensibly sent to Kuepferle were indeed meant to mislead the British officials.

As for my old friend Captain Hall of the Intelligence Department, I only wish I could witness his chagrin when he reads this narrative of one of the chief actors in this drama of plot and counterplot. Only now will he understand why his "dummy" messages in the name of poor Kuepferle were taken at their true value and the replies he got were fashioned by keener wits at Wilhelmstrasse.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